







THE  
WORKS  
OF  
VIRGIL

TRANSLATED INTO  
ENGLISH VERSE

By Mr. DRYDEN.

VOLUME the FOURTH

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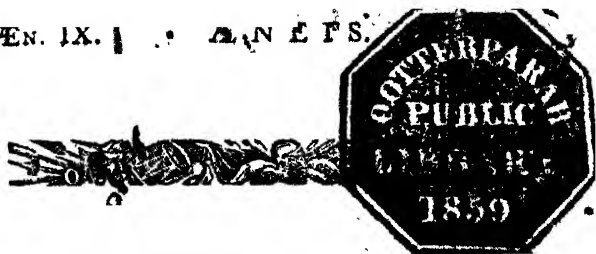


THE  
NINTH BOOK  
OF THE  
ÆNEIS

T H E

A R G U M E N T.

*T*URNUS takes advantage of Æneas's absence, ~~for~~ <sup>seizes</sup> some of his ships, (which are transformed into sea-nymphs) and ~~ap-  
proaches~~ <sup>attacks</sup> his camp. The Trojans reduced to the last extremities, send Nisus and Euryalus to recover Æneas; which furnishes the poet with that admirable episode of their friendship, generosity; and the conclusion of their adventures.



## The Ninth Book of the

Æ N E I S.

WHILE these affairs in distant places pass'd,  
 The various Iris ~~Just~~ <sup>came</sup> with haste,  
 To find bold Turnus, who, with anxious thought,  
 The secret shade of his great grandfire sought.

Retir'd alone she found the daring man ;

And op'd her rosy lips, and thus began.

What none of all the gods cou'd grant thy vows ;

That, Turnus, this auspicious day bestows.

Æneas, gone to seek th' Arcadian prince,

Has left the Trojan camp without defence ;

And, short of succours there, employs his pains

In parts remote to raise the Tuscan swains.

Now snatch an hour that favours thy designs,

Unite thy forces, and attack their lines.

This said, on equal wings she pois'd her weight, 15  
And form'd a radiant rainbow in her flight.

The Daunian hero lifts his hands and eyes;  
And thus invokes the goddess as she flies.

Iris, the grace of Heav'n, what pow'r divine  
Has sent thee down, thro' dusky clouds to shine? 20

See they divide; immortal day appears;  
And glitt'ring planets dancing in their spheres!

With joy, these happy omens I obey;  
And follow to the war, the god that leads the way.

Thus having said, as by the brook he stood, 25  
He scoop'd the water from the crystal flood;

Then with his hands the drops to Heav'n he throws,  
And loads the pow'rs above with offer'd vows.

Now march the bold confederates thro' the plain;  
Well hors'd, well clad, a rich and shining train: 30

Messapus leads the van; and in the rear,  
The sons of Tyrrheus in bright arms appear.

In the main battle, with his flaming crest,  
The mighty Turnus towers above the rest:

Silent they move; majestically flow, 35  
Like ebbing Nile, or Ganges in his flow.

The Trojans view the dusty cloud from far;  
And the dark menace of the distant war.

Caius from the rampire saw it rise,  
 Blackning the fields, and thickning thro' the skies; 40  
 Then to his fellows, thus aloud he calls,  
 What rolling clouds, my friends, approach the walls?  
 Arm, arm, and man the works; prepare your spears,  
 And pointed darts; the Latian host appears.  
 Thus warn'd, they shut their gates; with shouts ascend  
 The bulwarks, and secure their foes attend. 46  
 For their wise gen'ral with foreseeing care,  
 Had charg'd them not to tempt the doubtful war:  
 Nor, tho' provok'd, in open fields advance;  
 But close within their lines attend their chance. 50  
 Unwilling, yet they keep the strict command;  
 And sourly wait in arms the hostile band.  
 The fiery Turnus flew before the rest,  
 A pye-ball'd steed of Thracian strain he press'd;  
 His helm of massy gold; and crimson was his crest.  
 With twenty horse to second his designs, 56  
 An unexpected foe, he fac'd the lines.

Is there, he said, in arms who bravely dare,  
 His leader's honour, and his danger share?  
 Then spurring on, his brandish'd dart he threw, 60  
 In sign of war; applauding shouts ensue.  
 (Amaz'd to find a dastard race that run  
 Behind the rampires, and the battle shun,

He rides around the camp, with rolling eyes,  
 And hops at ev'ry post; and ev'ry passage tries. 65  
 So roams the nightly wolf about the fold,  
 Wet with descending show'rs, and stiff with cold;  
 He howls for hunger, and he grins for pain;  
 His gnashing teeth are exercis'd in vain:  
 And impotent of anger, finds no way 70  
 In his distended paws to grasp the prey.  
 The mothers listen; but the bleating lambs  
 Securely swig the dugs beneath the dams.  
 Thus ranges eager Turnus o'er the plain,  
 Sharp with desire, and furious with disdain: 75  
 Surveys each passage with a piercing sight;  
 To force his foes in equal field to fight.  
 Thus, while he gazes round, at length he spies  
 Where, fenc'd with strong redoubts, their navy lies;  
 Close underneath the walls the washing tide 80  
 Secures from all approach this weaker side.  
 He takes the wish'd occasion; fills his hand  
 With ready fires, and shakes a flaming brand:  
 Urg'd by his presence, ev'ry soul is warm'd,  
 And ev'ry hand with kindled firs is arm'd. 85  
 From the fird pines the scattering sparkles fly;  
 Fat vapours mix'd with flames involve the sky.

What power, O muses, cou'd avert the flame  
 Which threaten'd, in the fleet, the Trojan name!  
 Tell: for the fact, thro' length of time obscure,  
 Is hard to faith; yet shall the fame endure.

'Tis said, that when the chief prepar'd his flight,  
 And fell'd his timber from mount Ida's height,  
 The grandam goddess then approach'd her son,  
 And with a mother's majesty begun. 95

Grant me, she said, the sole request I bring,  
 Since conquer'd Heav'n has giv'n'd you for its king:

On Ida's brows, for ages past, there stood,  
 With firs and maples fill'd, a stately wood:

And on the summit rose a sacred grove, 100  
 Where I was worship'd with religious love;

These woods, that holy grove, my long delight,  
 I gave the Trojan prince to speed his flight.

Now fill'd with fear, on their behalf I come;  
 Let neither winds o'erset, nor waves intomb 105

The floating forests of the sacred pine,  
 But let it be their safety to be mine.

Then thus reply'd her awful son; who rolls  
 The radiant stars, and Heav'n and earth controls  
 How dare you, mother, endless date demand, 110  
 For vessels moulded by a mortal hand?



What then is fate? Shall bold Æneas ride  
Of safety certain, on th' uncertain tide?

Yet what I can, I grant: when, wafted o'er,  
The chief is landed on the Latian shore, 115

Whatever ships escape the raging storms,  
At my command shall change their sailing forms  
To symphs divine; and plow the wat'ry way,  
Like Dotis and the daughters of the sea.

To seal his sacred vow, by Styx he swore, 120

The lake with liquid pitch, the dreary shore;

And Phlegethon's innavigable flood,

And the black regions of his brother god:

He said; and shook the skies with his imperial nod. }

And now at length the number'd hours were come,

Prefix'd by fate's irrevocable doom, 126

When the great mother of the gods was free

To save her ships, and finish Jove's decree.

First, from the quarter of the morn; there sprung

A light that sign'd the heav'ns, and shot along: 130

Then from a cloud, fring'd round with golden fires,

Were timbrels heard, and Berecynthian quires:

And last a voice, with more than mortal sounds,

In hosts in arms oppos'd, with equal horror wounds.

The Trojan race, your needless aid forbear; 135

Know my ships are my peculiar care.

With greater ease the bold Rutulian may,  
With hissing brands, attempt to burn the sea,  
Than singe my sacred pines. But you my charge,  
Loos'd from your crooked anchors lanch at large, 140  
Exalted each a nymph: forsake the sand,  
And swim the seas, at Cybele's command.  
No sooner had the goddess ceas'd to speak,  
When lo, th' obedient ships their haulfers break;  
And, strange to tell, like dolphins in the main, 145  
They plunge their prows, and dive, and spring again:  
As many beauteous maids the billows sweep,  
As rode before tall vessels on the deep.  
The foes surpriz'd with wonder, stood aghast,  
Messapus curb'd his fiery courser's haste; 150  
Old Tiber roar'd; and raising up his head,  
Call'd back his waters to their oozy bed.  
Turnus alone, undaunted, bore the shock;  
And with these words his trembling troops bespoke.  
These monsters for the Trojan's fate are meant, 155  
And are by Jove for black presages sent.  
He takes the cowards last relief away;  
For fly they cannot; and, constrain'd to stay,  
Must yield unfought, a base inglorious prey.  
The liquid half of all the globe, is lost; 160  
Heav'n shuts the seas, and we secure the coast.

Theirs is no more, than that small spot of ground,  
Which myriads of our martial men surround.

Their fates I fear not; or vain oracles

'Twas given to Venus, they should cross the seas: 165

And land secure upon the Latian plains,

Their promis'd hour is pass'd, and mine remains.

'Tis in the fate of Turnus to destroy

With sword and fire, the faithless race of Troy.

Shall such affronts as these, alone inflame 170

The Grecian brothers, and the Grecian name?

My cause and theirs is one; a fatal strife,

And final ruin, for a ravish'd wife.

Was't not enough, that punish'd for the crime,

They fell; but will they fall a second time? 175

One wou'd have thought they paid enough before,

To curse the costly sex; and durst offend no more.

Can they securely trust their feeble wall,

A slight partition, a thin interval,

Betwixt their fate and them; when Troy, tho' built

By hands divine, yet perish'd by their guilt? 181

Lend me, for once, my friends, your valiant hands,

To force from out their lines these dastard bands.

Less than a thousand ships will end this war;

Nor Vulcan needs his fated arms prepare. 185

Let all the Tuscans, all th' Arcadians join,  
 Nor these, nor those shall frustrate my design.  
 Let them not fear the treasons of the night;  
 The robb'd palladium, the pretended flight:  
 Our onset shall be made in open light. 190

No wooden engine shall their town betray,  
 Fires they shall have around, but fires by day.  
 No Grecian babes before their camp appear,  
 Whom Hector's arms detain'd, to the tenth tardy year.  
 Now, since the sun is rolling to the west, 195  
 Give me the silent night to heedful rest:

Refresh your bodies, and your arms prepare,  
 The morn shall end the small remains of war.

The post of honour to Messapus falls,  
 To keep the nightly guard; to watch the walls; 200  
 To pitch the fires at distances around,  
 And close the Trojans in their scanty ground.

Twice seven Rutulian captains ready stand:  
 And twice seven hundred horse their shifts command:  
 All clad in shining arms the works invest; 305  
 Each with a radiant helm, and waving crest.

Stretch'd at their length, they press the grassy ground;  
 They laugh, they sing, the jolly bowls go round;  
 With lights, and chearful fires renew the day;  
 And pass the wakeful night in feasts and play. 21

The Trojans, from above, their foes beheld;  
 And with arm'd legions all the rampires fill'd:  
 Seiz'd with affright, their gates they first explore;  
 Join'd works to works with bridges; tow'r to tow'r:  
 Thus all things needful for defence abound; 215  
 Menestheus, and brave Seresthus walk the round:  
 Commision'd by their absent prince, to share  
 The common danger, and divide the care.  
 The soldiers draw their lots; and as they fall,  
 By turns relieve each other on the wall. 220  
 Nigh where the foes their utmost guards advance  
 To watch the gate, was warlike Nisus chance.  
 His father Hyrtacus of noble blood;  
 His mother was a hunt'ress of the wood:  
 And sent him to the wars, well cou'd he bear 225  
 His lance in fight, and dart the flying spear:  
 But better skill'd unerring shafts to send;  
 Beside him stood Euryalus his friend:  
 Euryalus, than whom the Trojan host  
 No fairer face, or sweeter air could boast. 230  
 Scarce had the down to shade his cheeks begun;  
 One was their care, and their delight was one.  
 One common hazard in the war they shar'd;  
 And now were both by choice upon the guard.

Then Nifus, thus : Or do the gods inspire 235  
This warmth, or make we gods of our desire ?  
A gen'rous ardour boils within my breast,  
Eager of action, enemy to rest :  
This urges me to fight, and fires my mind,  
To leave a memorable name behind. 240  
Thou seest the foe secure : how faintly shine  
Their scatter'd fires ! the most in sleep supine  
Along the ground, an easy conquest lie ;  
The wakeful few, the fuming flaggon ply ;  
All hush around. Now hear what I revolve ; 245  
A thought unripe, and scarcely yet resolve.  
Our absent prince both camp and council mourn ;  
By message both wou'd hasten his return  
If they confer what I demand, on thee,  
(For fame is recompence enough for me) 250  
Methinks, beneath yon hill, I have espy'd  
A way that safely will my passage guide.  
Euryalus stood list'ning while he spoke ;  
With love of praise, and noble envy struck ;  
Then to his ardent friend expos'd his mind : 255  
All this alone, and leaving me behind,  
Am I unworthy, Nifus, to be join'd ?  
Think'st thou I can my share of glory yield,  
Or send thee unassisted to the field ;

Not, so my father taught my childhood forms 260

Born in a siege, and bred among alarms;

Nor is my youth unworthy of my friend

Nor of the heav'n-born hero I attend.

The thing call'd life, with ease I can disclaim;

And think it over-sold to purchase fame. 265

Then Nisus, thus: Alas! thy tender years

Wou'd minister new matter to my fears:

So may the gods, who view this friendly strife,

Restore me to thy lov'd embrace with life,

Condemn'd to pay my vows (as sure I trust) 270

This thy request is cruel and unjust.

But if some chance, as many chances are,

And doubtful hazards in the deeds of war;

If one should reach my head, there let it fall,

And spare thy life; I wou'd not perish all. 275

Thy bloomy youth deserves a longer date;

Live thou to mourn thy love's unhappy fate:

To bear my mangled body from the foe;

Or buy it back, and fun'ral rites bestow.

Or if hard fortune shall those dues deny, 280

Thou canst at least an empty tomb supply.

O let not me the widow's tears renew

Nor let a mother's curse my name pursue;

Thy pious parent, who for love of thee,  
Forsook the coasts of friendly Sicily, 285  
Her age, committing to the seas and wind;  
When ev'ry weary matron staid behind.  
To this Euryalus: You plead in vain,  
And but protract the cause you cannot gain:  
No more delays, but haste. With that he wakes 290  
The nodding watch; each to his office takes.  
The guard reliev'd, the gen'rous couple went  
To find the council at the royal tent.  
All creatures else forgot their daily care;  
And sleep, the common gift of nature; share: 295  
Except the Trojan peers, who wakeful sit  
In nightly council for th' endanger'd state.  
They vote a message to their absent chief;  
Shew their distress; and beg a swift relief.  
Amid the camp a silent seat they chose, 300  
Remote from clamour, and secure from foes.  
On their left arms their ample shields they bear,  
Their right reclin'd upon the bending spear.  
Now Nisus and his friend approach the guard,  
And beg admission, eager to be heard; 305  
Th' affair important, not to be deferr'd.  
Ascanius bids 'em be conducted in;  
Ord'ring the more experienc'd to begin.



Then Nisus thus. Ye fathers, lend your ears,  
 Nor judge our bold attempt beyond our years. 310  
 The foe securely drench'd in sleep and wine,  
 Neglect their watch; the fires but thinly shine:  
 And where the smoke, in cloudy vapours flies,  
 Covering the plain, and curling to the skies,  
 Betwixt two paths, which at the gate divide, 315  
 Close by the sea, a passage we have spy'd,  
 Which will our way to great Æneas guide.  
 Expect each hour to see him safe again,  
 Loaded with spoils of foes in battle slain.  
 Snatch we the lucky minute while we may: 320  
 Nor can we be mistaken in the way;  
 For hunting in the vales we both have seen  
 The rising turrets, and the stream between:  
 And know the winding courses with ev'ry ford.  
 He ceas'd: And old Alethes took the word. 325  
 Our country gods, in whom our trust we place,  
 Will yet from ruin save the Trojan race:  
 While we behold such dauntless worth appear  
 In dawning youth; and souls so void of fear.  
 Then, into tears of joy the father broke; 330  
 Each in his longing arms by turns he took:  
 Fused and paus'd; and thus again he spoke.

Ye brave young men, what equal gifts can we,  
In recompence of such desert, decree?

The greatest, sure, and best you can receive; 335

The gods, and your own conscious worth, will give.

The rest our grateful gen'ral will bestow;

And young Ascanius till his manhood owe.

And I, whose welfare in my father lies,

Ascanius adds, by the great deities, 340

By my dear country, by my household-gods,

By hoary Vesta's rites, and dark abodes,

Adjure you both; (on you my fortune stands,

That and my faith I plight into your hands:)

Make me but happy in his safe return, 345

Whose wanted presence I can only mourn;

Your common gift shall two large goblets be

Of silver, wrought with curious imagery;

And high emboss'd, which, when old Priam reign'd,

My conqu'ring fire at sack'd Arisba gain'd. 350

And more, two tripods cast in antick mould,

With two great talents of the finest gold:

Beside a costly bowl, ingrav'd with art,

Which Dido gave, when first she gave her hear

But if in conquer'd Italy we reign, 355

When spoils by lot the victor shall obtain,

Thou saw'st the courser by proud Turnus press'd,  
 That, Nisus, and his arms, and nodding crest,  
 And shield, from chance exempt, shall be thy share;  
 Twelve lak'ring slaves, twelve handmaids young  
 [and fair,  
 And clad in rich attire, and train'd with care.  
 And last, a Latian field with fruitful plains,  
 And a large portion of the king's domains.  
 But thou, whose years are more to mine ally'd  
 No fate, my vow'd affection shall divide 365  
 From thee, heroick youth; be wholly mine:  
 Take full possession; all my soul is thine.  
 One faith, one fame, one fate shall both attend;  
 My life's companion, and my bosom friend;  
 My peace shall be committed to thy care, 370  
 And to thy conduct, my concerns in war.  
 Then thus the young Euryalus reply'd;  
 Whatever fortune, good or bad betide,  
 The same shall be my age, as now my youth;  
 No time shall find me wanting to my truth. 375  
 This only from your goodness let me gain;  
 And this ungranted, all rewards are vain)  
 Of Priam's royal race my mother came;  
 And sure the best that ever bore the name:

Whom neither Tröy, nor Sicily cou'd hold 380  
From me departing, but o'erspent, and old,  
My fate she follow'd; ignorant of this,  
Whatever danger, neither parting kiss,  
Nor pious blessing taken, her I leave;  
And, in this only act of all my life deceive. 385  
By this right hand, and conscious night I swear,  
My soul so sad a farewell could not bear.  
Be you her comfort; fill my vacant place,  
(Permit me to presume so great a grace)  
Support her age, forsaken and distress'd; 390  
That hope alone will fortify my breast  
Against the worst of fortunes, and of fears.  
He said: The mov'd assistants melt in tears.  
Then thus Ascanius, (wonder-struck to see  
That image of his filial piety;) 395  
So great beginnings, in so green an age,  
Exact the faith, which I again engage.  
Thy mother all the dues shall justly claim  
Creusa had; and only want the name.  
Whate'er event thy bold attempt shall have, 400  
'Tis merit to have born a son so brave.  
Now by my head, a sacred oath, I swear,  
(My father us'd it) what returning here

Crown'd with success, I for thyself prepare,  
 That, if thou fall, shall thy lov'd mother share. 405  
 He said; and weeping while he spoke the word,  
 From his broad belt he drew a shining sword,  
 Magnificent with gold. Ilycaon made,  
 And in an iv'ry scabbard sheath'd the blade:  
 'Twas his gift: great Mnestheus gave his friend 410  
 A lion's hide, his body to defend:  
 And good Aethes furnish'd him, beside,  
 With his own trusty helm, of temper try'd.

Thus arm'd they went. The noble Trojans wait  
 Their issuing forth, and follow to the gate. 415  
 With prayers and vows, above the rest appears  
 Ascanius, manly far beyond his years.  
 And messages committed to their care,  
 Which all in winds were lost, and flitting air.

The trenches first they pass'd; then took their way  
 Where their proud foes in pitch'd pavilions lay; 421  
 To many fatal, ere themselves were slain:

They found the careless host dispers'd upon the plain,  
 Who gorg'd, and drunk with wine, supinely snore:

Uprais'd chariots stand along the shore: 425  
 About the wheels and reins, the goblet lay,  
 And medly of debauch and war they lie.





Observing Nisus shew'd his friend the fight;  
 Behold a conquest gain'd without a fight.  
 Occasion offers, and I stand prepar'd; 430  
 There lies our way; be thou upon the guard;  
 And look around; while I securely go,  
 And hew a passage, thro' the sleeping foe.  
 Softly he spoke; then striding, took his way,  
 With his drawn sword, where haughty Rhamnes lay.  
 His head rais'd high, on tapestry beneath; 436  
 And heaving from his breast, he drew his breath:  
 A king and prophet by king Turnus lov'd;  
 But fate by prescience cannot be remov'd,  
 Him, and his sleeping slaves he slew. Then spies 440  
 Where Rhemus, with his rich retinue lies:  
 His armour-bearer first, and next he kills  
 His charioteer, intrench'd betwixt the wheels  
 And his lov'd horses: last invades their lord;  
 Full on his neck he drives the fatal sword:  
 The gasping head flies off; a purple flood  
 Flows from the trunk, that welters in the blood:  
 Which by the spurning heels, dispers'd around,  
 The bed besprinkles, and bedews the ground.  
 From the hold, and Lamyrus the strong,  
 He slew; and then Serranus fair and young.



From dice and wine the youth retir'd to rest,  
 And puff'd the fummy god from out his breast :  
 Ev'n then he dreamt of drink and lucky play ;  
 More lucky had it lasted 'till the day. 455

The famish'd lion thus, with hunger bold,  
 Overleaps the fences of the nightly fold ;  
 And tears the peaceful flocks : with silent awe  
 Trembling they lie, and pant beneath his paw.

Nor with less rage Euryalus employs 460  
 The wrathful sword, or fewer foes destroys :

But on th' ignoble crowd his fury flew :

He Ladus, Hebesus, and Rhætus slew.

Oppress'd with heavy sleep the former fall,  
 But Rhætus wakeful, and observing all, 465

Behind a spacious jar he slink'd for fear.

The fatal iron found, and reach'd him there.

For as he rose, it pierc'd his naked side,

And reeking, thence return'd in crimson dy'd.

The wound pours out a stream of wine and blood,

The purple soul comes floating in the flood. 471

Now where Messapus quarter'd they arrive ;

The fires were fainting there, and just alive.

The warrior-horses ty'd in order fed ;

Thus observ'd the discipline, and aid, 475

Our eager thirst of blood may both betray ;  
 And see the scatter'd streaks of dawning day,  
 Foe to nocturnal thefts: No more, my friend,  
 Here let our glutt'd execution end :  
 A lane through slaughter'd bodies we have made : 460  
 The bold Euryalus, tho' loth, obey'd.  
 Of arms, and arras, and of plate they find  
 A precious load ; but these they leave behind.  
 Yet fond of gaudy spoils, the boy would stay  
 To make the rich caparison his prey, 485  
 Which on the steed of conquer'd Rhamnes lay,  
 Nor did his eyes less longingly behold  
 The girdle belt, with nails of burnish'd gold.  
 This present Cediceus the rich, bestow'd  
 On Remulus, when friendship first they vow'd : 490  
 And absent, join'd in the spitable ties ;  
 He dying, to his heir bequeath'd the prize :  
 Till by the conspiring Ardean troops oppress'd,  
 He fell ; and they the glorious gift possess'd.  
 These glitt'ring spoils (now made the victor's gain)  
 He to his body suits, but suits in vain. 496  
 Messapus' helm he finds among the rest,  
 And laces on, and wears the waving crest.  
 Proud of their conquest, prouder of their prey,  
 They leave the camp ; and take the ready way : 500

But far they had not pass'd, before they spy'd  
Three hundred horse with Volscens for their guide.

The queen a legion to king Turnus sent,  
But the swift horse the slower foot prevent :  
And now advancing, fought the leader's tent. 505

They saw the pair; for thro' the doubtful shade  
His shining helm Euryalus betray'd,  
On which the moon with full-reflexion play'd.

'Tis not for nought, cry'd Volscens, from the crowd,  
These men go there; then rais'd his voice aloud : 510

Stand, stand; why thus in arms, and whither bent?  
From whence, to whom, and on what errand sent?

Silent they scud away, and haste their flight,  
To neighbouring woods, and trust themselves to night.

The speedy horse all passages belay. 515

And spur their smoking steeds to cross their way;

And watch each entrance of the winding wood;

Black was the forest, thick with beech it flood;

Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn,

Few paths of human feet or tracks of beasts were worn.

The darkness of the shades, his heavy prey, 521

And fear, mis-led the younger from his way.

But Nisus hit the turns with happier haste,

And thoughtless of his friend, the forest pass'd:

And Alban plains, from Alba's name so call'd, 525  
Where king Latinus then his oxen stall'd.

Till turning at the length, he stood his ground,  
And miss'd his friend, and cast his eyes around;

Ah wretch, he cry'd, where have I left behind  
Th' unhappy youth, where shall I hope to find? 530

Or what way take? Again he ventures back:  
And treads the mazes of his former track.

He winds the wood, and list'ning hears the noise  
Of trampling couriers, and the riders voice,

The sound approach'd, and suddenly he view'd 535  
The foes inclosing, and his friend pursu'd:

Forclay'd and taken, while he strove in vain,  
The shelter of the friendly shades to gain.

What shou'd he next attempt! what arms employ,  
What fruitless force to free the captive boy? 540

Or desperate should he rush and lose his life,  
With odds oppress, in such unequal strife?

Resolv'd at length, his pointed spear he took;  
And casting on the moon a mournful look,

Guardian of groves, and goddess of the night, 545  
Fair queen, he said, direct my dart aright:

If e'er my pious father for my sake  
Did grateful off'rings on thy altars make;

Or I increas'd them with my filv'ry toils,  
And hung thy hely roofs, with savage spoils ; 550  
Give me to scatter these. Then from his ear  
He pois'd, and aim'd, and lanch'd the trembling spear.  
The deadly weapon, hissing from the grove,  
Impetuous on the back of Sulmo drove ;  
Pierc'd his thin armour, drank his vital blood, 555  
And in his body left the broken wood.  
He staggers round, his eyeballs roll in death,  
And with short fobs he gasps away his breath.  
All stand amaz'd ; a second jav'lin flies,  
With equal strength, and quivers thro' the skies ; 560  
'Tis thro' thy temples, Tagns, forc'd the way,  
And in the brain-pan warmly bury'd lay.  
Pierce Volscens foams with rage, and gazing round,  
Descry'd not him who gave the fatal wound :  
Nor knew to fix revenge : but thou, he cries, 565  
Shall pay for both, and at the pris'ner flies  
With his drawn sword. Then struck with deep despair,  
That cruel fight the lover cou'd not bear :  
But from his covert rush'd in open view,  
And sent his voice before him as he flew. 570  
Me, me, he cry'd, turn all your swords alone  
On me ; the fact confess'd, the fault my own.

He neither cou'd nor durst, the guiltless youth ;  
Ye moon and stars bear witness to the truth !  
His only crime, (if friendship can offend) 575  
Is too much love to his unhappy friend.  
Too late he speaks ; the sword, which fury guides,  
Driv'n with full force, had pierc'd his tender sides.  
Down fell the beauteous youth ; the yawning wound  
Gush'd out a purple stream, and stain'd the ground.  
His snowy neck reclines upon his breast ; 581  
Like a fair flow'r by the keen share oppress'd :  
Like a white poppy sinking on the plain.  
Whose heavy head is overcharg'd with rain.  
Despair, and rage, and vengeance justly vow'd 585  
Drove Nisus headlong on the hostile crowd :  
Volsens he seeks ; on him alone he bends :  
Born back, and bord'd by his surrounding friends,  
Onward he press'd : and kept him still in fight ;  
Then whirl'd aloft his sword, with all his might : 590  
Th' unerring steel descended while he spoke ;  
Pierc'd his wide mouth, and thro' his weazon broke :  
Dying he flew ; and stagg'ring on the plain,  
With swimming eyes he sought his lover slain :  
Then quiet on his bleeding bosom fell ; 595  
Content in death, to be reveng'd so well.

Q happy friends ! for if my verse can give  
 Immortal life, your fame shall ever live :  
 Fix'd as the capitol's foundation lies ;  
 And spread, where e'er the Roman eagle flies ! 600  
 The conqu'ring party first divide the prey,  
 Then their slain leader to the camp convey.  
 With wonder, as they went, the troops were fill'd,  
 To see such numbers whom so few had kill'd.  
 Serranus, Rhamnes, and the rest they found ; 605  
 Vast crowds the dying and the dead surround  
 And the yet reeking blood o'erflows the ground.  
 All knew the helmet which Meſapus lost ;  
 But mourn'd a purchase that to dear had cost.  
 Now rose the ruddy morn from Æthion's bed ; 610  
 And with the dawn of day, the skies o'erspread.  
 Nor long the sun his daily course withheld,  
 But added colours to the world reveal'd.  
 When early Turnus wak'ning with the light,  
 All clad in armour calls his troops to fight. 615  
 His martial men with fierce harangues he fir'd ;  
 And his own ardor, in their souls inspir'd.  
 This done, to give new terror to his foes,  
 The heads of Nisus, and his friend he shows,  
 Rais'd high on pointed spears : A ghastly sight ; 620  
 Loud peals of shouts ensue, and barbarous delight.

Mean time the Trojans run, where danger calls,  
 They line their trenches, and they man their walls:  
 In front extended to the left they stood:  
 Safe was the right surrounded by the flood. 625  
 But casting from their tow'rs a nightful view,  
 They saw the faces, which too well they knew;  
 Tho' then disguis'd in death, and smear'd all o'er  
 With filth obscene, and dropping putrid gore.  
 Soon hasty fame, thro' the fast city bears 630  
 The mournful message to the mother's ears:  
 An icy cold benumbs her limbs: she shakes;  
 Her cheeks the blood, her hand the web forsakes.  
 She runs the rampires round amidst the war,  
 Nor fears the flying darts: she rends her hair, 635  
 And fills with loud laments the liquid air.  
 Thus then, my lov'd Euryalus appears;  
 Thus looks the prop of my declining years!  
 Was't on this face, my famish'd eyes I fed!  
 Ah how unlike the living, is the dead! 640  
 And could'st thou leave me, cruel, thus alone,  
 Not one kind kiss from a departing son!  
 No look, no last adieu before he went,  
 In an ill-boding hour to slaughter sent!



Cold on the ground, and pressing foreign clay, 645  
To Latian dogs, and fowls he lies a prey!  
Nor was I near to close his dying eyes,  
To wash his wounds, to weep his obsequies :  
To call about his corps his crying friends,  
Or spread the mantle, (made for other ends,) 650  
On his dear body, which I wove with care,  
Nor did my daily pains, or nightly labour spare.  
Where shall I find his corps, what earth sustains  
His trunk dismember'd, and his cold remains ?  
For this, alas, I left my needful ease, 655  
Expos'd my life to winds, and winter seas !  
If any pity touch Rutulian hearts,  
Here empty all your quivers, all your darts :  
Or if they fail, thou Jove conclude my woe,  
And send me thunder-struck\* to shades below ! 660  
Her shrieks and clamours pierce the Trojans ears,  
Unvan their courage, and augment their fears :  
Nor young Ascanius cou'd the sight sustain,  
No old Ilioneus his tears restrain :  
But Actor and Idæus, jointly sent, 665  
To bear the madding mother to her tent.  
And now the trumpets terribly from far,  
With rattling clangor, rouse the sleepy war.

The soldiers shouts succeed the brazen sounds  
 And heav'n, from pole to pole, their noise rebounds.  
 The Volscians bear their shields upon their head, 671  
 And rushing forward, form a moving fled;  
 These fill the ditch, those pull the bulwarks down:  
 Some raise the ladders, others scale the town.  
 But where void spaces on the walls appear, 675  
 Or thin defence, they pour their forces there.  
 With poles and missive weapons, from afar,  
 The Trojans keep aloof the rising war.  
 Taught by their ten years siege defensive fight;  
 They roll down ribs of rocks, and unresisted weight:  
 To break the penthouse with the pond'rous blow; 681  
 Which yet the patient Volscians undergo.  
 But cou'd not bear th' unequal combat long;  
 For where the Trojans find the thickest throng,  
 The ruin falls: their shatter'd shields give way, 685  
 And their crush'd heads become an easy prey.  
 They shrink for fear, abated of their rage,  
 No longer dare in a blind fight engage.  
 Contented now to gall them from below  
 With darts and slings, and with the distant bow. 690  
 Elsewhere Mezentius, terrible to view,  
 A blazing pine within the trenches threw.

But brave Messapus, Neptune's wardlike son,  
 Broke down the palisades, the trenches won,  
 And loud for ladders calls, to scale the town. 695

Calliope begin: ye sacred nine,  
 Inspire your poet in his high design:  
 To sing what slaughter manly Turnus made:  
 What souls he sent below the Stygian shade.  
 What fame the soldiers with their captain share, 700  
 And the vast circuit of the fatal war.  
 For you in singing martial facts excel;  
 You best remember; and alone can tell.

There stood a tow'r, amazing to the sight,  
 Built up of beams; and of stupendous height; 705  
 Art, and the nature of the place conspir'd  
 To furnish all the strength that war requir'd.  
 To level this, the bold Italians join;  
 The wary Trojans obviate their design: 709  
 With weighty stones o'erwhelm'd their troops below,  
 Shout thro' the Loopholes, and sharp jav'lines throw.  
 Turnus, the chief, toss'd from his thund'ring hand,  
 Against the wooden walls, a flaming brand:  
 It stuck, the fiery plague: the winds were high;  
 The planks were season'd, and the timber dry. 715  
 Contagion caught the posts: it spread along,  
 Scorch'd, and to distance drove the scatter'd throng.

The Trojans fled ; the fire pursu'd amain,  
 Still gathering fast upon the trembling train ;  
 Till crowding to the corners of the wall, 720  
 Down the defence, and the defenders fall.  
 The mighty flaw makes heav'n itself resound,  
 The dead, and dying Trojans strew the ground.  
 The tow'r that follow'd on the fallen crew, 724  
 Whelm'd o'er their heads, and bury'd whom it slew :  
 Some stuck upon the darts themselves had sent ;  
 All, the same equal ruin underwent.

Young Lycus and Helenor, only scape ;  
 Sav'd how they know not, from the steepy leap.  
 Helenor, elder of the two ; by birth, 730  
 On one side royal, on a son of earth,  
 Whom to the Lydian king, Lycimnia bare,  
 And sent her boasted bastard to the war :  
 (A privilege which none but freemen share.)  
 Slight were his arms, a sword and silver shield, 735  
 No marks of honour charg'd its empty field.  
 Light as he fell, so light the youth arose,  
 And rising, found himself amidst his foes.  
 Nor flight was left, nor hopes to force his way ;  
 Embolden'd by despair, he stood at bay : 740

And like a stag, whom all the troop furrounds  
 Of eager huntsmen, and invading hounds ;  
 Resolv'd on death, he dissipates his fears,  
 And bounds aloft, against the pointed spears :  
 So dares the youth, secure of death ; and throws 745  
 His dying body, on his thickest foes.

But Lycus, swifter of his feet, by far,  
 Runs, doubles, winds and turns, amidst the war  
 Springs to the walls, and leaves his foes behind,  
 And snatches at the beam he first can find. 750

Looks up, and leaps aloft at all the stretch,  
 In hopes the helping hand of some kind friend to reach,  
 But Turnus follow'd hard his hunted prey,  
 (His spear had almost reach'd him in the way,  
 Short of his reins, and scarce a span behind,) 755

Fool, said the chief, tho' fleetest than the wind,  
 Could'st thou presume to scape, when I pursue ?  
 He said, and downward by the feet he drew  
 The trembling dastard : at the tug he falls,  
 Vast ruins come along, rent from the smoking walls.

Thus on some silver swan, or tim'rous hare, 761  
 Jove's bird comes fowling down, from upper air ;  
 Her crooked talons trusts the fearful fray :  
 Then out of sight she soars, and wings her way.

ÆN. IX.      Æ N E I D.      35

So seizes the grim wolf the tender lamb,      763  
In vain lamented by the bleating dam.

Then rushing onward, with a barb'rous cry,  
The troops of Turnus to the combat fly.  
The ditch with faggots fill'd, the daring foe  
Toss'd firebrands to the steepy turrets throw.      770

Hilioneus, as bold Lucetius came  
To force the gate, and feed the kindling flames;  
Roll'd down the fragment of a rock so right,  
It crush'd him double underneath the weight.

Two more young Liger and Asylas flew;      775  
To bend the bow young Liger better knew:  
Asylas best the pointed jav'lin threw.      }

Brave Cæneas laid Ortygius on the plain,  
The victor Cæneas was by Turnus slain.  
By the same hand, Clonius and Itys fall,      780  
Sagar and Ida, standing on the wall.

From Caph's arms his fate Priverpus found;  
Hurt by Themilla first; but slight the wound;  
His shield thrown by, to mitigate the smart,  
He clapt his hand upon the wounded part:      785  
The second shaft came swift and unesp'y'd,  
And pierc'd his hand, and nail'd it to his side:

Transfix'd his breathing lungs, and beating heart ;  
The soul came issuing out, and hiss'd against the dart.

The son of Arcens shone amid the rest, 790  
In glitt'ring armour and a purple vest.

Fair was his face, his eyes inspiring love,  
Bred by his father in the Martian grove :

Where the fat altars of Palicus flame,  
And sent in arms to purchase early fame. 795

Hun, when he spy'd from far the Thuscan king,  
Laid by the lance and took him to the sling :

Thrice whirl'd the thong around his head, and threw :  
The heated lead half-melted as it flew :

It pierc'd his hollow temples and his brain ; 800  
The youth came tumbling down, and spurn'd the plain.

Then young Ascanius, who before this day  
Was wont in woods to shoot the savage prey,  
First bent in martial strife, the twanging bow ;  
And exercis'd against a human foe. 805

With this bereft Numanus of his life,  
Who Turnus' younger sister took to wife.

Proud of his realm, and of his royal bride,  
Vaunting before his troops, and lengthen'd with  
[a stride,

In these insulting terms the Trojans he defy'd. 810 }

Twice conquer'd cowards, now your shame is shown,  
Coop'd up a second time within your town !

Who dare not issue forth in open field,  
But hold your walls before you for a shield.

Thus threat you war, thus our alliance force ! 815

What gods, what madness hither steer'd your course !

You shall not find the sons of Atreus here,

Nor need the frauds of sly Ulysses fear.

Strong from the cradle, of a sturdy brood,

We bear our new-born infants to the flood ; 820

There bath'd amid the stream, our boys we hold,

With winter harden'd, and inur'd to cold.

They wake before the day to range the wood,

Kill ere they eat, nor taste unconquer'd food.

No sports, but what belong to war they know, 825

To break the stubborn colt, to bend the bow.

Our youth, of labour patient, earn their bread ;

Hardly they work, with frugal diet fed.

From ploughs and harrows sent to seek renown,

They fight in fields, and storm the shaken town. 830

No part of life from toils of war is free ;

No change in age, or difference in degree.

We plough, and til in arms ; our oxen feed,

Instead of goads, the spur, and pointed steel :



- 'Th' inverted lance makes furrows in the plain; 835  
 Ev'n time that changes all, yet changes us in vain:  
 The body, not the mind: nor can control  
 Th' immortal vigour, or abate the soul.  
 Our helms defend the young, disguise the grey:  
 We live by plunder, and delight in prey. 840  
 Your vests embroider'd with rich purple shine;  
 In cloth you glory, and in dances join.  
 Your vests have sweeping sleeves: with female pride,  
 Your turbants underneath your chins are ty'd.  
 Go Phrygians, to your Dindymus agen; 845  
 Go, less than women, in the shapes of men.  
 Go, mix'd with eunuchs, in the mother's rites,  
 Where with unequal sound the flute invites.  
 Sing, dance, and howl by turns in Ida's shade;  
 Relinquish the war to men, who know the martial trade.  
 This foul reproach, Ascanius cou'd not bear 851  
 With patience, or a vow'd revenge forbear.  
 At the full stretch of both his hands, he drew,  
 And almost join'd the horns of the tough eugh.  
 But first, before the throne of Jove he stood: 855  
 And thus with lifted hands invoc'd the god.  
 My first attempt, great Jupiter, succeed;  
 An annual offering on thy grove shall bleed:

A snow-white steer, before thy altar led,  
 Who like his mother bears aloft his head, 860  
 Buts with his threat'ning brows, and bellowing stands,  
 And dares the fight, and spurns the yellow sands.

Jove bow'd the heav'ns, and lent a gracious ear,  
 And thunder'd on the left, amidst the clear.  
 Sounded at once the bow; and swiftly flies 865  
 The feather'd death, and hisses thro' the skies.  
 The steel thro' both his temples forc'd the way:  
 Extended on the ground Numanus lay.  
 Go now, vain boaster, and true valour scorn; 869  
 The Phrygians, twice subdu'd, yet make this third  
 [return.]

Ascanius said no more: the Trojans shake  
 The heav'ns with shouting, and new vigour take.

Apollo then bestrode a golden cloud,  
 To view the seats of arms, and fighting crowd;  
 And thus the beardless victor, he bespoke aloud. 875  
 Advance illustrious youth, increase in fame,  
 And wide from east to west extend thy name.  
 Offspring of gods thyself; and Rome shall owe  
 To thee, a race of demigods below.  
 This is the way to heav'n: the pow'rs divine 880  
 From this beginning date the Julian line.

To thee, to them, and their victorious heirs,  
 The conquer'd war is due: and the vast world is theirs.  
 Troy is too narrow for thy name. He said,  
 And plunging downward shot his radiant head; 885  
 Disspell'd the breathing air, that broke his flight,  
 Shorn of his beams, a man to mortal fight.  
 Old Butes' form he took, Anchises' squire,  
 Now left to rule Ascanius, by his fire;  
 His wrinkled visage, and his hoary hairs, 890  
 His mien, his habit, and his arms he wears;  
 And thus salutes the boy, too forward for his years. }  
 Suffice it thee, thy father's worthy son,  
 The warlike prize thou hast already won:  
 The god of archers gives thy youth a part 895  
 Of his own praise; nor envies equal art.  
 Now tempt the war no more. He said, and flew  
 Obscure in air, and vanish'd from their view.  
 The Trojans, by his arms, their patron know;  
 And hear the twanging of his heav'nly bow. 900  
 Then duteous force they use, and Phœbus' name,  
 To keep from fight the youth too fond of fame.  
 Undaunted they themselves no danger shun:  
 From wall to wall, the shouts and clamours run:

They bend their bows, they whirl their slings around;  
 Heaps of spent arrows fall, and strew the ground;  
 And helmets, and shields, and rattling arms resound. }  
 The combat thickens, like the storm that flies  
 From westward, when the show'ry kids arise:  
 Or pattering hail comes pouring on the main, 910  
 When Jupiter descends in harden'd rain,  
 Or bellowing clouds burst with a stormy sound,  
 And with an armed winter strew the ground.  
 Pand'rus and Bitias, thunder-bolts of war,  
 Whom Hiera to bold Alcanor bare 915  
 On Ida's top, two youths of height and size,  
 Like firs that on their mother-mountain rise;  
 Presuming on their force, the gates unbar,  
 And of their own accord invite the war.  
 With fates averse, against their king's command, 920  
 Arm'd on the right, and on the left they stand,  
 And flank the passage: shining steel they wear,  
 And waving crests above their heads appear.  
 Thus two tall oaks, that Padus' banks adorn,  
 Lift up to heav'n their leafy heads unshorn; 925  
 And overpress'd with nature's heavy load,  
 Dance to the whistling winds, and at each other nod.  
 In flows a tide of Latians, when they see  
 The gate set open, and the passage free.

Bold Quereens, with rash Tmarus rushing on, 930  
 Equiculus, that in bright armour shone,  
 And Hamon first, but soon repuls'd they fly,  
 Or in the well-defended pass they die.

These with success are fir'd, and those with rage;  
 And each on equal terms at length engage. 935  
 Drawn from their lines, and issuing on the plain,  
 The Trojans hand to hand the fight maintain.

Fierce Tarnus in another quarter fought,  
 When suddenly th' unhop'd-for news was brought;  
 The foes had left the fastness of their place, 940  
 Prevail'd in fight, and had his men in chace.

He quits th' attack, and, to prevent their fate,  
 Ruins, where the giant brothers guard the gate.

The first he met, Antiphates the brave,  
 But base begotten on a Thetan slave; 945

Sarpedon's son he slew: the deadly dart  
 Found passage through his breast, and pierc'd his heart.

Fix'd in the wound th' Italian cornel stood;  
 Warm'd in his lungs, and in his vital blood.

Aphidnus next, and Erymanthus dies, 950  
 And Meropes, and the gigantick size  
 Of Bitias, threat'ning with his ardent eyes. }

Not by the feeble dart he fell oppress'd,  
 A dart were lost within that roomy breast;

But from a knotted lance, large, heavy, strong; 965  
Which roar'd like thunder as it whirl'd along.  
Not two bull-hides th' impetuous force withhold;  
Nor coat of double mail, with scales of gold.  
Down sunk the monster-bulk, and press'd the ground.  
His arms and clatt'ring shield, on the vast body sound.  
Not with less ruin, than the Bajan mole, 965  
(Rais'd on the seas the surges to control,)  
At once comes tumbling down the rocky wall,  
Prone to the deep the stones disjointed fall  
Off the vast pile; the scatter'd ocean flies; 965  
Black sands, discolour'd froth, and mingled mud arise.  
The frighted billows roll, and seek the shores:  
Then trembles Prochyta, then Ischia roars:  
Typhœus thrown beneath, by Jove's command,  
Astonish'd at the flaw, that shakes the land. 970  
Soon shifts his weary side, and scarce awake,  
With wonder feels the weight press lighter on his back.  
The warrior-god the Latian troops inspir'd;  
New strung their sinews, and their courage fir'd,  
But chills the Trojan hearts with cold affright: 975  
Then black despair precipitates their flight,  
When Pandarus beheld his brother kill'd,  
The town with fear, and wild confusion fill'd,

He turns the hinges of the heavy gate 975  
 With both his hands ; and adds his shoulders to the  
 [weight.

Some happier friends within the walls inclos'd ;  
 The rest shut out, to certain death expos'd.

Fool as he was, and frantick in his care,  
 'T' admit young Turnas, and include the war.  
 He thrust amid the crowd, securely bold ; 985  
 Like a fierce tiger pent amid the fold.  
 Too late his blazing buckler they desery ;  
 And sparkling fires that shot from either eye :  
 His mighty members, and his ample breast,  
 His rattling armour, and his crimson crest. 990

Far from that hated face the Trojans fly ;  
 All but the fool who sought his destiny.  
 Mad Pandarus steps forth, with vengeance vow'd  
 For Bitias' death, and threatens thus aloud.  
 These are not Ardea's walls, nor this the town 995  
 Amata proffers with Lavinia's crown :

'Tis hostile earth you tread ; of hope hereft,  
 No means of safe return by flight are left.  
 To whom with count'enance calm, and soul sedate,  
 Thus Turnus : Then begin ; and try thy fate : 1000  
 My message to the ghost of Priam bear,  
 Tell him a new Achilles sent thee there.

A lance of tough ground-ash the Trojan threw,  
 Rough in the rind, and knotted as it grew,  
 With his full force he whirl'd it first around; 1005  
 But the soft yielding air receiv'd the wound.  
 Imperial Juno turn'd the course before;  
 And fix'd the wand'ring weapon in the door.

But hope not thou, said Turnus, when I strike,  
 To shun thy fate, our force is not alike: 1010  
 Nor thy steel temper'd by the Lemnian god:  
 Then rising, on his utmost stretch he stood:  
 And aim'd from high: the full descending blow  
 Cleaves the broad front, and beardless cheeks in two:  
 Down sinks the giant with a thundering sound, 1015  
 His pond'rous limbs oppress the trembling ground.  
 Blood, brains, and foam, gush from the gaping  
 [wound.]

Scalp, face, and shoulders, th: keen steel divides;  
 And the shar'd visage hangs on equal sides.  
 The Trojans fly from their approaching fate: 1020  
 And had the victor then secur'd the gate,  
 And, to his troops without, unclos'd the bars;  
 One lucky day had ended all his wars.  
 But boiling youth, and blind desire of blood,  
 Push on his fury, to pursue the crowd; 1025



Hamstring'd behind unhappy Gyges dy'd ;  
Then Phalaris is added to his side :  
The pointed jav'lines from the dead he drew,  
And their friends arms against their fellows threw.  
Strong Halys stands in vain ; weak Phlegys flies ; 1030  
Saturnia, still at hand, new force and fire supplies.  
Then Halius, Prytanis, Alcander fall ;  
(Engag'd against the foes, who scal'd the wall :)  
But whom they fear'd without, they found within  
At last, tho' late, by Linceus he was seen. 1035  
He calls new succours, and assaults the prince,  
But weak his force, and vain is their defence.  
Turn'd to the right, his sword the hero drew,  
And at one blow the bold aggressor flew.  
He joints the neck : and with a stroke so strong 1040  
The helm flies off ; and bears the head along.  
Next him, the huntsman Amycus he kill'd,  
In darts, invenom'd, and in poison skill'd.  
Then Clytius fell beneath his fatal spear,  
And Cretus, whom the muses held so dear : 1045  
He fought with courage, and he sung the fight :  
Arms were his bus'ness, verses his delight.  
The Trojan chiefs behold, with rage and grief,  
Their slaughter'd friends, and hasten their relief.

Bold Mnestheus rallies first the broken train. 1050

Whom brave Seresthus, and his troop sustain.

To save the living, and revenge the dead :

Against one warrior's arms all Troy they led.

O, void of sense and courage, Mnestheus cry'd, . .

Where can you hope your coward heads to hide? 1055

Ah, where beyond these rampires can you run ! . .

One man, and in your camp inclos'd, you shun

Shall then a single sword such slaughter boast,

And pass unpunish'd from a num'rous host ?

Forfaking honour, and renouncing fame, 1060

Your gods, your country, and your king you shame.

This just reproach their virtue does excite,

They stand, they join, they thicken to the fight.

Now Turnus doubts, and yet disdains to yield ;

But with slow paces measures back the field ; 1065

And inches to the walls, where Tiber's tide,

Washing the camp, defends the weaker side.

The more he loses, they advance the more ;

And tread in ev'ry step he trod before. 1069

They shout, they bear him back, and whom by might

They cannot conquer, they oppress with weight.

As compass'd with a wood of spears around,

The lordly lion still maintains his ground ;

- Grins horrible, retires, and turns again;  
 Threats his distended paws, and shakes his mane;  
 He loses while in vain he presses on, 1076  
 Nor will his courage let him dare to run:  
 So Turnus fares, and unresolv'd of flight,  
 Moves tardy back, and just recedes from sight.  
 Yet twice, enrag'd, the combat he renews, 1080  
 Twice breaks, and twice his broken foes pursues.  
 But now they swarm, and with fresh troops supply'd,  
 Come rolling on, and rush from ev'ry side.  
 Nor Juno, who sustain'd his arms before,  
 Dares with new strength suffice, th' exhausted store.  
 For Jove, with four commands, sent Iris down, 1086  
 To force th' invader from the frighted town.  
 With labour spent, no longer can he wield  
 The heavy rauchion, or sustain the shield:  
 O'erwhelm'd with darts, which from afar they fling,  
 The weapons round his hollow temples ring: 1091  
 His golden helm gives way: with stony blows  
 Batter'd, and flat, and beaten to his brows,  
 His crest is rash'd away, his ample shield  
 Is falsify'd, and round with jav'lins fill'd 1095  
 The foe now faint; the Trojans overwhelm:  
 And Mnestheus lays hard load upon his helm.

Sick sweat succeeds, he drops at ev'ry pore,  
With driving dust his cheeks are pasted o'er.  
Shorter and shorter ev'ry gasp he takes, 1100  
And vain efforts, and hurtless blows he makes.  
Arm'd as he was, at length, he leap'd from high;  
Plung'd in the flood, and made the waters fly.  
The yellow god, the welcome burden bore,  
And wip'd the sweat, and wash'd away the gore:  
Then gently wafts him to the farther coast; 1105  
And sends him safe to cheer his anxious host,





• T H E

• T E N T H B O O K

O F T H E

Æ N E I S

T H E  
A R G U M E N T.

*JUPITER calling a council of the gods, forbids them to engage in either party. At Aeneas's return there is a bloody battle: Turnus killing Pallas; Aeneas, Lausus and Mezentius. Mezentius is describ'd as an atheist; Lausus as a pious and virtuous youth: The different actions and death of these two, are the subject of a noble episode.*



## The Tenth Book of the

## Æ N • E I S.

THE gates of heav'n unfold ; Jove summons all  
 The gods to council in the common hall.  
 Sublimely seated he surveys from far  
 The fields, the camp, the fortune of the war,  
 And all th' inferior world : from first to last. 5  
 The sov'reign senate in degrees are plac'd.

Then thus th' almighty fire began. Ye gods.  
 Natives, or denizens, of blest abodes ;  
 From whence these murmurs. and this change of  
 [mind,  
 This backward fate from what was first design'd? 10  
 Why this protracted war? When my commands  
 Pronounc'd a peace, and gave the Latian Lands.



What fear or hope on either part divides  
Our heav'ns, and arms our pow'rs on diff'rent sides ?

A lawful time of war at length will come, 15

(Nor need your haste anticipate the doom,)

When Carthage shall contend the world with Rome :

Shall force the rigid rocks, and Alpine chains ;

And like a flood come pouring on the plains.

Then is your time for faction and debate, 20

For partial favour, and permitted hate.

Let now your immature dissension cease :

Sit quiet, and compose your souls to peace.

Thus Jupiter in few unfolds the charge :

But lovely Venus thus replies at large. 25

O pow'r immense, eternal energy !

(For to what else protection can we fly,)

Seest thou the proud Rutulians, how they dare

In fields, unpunish'd, and insult my care ?

How lofty Turnus vaunts amidst his train, 30

In shining arms triumphant on the plain ?

Ev'n in their lines and trenches they contend ;

And scarce their walls the Trojan troops defend :

The town is fill'd with slaughter, and o'erflows,

With a red deluge, their increasing moats. 35

Æneas ignorant, and far from thence,

Has left a camp expos'd, without defence.

• This endless outrage shall they still sustain ?  
 Shall Troy renew'd be forc'd, and fir'd again ?  
 A second siege my banish'd issue fears,      40  
 And a new Diomede in arms appears.  
 One more audacious mortal will be found ;  
 And I thy daughter wait another wound.  
 Yet, if with fates averse, without thy leave,  
 The Latian lands my progeny receive,      45  
 Bear they the pains of violated law,  
 And thy protection from their aid withdraw.  
 But if the gods their sure success foretel,  
 If those of heav'n consent with those of hell,  
 To promise Italy ; who dare debate      50  
 The pow'r of Jove, or fix another fate ?  
 What should I tell of tempests on the main,  
 Of Eolus usurping Neptune's reign ?  
 Of Iris sent ; with Bacchanalian heat,  
 To inspire the matrons, and destroy the fleet.      55  
 Now Juno to the Stygian sky descends,  
 Solicits hell for aid, and arms the fiends.  
 That new example wanted yet above :  
 An act that well became the wife of Jove.  
 Alcdo, rais'd by her, with rage inflames      60  
 The peaceful bosoms of the Latian dames.

Imperial sway no more exalts my mind :  
 (Such hopes I had indeed, while heav'n was kind)  
 Now let my happier foes possess my place,  
 Whom Jove prefers before the Trojan race ; 65  
 And conquer they, whom you with conquest grace.  
 Since you can spare, from all your wide command,  
 No spot of earth, no hospitable land,  
 Which may my wand'ring fugitives receive ;  
 (Since haughty Juno will not give you leave) 70  
 Then, father, (if I still may use that name)  
 By ruin'd Troy, yet smoking from the flame,  
 I beg you let Ascanius, by my care,  
 Be freed from danger, and dismiss'd the war :  
 Inglorious let him live, without a crown ; 75  
 The father may be cast on coasts unknown,  
 Struggling with fate ; but let me save the son.  
 Mine is Cythera, mine the Cyprian tow'rs ;  
 In those recesses, and those sacred bow'rs  
 Obscurely let him rest ; his right resign 80  
 To promis'd empire, and his Julian line.  
 Then Carthage may th' Ausonian towns destroy,  
 Nor fear the race of a rejected boy.  
 What profits it my son, to 'scape the fire,  
 Arm'd with his gods, and loaded with his fire ; 85

To pass the perils of the seas and wind ;  
 Evade the Greeks, and leave the war behind ;  
 To reach th' Italian shores : if after all,  
 Our second Pergamus is doom'd to fall ?  
 Much better had he curb'd his high desires,      90  
 And hover'd o'er his ill-extinguish'd fires.  
 To Simois' banks the fugitives restore,  
 And give them back to war, and all the woes before.

Deep indignation swell'd Saturnia's heart :  
 And must I own, she said, my secret smart ?      95  
 What with more decency were in silence kept,  
 And but for this unjust reproach had slept.  
 Did god, or man, your fav'rite son advise,  
 With war unhop'd the Latians to surprise ?  
 By fate you boast, and by the gods decree,      100  
 He left his native land for Italy :  
 Confess the truth ; by mad Cassandra, more  
 Than heav'n inspir'd, he sought a foreign shore !  
 Did I persuade to trust his second Troy  
 To the raw conduct of a beardless boy ?      105  
 With walls unfinish'd, which himself forsakes,  
 And thro' the waves a wand'ring voyage takes ?  
 When have I urg'd him meanly to demand  
 The Tuscan aid, and arm a quiet land ?

Did I or Iris give this mad advice, 110  
 Or made the fool himself the fatal choice?  
 You think it hard, the Latians should destroy  
 With swords your Trojans, and with fires your Troy:  
 Hard and unjust indeed, for men to draw  
 Their native air, nor take a foreign law: 115  
 That Turnus is permitted still to live,  
 To whom his birth a god and goddess give:  
 But yet 'tis just and lawful for your line,  
 To drive their fields, and force with fraud to join.  
 Realms not your own, among your clans divide, 120  
 And from the bridegroom tear the promis'd bride:  
 Petition, while you publick arms prepare;  
 Pretend a peace, and yet provoke a war.  
 'Twas giv'n to you, your darling son to shrowd,  
 To draw the dastard from the fighting crowd; 125  
 And for a man obtend an empty cloud.  
 From flaming fleets you turn'd the fire away,  
 And chang'd the ships to daughters of the sea.  
 But 'tis my crime, the queen of heav'n offends,  
 If she presume to save her suff'ring friends. 130  
 Your son, not knowing what his foes decree,  
 You say is absent: absent let him be.  
 Yours is Cythera, yours the Cyprian tow'rs,  
 The soft reed-beds, and the sacred bow'rs.

Why do you then these needless arms prepare, 135

And thus provoke a people prone to war?

Did I with fire the Trojan town deface,

Or hinder from return your exil'd race?

Was I the cause of mischief, or the man,

Whose lawless lust the fatal war began? 140

Think on whose faith th' adult'rous youth rely'd:

Who promis'd, who procur'd the Spartan bride?

When all th' united states of Greece combin'd,

To purge the world of the perfidious kind;

Then was your time to fear the Trojan fate: 145

Your quarrels and complaints are now too late.

Thus Juno. Murmurs rise, with mix'd applause;

Just as they favour, or dislike the cause:

So winds, when yet unfledg'd in woods they lie,

In whispers first their tender voices try: 150

Then issue on the main, with bellowing rage,

And storms to trembling mariners presage.

Then thus to both reply'd th' imperial god,

Who shakes heav'n's axles with his awful nod.

(When he begins, the silent senate stand 155

With reverence, list'ning to the dread command:

The clouds dispel; the winds their breath restrain;

And the hush'd waves lie flatted on the main).

Cœlestials! your attentive ears incline;  
 Since, said the god, the Trojans must not join 160  
 In wish'd alliance with the Latian line,  
 Since endless jarrings, and immortal hate,  
 Tend but to discompose our happy state;  
 The war henceforward be resign'd to Fate.  
 Each to his proper fortune stand or fall, 165  
 Equal and unconcern'd I look on all.

Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me;  
 And both shall draw the lots their fates decree.  
 Let these assault; if fortune be their friend;  
 And if she favours those, let those defend: 170

The Fates will find their way. The thund'rer said;  
 And shook the sacred honours of his head;  
 Attesting Styx, th' inviolable flood,  
 And the black regions of his brother god:  
 Trembled the poles of heav'n; and earth confess'd  
 [the nod:]

This end the sessions had: the senate rise, 176  
 And to his palace wait their sov'reign thro' the skies.

Mean time, intent upon their siege, the foes  
 Within their walls the Trojan host inclose:  
 They wound, they kill, they watch at ev'ry gate: 180  
 Renew the fires, and urge their happy fate.

Th' Æneans with in vain their wanted chief,  
 Hopeless of flight, more hopeless of relief;  
 Thin on the tow'rs they stand; and ev'n those few,  
 A feeble, fainting, and dejected crew: 185  
 Yet in the face of danger some there stood:  
 The two bold brothers of Sarpedon's blood,  
 Asius and Acmon: both th' Assaraci;  
 Young Hæmon, and tho' young, resolv'd to die.  
 With these were Clarus and Thymetes join'd; 190  
 Pibris and Castor, both of Lycian kind.  
 From Acmon's hands a rolling stone there came,  
 So large, it half deserv'd a mountain's name!  
 Strong-sinew'd was the youth, and big of bone,  
 His brother Mnestheus cou'd not more have done: }  
 Or the great father of th' intrepid son. 196 }  
 Some firebrands throw, some flights of arrows send;  
 And some with darts, and some with stones defend.  
 Amid the preis appears the beauteous boy,  
 The care of Venus, and the hope of Troy. 200  
 His lovely face unarm'd, his head was bare,  
 In ringlets o'er his shoulders hung his hair.  
 His forehead circled with a diadem;  
 Distinguish'd from the crowd he shines a gem,  
 Enchas'd in gold, or polish'd iv'ry set, 205  
 Amidst the meaner foil of sable jet.



Nor Iſmarus was wanting to the war,  
 Directing pointed arrows from afar,  
 And death with poiſon arm'd: in Lydia born,  
 Where plenteous harveſts the fat fields adorn: 210  
 Where proud Pactolus floats the fruitful lands,  
 And leaves a rich manure of golden ſands.

There Capys, author of the Capuan name:  
 And there was Vneſtheuſ too increas'd in fame: 214  
 Since Turnus from the camp he caſt with ſhame.

Thus mortal war was wag'd on either ſide.

Mean time the hero cuts the nightly tide:

For, anxious, from Evander when he went,

He fought the Tyrrhene camp, and Tarchon's tent;

Expos'd the cauſe of coming to the chief; 220

His name and country told, and ask'd relief:

Propos'd the terms; his own ſmall ſtrength declar'd,

What vengeance proud Mezentius had prepar'd:

What Turnus, bold and violent, deſign'd;

Then ſhew'd the ſlipp'ry ſtate of human kind, 225

And fickle fortune; warn'd him to beware:

And to his whoſom counſel added pray'r.

Tarchon, without delay, the treaty ſigns;

And to the Trojan troops the Tuſcan joins. 229

They ſoon ſet ſail; nor now the fates withſtand;

Their force aſſiſted with a foreign hand.

Æneas leads; upon his stern appear

Two lions carv'd, which rising Ida bear;

Ida, to wand'ring Trojans ever dear.

Under their grateful shade Æneas fate,

235

Revolving war's events, and various fate.

His left young Pallas kept, fix'd to his side,

And oft of winds enquir'd, and of the tide:

Oft of the stars, and of their wat'ry way;

And what he suffer'd both by land and sea.

240

Now sacred sisters open all your spring,

The Tuscan leaders, and their army sing;

Which follow'd great Æneas to the war:

Their arms, their numbers, and their names declare.

A thousand youths, brave Maflicus obey,

245

Born in the Tiger, thro' the foaming sea;

From Asium brought, and Cosa, by his care;

For arms, light quivers, bows and shafts they bear.

Fierce Abas next, his men bright armour wore;

His stern, Apollo's golden statue bore.

250

Six hundred Populonea sent along,

All skill'd in martial exercise, and strong.

Three hundred more for battle Ilva joins,

An isle renown'd for steel, and unexhausted mines.

Asylas on his prow the third appears,

255

Who heav'n interprets, and the wand'ring stars:

From offer'd entrails prodigies expounds,  
And peals of thunder, with presaging sounds.

A thousand spears in warlike order stand,  
Sent by the Pisans under his command. 260

Fair Astur follows in the war'y field,  
Proud of his manag'd horse, and painted shield.

Gravisca noisom from the neighb'ring fen,  
And his own Coere sent three hundred men:  
With those which Minio's fields, and Pyrgi gave;  
All bred in arms, unanimous and brave. 266

Thou muse the name of Cinyras renew;  
And brave Cupavo follow'd but by few;

Whose helm confess'd the lineage of the man,  
And bore, with wings display'd, a silver swan. 270

Love was the fault of his fam'd ancestry,

Whose forms, and fortunes in his ensigns fly.

For Cynus lov'd unhappy Phaeton,  
And hung his loss in poplar groves, alone;  
Besicath the sister shades to sooth his grief: 275

Heav'n hear'd his song, and hasten'd his relief:

And chang'd to snowy plumes his hoary hair,

And wing'd his flight, to' chant aloft in air.

His son Cupavo brush'd the briny flood:

Upon his stern a brawny centaur stood, 280

Who heav'd a rock, and threat'ning still to throw,  
 With lifted hands, alarm'd the seas below :  
 They seem to fear the formidable fight,  
 And roll'd their billows on, to speed his flight.

Ocnus was next, who led his native train, 285  
 Of hardy warriors thro' the wat'ry plain,  
 The son of Manto, by the Tuscan stream,  
 From whence the Mantuan town derives the name,  
 An ancient city, but of mix'd descent,  
 Three several tribes compose the government ; 290  
 Four towns are under each ; but all obey  
 The Mantuan laws, and own the Tuscan sway.

Hate to Mezēntius, arm'd five hundred more,	}	
Whom Mincius from his fire Benacus bore ; 294		
(Mincius with wreaths of reeds his forehead co-		
		[ver'd o'er.]

These grave Auletes leads. A hundred sweep,  
 With stretching oars at once the glassy deep :  
 Him, and his martial train, the Triton bears,  
 High on his poop the sea-green god appears :  
 Frowning he seems his crooked shell to sound, 300  
 And at the blast the billows dance around.  
 A hairy man above the waste he shows,  
 A porpoise tail beneath his belly grows ;

And ends a fish: his breast the waves divides,  
And froth and foam augment the murmur'ing tides.

Full thirty ships transport the chosen train, 306  
For Trøy's relief, and scour the briny main.

Now was the world forsaken by the sun,  
And Phœbe half her nightly race had run.  
The careful chief, who never clos'd his eyes, 310  
Himself the rudder holds, the sails supplies.

A choir of Nereids meet him on the flood,  
Once his own gallies, hewn from Ida's wood:  
But now as many nymphs the sea they sweep,  
As rode before tall vessels on the deep. 315

They know him from afar; and in a ring  
Intlose the ship that bore the Trojan king.  
Cymodoce, whose voice excell'd the rest,  
Above the waves advanc'd her snowy breast.

Her right hand stops the stern, her left divides 320  
The curling ocean, and corrects the tides:  
She spoke for all the choir; and thus began

With pleasing words to warn th' unknowing man.  
Sleeps our lov'd lord? O goddess-born! awake,  
Spread ev'ry sail, pursue your wat'ry track; 325

And haste your course. Your navy once were we,  
From Ida's height descending to the sea:

Till Turnus, as at anchor fix'd we stood,  
Presum'd to violate our holy wood.

Then loos'd from shore we fled his fires profane;  
(Unwillingly we broke our master's chain). 331 }  
And since have fought you thro' the Tuscan main.

The mighty mother chang'd our forms to these,  
And gave us life immortal in the seas.

But young Ascanius, in his camp distress'd, 335  
By your insulting foes is hardly press'd;

Th' Arcadian horsemen, and Etrurian host  
Advance in order on the Latian coast:

To cut their way the Daunian chief designs,  
Before their troops can reach the Trojan lines. 340

Thou, whom the rosy morn restores the light,  
First arm thy soldiers for th' ensuing fight;

Thyself the fated sword of Vulcan wield,  
And bear aloft th' impetrable shield.

To-morrow's sun, unless my skill be vain, 345  
Shall see huge heaps of foes in battle slain.

Parting, she spoke; and with immortal force,  
Push'd on the vessel in her wat'ry course:

(For well she knew the way) impell'd behind,  
The ship flew forward, and outstript the wind. 350

The rest make up: unknowing of the cause;  
The chief admires their speed, and happy of the draws.

Then thus he pray'd, and fix'd on heaven his eyes;

Hear thou, great mother of the deities,

With turrets crown'd, (on Ida's holy hill, 355

Fierce tygers, rein'd and curb'd, obey thy will.)

Firm thy own omens, lead us on to fight,

And let thy Phrygians conquer in thy right.

He said no more. And now renewing day

Had chas'd the shadows of the night away. 360

He charg'd the soldiers with preventing care,

Their flags to follow, and their arms prepare;

Warn'd of th' ensuing fight, and bad 'em hope the

[war.]

Now from his lofty poop, he view'd below,

His camp encompass'd, and th' inclosing foe. 365

His blazing shield embrac'd, he held on high;

The camp receive the sign, and with loud shouts reply.

Hope arms their courage: from their tow'rs they throw

Their darts with double force, and drive the foe.

Thus, at the signal giv'n, the cranes arise 370

Before the stormy south, and blacken all the skies.

King Turnus wonder'd at the fight renew'd;

Till, looking back, the Trojan fleet he view'd;

The seas with swelling canvass cover'd o'er;

And the swift ships descending on the shore. 375

The Latians saw from far, with dazzled eyes,  
The radiant crest that seem'd in flames to rise,  
And dart diffusive fires around the field;  
And the keen glitt'ring of the golden shield. 379

Thus threat'ning comets, when by night they rise,  
Shoot sanguine streams, and sadden all the skies:  
So Sirius, flashing forth sinister lights,  
Pale human kind with plagues, and with dry famine  
[frights.

Yet Turnus, with undaunted mind is bent  
To man the shores, and hinder their descent: 385  
And thus awakes the courage of his friends.  
What you so long have wish'd, kind fortune sends.  
In ardent arms to meet th' invading foe:

You find, and find him at advantage now.  
Yours is the day, you need but only dare: 390  
Your swords will make you masters of the war.

Your fires, your sons, your houses, and your lands,  
And dearest wives, are all within your hands.  
Be mindful of the race from whence you came;  
And emulate in arms your father's fame. 395

Now take the time, while stagg'ring yet they stand  
With feet unfirm; and prepossess the strand:  
Fortune befriends the bold. No more he said,  
But balanc'd whom to leave, and whom to lead.



Then these elects, the landing to prevent ; 400  
And those he leaves to keep the city pent.

Mean time the Trojan sends his troops ashore :

Some are by borts expos'd, by bridges more.  
With lab'ring oars they bear along the strand,  
Where the tide languishes, and leap a-land. 405  
Tarchon observes the coast with careful eyes,  
And where no ford he finds, no water fries,  
Nor billows with unequal murmur roar,  
But smoothly slide along, and swell the shore ;  
That course he steer'd, and thus he gave command,  
Here ply your oars, and at all hazard land : 411  
Force on the vessel, that her keel may wound  
This hated soil, and furrow hostile ground.  
Let me securely land, I ask no more,  
Then sink my ships, or shatter on the shore ; 415  
This fiery speech inflames his fearful friends,  
They tug at ev'ry oar ; and ev'ry stretcher bends :  
They run their ships aground, the vessels knock,  
(Thus forc'd ashore) and tremble with the shock.  
Tarchon's alone was lost, and stranded stood, 420  
Struck on a bank, and beaten by the flood.  
She breaks her back, the loosen'd sides give way,  
And plunge the Tuscan soldiers in the sea.

Their broken oars, and floating planks withstand  
 Their passage, while they labour to the land; 425  
 And ebbing tides bear back upon th' uncertain sand.

Now Turnus leads his troops, without delay,  
 Advancing tow'rs the margin of the sea.

The trumpets found: Æneas first assail'd 429

The clowns new rais'd and raw; and soon prevail'd.

Great Theron fell, an omen of the fight:

Great Theron large of limbs, of giant height

He first in open fields defy'd the prince,

But armour scal'd with gold was no defence

Against the fated sword, which open'd wide 435

His plated shield, and pierc'd his naked side.

Next, Lycas fell; who, not like others born,

Was from his wretched mother rip'd and torn:

Sacred, O Phœbus! from his birth to thee,

For his beginning life from biting steel was free. 440

Nor far from him was Gyas laid along,

Of monstrous bulk; with Cisseus fierce and strong;

Vain bulk and strength; for when the chief assail'd,

Nor valour, nor Herculean arms avail'd;

Nor their fam'd father, wont in war to go 445

With great Alcides, while he toil'd below

The noisy Pharos next receiv'd his death,

Æneas with'd his dart, and stopp'd his bawling breath.

Then wretched Cydon had receiv'd his doom,  
 Who courted Clytias in his beardless bloom, 450  
 And fought with lust obscene polluted joys :

The Trojan sword had cur'd his love of boys,  
 Had not his seven bold brethren stop'd the course  
 Of the fierce champion, with united force.

Sev'n darts are thrown at once, and some rebound 455  
 From his bright shield, some on his helmet found.  
 The rest had reach'd him, but his mother's care  
 Prevented those, and turn'd aside in air.

The prince then call'd Achates to supply  
 The spears that knew the way to victory. 460  
 These fatal weapons, which mur'd to blood,  
 In Grecian bodies under Ilum flood :

Not one of those my hand shall toss in vain  
 Against our foes, on this contended plain.

He said : then seiz'd a mighty spear, and threw ; 465  
 Which, wing'd with fate, thro' Mæon's buckler flew :  
 Pierc'd all the brazen plates, and reach'd his heart :  
 He stagger'd with intolerable smart.

Acanor saw ; and reach'd, but reach'd in vain,  
 His helping hand, his brother to sustain. 470

A second spear, which kept the former course,  
 From the same hand, and sent with equal force.

His right arm pierc'd, and holding on, bereft  
 His use of both, and pinion'd down his left.  
 Then Numitor, from his dead brother drew, 475  
 The ill-omen'd spear, and at the Trojan threw;  
 Preventing fate directs the lance awry,  
 Which glancing, only mark'd Achates' thigh.

In pride of youth the Sabine Clausus came,  
 And from afar, at Dryops took his aim. 480  
 The spear flew hissing thro' the middle space,  
 And pierc'd his throat, directed at his face:  
 It stop'd at once the passage of his wind,  
 And the free soul to flitting air resign'd:  
 His forehead was the first that struck the ground; 485  
 Life-blood and life rush'd mingled thro' the wound.  
 He slew three brothers of the Borean race,  
 And three, whom Ismarus, their native place,  
 Had sent to war, but all the sons of Thrace. }  
 Halesus next, the bold Aurunci leads; 490  
 The son of Neptune to his aid succeeds,  
 Conspicuous on his horse: on either hand  
 These fight to keep, and those to win the land.  
 With mutual blood th' Ausonian soil is dy'd,  
 While on its borders each their claim decide. 495

As wintry winds contending in the sky,  
With equal force of lungs their titles try :

They rage, they roar ; the doubtful rack of heav'n  
Stands without motion, and the tide undriv'n :  
Each bent to conquer, neither side to yield ;      500  
They long suspend the fortune of the field.  
Both armies thus perform what courage can :  
Foot set to foot, and mingled man to man.

But in another part, th' Arcadian horse,  
With ill-success engage the Latin force.      505

For where th' impetuous torrent rushing down,  
Huge craggy stones, and rooted trees had thrown :  
They left their couriers, and unus'd to fight  
On foot, were scatter'd in a shameful flight.

Pallas, who with disdain and grief, had view'd      510  
His foes pursuing, and his friends pursu'd ;  
Us'd threatnings mix'd with pray'rs, his last resource ;  
With these to move their minds, with those to fire  
[their force.

Which way, companions ! whither wou'd you run !  
By you yourselves, and mighty battles won ;      515  
By my great fire, by his establish'd name,  
And early promise of my future fame ;  
By my youth emulous of equal right,  
To share his honours, shun ignoble flight.      520

'Trust not your feet, your hands must hew your way

'Thro' yon black body, and that thick array :

'Tis thro' that forward path that we must come : . .

'There lies our way, and that our passage home. /

Nor pow'rs above, nor destinies below, 525

Oppress our arms ; with equal strength we go ;

With mortal hands to meet a mortal foe.

See on what foot we stand : a scanty shore ;

The sea behind, our enemies before : . .

No passage left, unless we swim the main ;

Or forcing these, the Trojan trenches gain. 530

'This said, he strode with eager haste along,

And bore amidst the thickest of the throng,

Lagus, the first he met, with fate to foe,

Had heav'd a stone of mighty weight to throw ;

Stooping, the spear descended on his chine, 535

Just where the bone distinguish'd either loin :

It stuck so fast, so deeply bury'd lay, . .

That scarce the victor forc'd the steel away.

Hisbon came on, but while he mov'd too slow .

To wish'd revenge, the prince prevents his blow ; 540

For warding his at once, at once he press'd ;

And plung'd the fatal weapon in his breast. . .

Then leud Anchemolus he laid in dust,  
 Who stain'd his stepdam's bed with impious lust.  
 And after him the Daunian twins were slain, 545  
 Laris and Thimbrus, on the Latian plain.  
 So wond'rous like in feature, shape, and size,  
 As caus'd an error in their parents eyes.  
 Grateful mistake! but soon the sword decides  
 The nice distinction, and their fate divides. 550  
 For Thimbrus' head was lop'd: and Laris' hand  
 Dismember'd, sought its owner on the strand:  
 The trembling fingers yet the fauchion strain,  
 And threaten still th' intended stroke in vain. 554  
 Now, to renew the charge, th' Arcadians came,  
 Sight of such acts, and sense of honest shame,  
 And grief, with anger mix'd, their minds inflame. }  
 Then, with a casual blow was Rhæteus slain,  
 Who chanc'd, as Pallas threw, to cross the plain!  
 The dying spear was after Ilus sent, 560  
 But Rhæteus happen'd on a death unmeant:  
 From Teuthras, and from Tyrus while he fled,  
 The lance, athwart his body, laid him dead.  
 Roll'd from his chariot with a mortal wound,  
 And intercepted fate, he spurn'd the ground. 565  
 As when in summer, welcome wintls arise,  
 The watchful shepherd to the forest flies,

And fires the midmost plants; contagion spreads,  
And catching flames infect the neighb'ring heads;  
Around the forest flies the furious blast, 570  
And all the leafy nation sinks at last;  
And Vulcan rides in triumph o'er the waste:  
The pastor pleas'd with his dire victory,  
Beholds the satiate flames in sheets ascend the sky:  
So Pallas' troops their scatter'd strength unite; 575  
And pouring on their foes, their prince delight.  
Halefus came, fierce with desire of blood,  
(But first collected in his arms he stood)  
Advancing then he ply'd the spear so well,  
Ladon, Demodochus, and Pheres fell: 580  
Around his head he toss'd his glitt'ring brand,  
And from Strymonius hew'd his better hands  
Held up to guard his throat: then hurl'd a stone  
At Thoas' ample front, and pierc'd the bone:  
It struck beneath the space of either eye, 585  
And blood, and mingled brains, together fly.  
Deep skill'd in future fates, Halefus' fire,  
Did with the youth to lonely groves retire:  
But when the father's mortal race was run,  
Dire Destiny laid hold upon the son, 590



And haul'd him to the war: to find beneath  
Th' Evandrian spear, a memorable death.

Pallas th' encounter seeks, but ere he throws,

The Tuscan Tiber thus address'd his vows:

O sacred stream, direct my flying dart; 595

And give to pass the proud Halesus' heart:

His arms and spoils thy holy oak shall bear.

Pleas'd with the bribe, the god receiv'd his pray'r.

For while his shield protects a friend distress'd

The dart came driving on, and pierc'd his breast. 600

But Lausus, no small portion of the war,

Permits not panick fear to reign too far,

Caus'd by the death of so renown'd a knight:

But by his own example cheers the fight.

Figge Abas first he slew, Abas, the stay, 605

Of Trojan hopes, and hind'rance of the day.

The Phrygian troops escap'd the Greeks in vain,

And their mix'd allies, now lead the plain.

To the rude shock of war both armies came,

The leaders equal, and their strength the same. 610

The rear so press'd the front, they could not wield

Their angry weapons, to dispute the field.

Here Pallas urges on, and Lausus there,

Of equal youth and beauty both appear, 614

But both by fate forbid to breathe their native air.

Their congress in the field great Jove withstands,  
Both doom'd to fall, but fall by greater hands.

Mean time Juturna warns the Daunian chief  
Of Lausus' danger, urging swift relief.

With his driv'n chariot he divides the crowd,  
And making to his friends, thus calls aloud;  
Let none presume his needless aid to join;  
Retire, and clear the field, the fight is mine:

"I & this right hand is Pallas only due: . .

Oh were his father here my just revenge to view!

From the forbidden space his men retir'd, 625

Pallas, their awe, and his stern words admir'd:

Survey'd him o'er and o'er with wond'ring sight.

Struck with his haughty mien, and tow'ring height.

Then to the king; your empty vaunts forbear: 630

Success I hope, and Fate I cannot fear.

Alive or dead, I shall deserve a name:

Jove is impartial, and to both the same.

He said, and to the void advanc'd his pace;

Pale horror <sup>180</sup>on each Arcadian face. 635

Then Turnus, from his chariot leaping light.

Address'd himself on foot to single fight.

And, as a lion, when he spies from far

A bull that seems to meditate the war;

Bending his neck, and spurning back the sand, 640

Ryas roaring downward from his hilly stand :

Imagine eager Turnus not more slow,

To rush from high on his unequal foe.

Young Pallas, when he saw the chief advance

Within due distance of his flying lance ; 645

Prepares to charge him first : resolv'd to try

If fortune wou'd his want of force supply.

And thus, to heav'n and Hercules address'd.

Alcides, once on earth Evander's guest,

His son adjures you by those holy rites, 650

That hospitable board, those genial nights :

Assist my great attempt to gain this prize,

And let proud Turnus view, with dying eyes,

His ravish'd spoils. 'Twas heard, the vain request,

Alcides mourn'd ; and stifled sighs within his breast ;

Then Jove, to sooth his sorrow, thus began, 656

Shew bounds of life are set to mortal man.

'Tis virtue's work alone to stretch the narrow span. }

So many sons of gods in bloody light,

Around the walls of Troy, have lost the light : 660

My own Sarpedon fell beneath his foe,

Nor I, his mighty fire, cou'd ward the blow.

Ev'n Turnus shortly shall resign his breath ;

And stands already on the verge of death,





*A. Collier sculp*

This said, the god permits the fatal fight,      665

But from the Latian fields averts his sight.

Now with full force his spear young Pallas threw.

And having thrown, his shining fauchion drew:

The steel just graz'd along the shoulder joint,

And mark'd it slightly with the glancing point.      670

Fierce Turnus first to nearer distance drew,

And poiz'd his pointed spear before he threw:

Then, as the winged weapon whiz'd along;

See now, said he, whose arm is better strung.

The spear kept on the fatal course, unstay'd      67

By plates of iron, which o'er the shield were laid:

Thro' folded brags, and rough bull-hides it pass'd,

His croslet pierc'd, and reach'd his heart at last.

In vain the youth tugs at the broken wood.

The soul comes issuing with the vital blood:      680

He falls; his arms upon his body found;

And with his bloody teeth he bites the ground.

Turnus bestrode the corps: Arcadians hear,

Said he; my message to your master bear:

Such as the fire deserv'd, the son I send:      685

It costs him dear to be the Trojans' friend.

The lifeless body, tell him, I bestow

Unask'd, to rest his wand'ring ghost below.

He said, and trampled down with all the force  
 Of his left foot, and spurn'd the wretched corse: 690  
 Then snatch'd the shining belt, with gold inlaid;  
 The belt Eurytion's artful hands had made:  
 Where fifty fatal brides, express'd to fight,  
 All, in the compass of one mournful night,  
 Depriv'd their bridegrooms of returning light. 695

In an ill hour insulting Turnus tore  
 Those golden spoils, and in a worse he wore  
 O mortals! blind in fate, who never know  
 To bear high fortune, or endure the low!  
 The time shall come, when Turnus, but in vain, 700  
 Shall with untouch'd the trophies of the slain:  
 Shall with the fatal belt were far away;  
 And curse the dire remembrance of the day.

The sad Ætadians from the unhappy field,  
 Bear back the breathless body on a shield. 705

O grace and grief of war! at once restor'd  
 With praise to thy fire, at once deplor'd.  
 One day first sent thee to the fighting field,  
 Beheld whole heaps of foes in battle kill'd; 710  
 One day beheld thee dead and born upon thy shield.

This dismal news, not from uncertain fame,  
 But sad spectators, to the hero came:

His friends upon the brink of ruin stand,  
Unless reliev'd by his victorious hand.  
He whirls his sword around, without delay, 715  
And hews through adverse foes an ample way;  
To find fierce Turnus, of his conquest proud:  
Evander, Pallas, all that friendship ow'd  
To large deserts, are present to his eyes;  
His plighted hand, and hospitable ties. 720  
Four sons of Sulmo, four whom Ufens bred,  
He took in fight, and living victims led,  
To please the ghost of Pallas; and expire  
In sacrifice, before his fun'ral fire.  
At Magus next he threw: he stoop'd below 725  
The flying spear, and intend'd the promis'd blow.  
Then creeping, clasp'd the hero's knees, and pray'd;  
By young Iulius, by thy father's shade,  
O spare my life, and send me back to see  
My longing fire, and tender progeny.  
A lofty house I have, and wealth untold,  
In silver ingots, and in bars of gold:  
All these, and sums besides, which see no day,  
The ransom of this one poor life shall pay.  
If I survive, shall Troy the less prevail? 735  
A single soul's too light to turn the scale.



He said. The hero sternly thus reply'd :  
 Thy bars, and ingots, and the fums beside,  
 Leave for thy childrens lot. Thy Turnus broke  
~~My~~ <sup>Arms</sup> of war, by one relentless stroke, 740  
 When Pallas fell : so deems, nor deems alone,  
 My father's shadow, but my living son.  
 Thus having said, of kind remorse bereft,  
 He seiz'd his helm, and dragg'd him with his left :  
 Then with his right hand, while his neck he wreath'd,  
 Up to the hilts his shining fauchion sheath'd. 746.  
 Apollo's priest, Hæmonides was near,  
 His holy fillets on his front appear ;  
 Glitt'ring in arms he shone amidst the crow'd ;  
 Much, of his god, more ~~of~~ <sup>his</sup> purple proud : 750  
 Him the fierce Trojan follow'd thro' the field,  
 The holy coward fell : and forc'd to yield,  
 The prince stood o'er the priest ; and at one blow,  
~~Stem~~ <sup>Stem</sup> him an off'ring to the shades below.  
 His arms ~~Sarcisthus~~ on his shoulders bears, 755  
 Design'd a trophæe to the god of wars.  
 Vulcanian Cæculus renews the fight ;  
 And Umbro born upon the mountain's height.  
 The champion cheers his troops t' encounter those ;  
 And seeks revenge himself on other foes. 760

At Anxur's shield he drove, and at the blow,  
Both shield and arm to ground together go.  
Anxur had boasted much of magic charms,  
And thought he wore impenetrable arms;  
So made by mutter'd spells: and from the spheres, 765  
Had life secur'd in vain, for length of years.  
Then Tarquitus the field in triumph trod;  
A nymph his mother, and his sire a god.  
Eulding in bright arms he braves the prince;  
With his protended lance he makes defiance: 770  
Bears back his feeble foe; then pressing on,  
Arrests his better hand, and drags him down.  
Stands o'er the prostrate wretch, and as he lays,  
Vain tales inventing, and prepar'd to pray,  
Mows off his head; the trunk a moment stood, 775  
Then sunk, and roll'd along the sand in blood.

The vengeful victor thus upbraids the slain;  
Lie there, proud man, unpity'd on the plain:  
Lie there, inglorious, and without a tomb,  
Far from thy mother, and thy native home: 780  
Expos'd to savage beasts, and birds of prey;  
Or thrown for food to monsters of the sea.

On Lycas and Antæus next he ran,  
Two chiefs of Turnus, and who led his van.

He said, and seiz'd at once the loos'n'd rein,  
 (For Liger lay already on the plain 835  
 By the same shock) then stretching out his hands,  
 The recreant thus his wretched life demands.  
 Now by thyself, O more than mortal man!  
 By her and him from whom thy breath began,  
 Who form'd thee thus divine, I beg thee spare 840  
 This forfeit life, and hear thy suppliant's pray'r  
 Thus much he spoke, and more he wou'd have said,  
 But the stern hero turn'd aside his head,  
 And cut him short. I hear another man,  
 You talk'd not thus before the fight began; 845  
 Now take your turn: and, as a brother shou'd,  
 Attend your brother to the Stygian flood:  
 Then thro' his breast his fatal sword he sent,  
 And the soul issu'd at the gaping vent.  
 As storms the skies, and torrents tear the ground, 850  
 Thus rag'd the prince, and scatter'd deaths around:  
 At length Ascanius, and the Trojan train,  
 Broke from the camp, so long besieg'd in vain.  
 Mean time the king of gods and mortal man,  
 Held conference with his queen, and thus began: 855  
 My sister-goddess, and well-pleasing wife,  
 Still think you Venus' aid supports the strife;

Sustains her Trojans, or themselves alone,  
With inborn valour force their fortune on?  
How fierce in fight, with courage undecay'd? . 860  
Judge if such warriors want immortal aid.  
To whom the goddess with the charming eyes,  
Soft in her tone submissively replies.  
Why, O my sov'reign lord, whose frown I fear,  
And cannot, unconcern'd, your anger bear; - 865  
Why urge you thus my grief? when if I still  
(As once I was) were mistress of your will:  
From your almighty pow'r, your pleasing wife  
Might gain the grace of length'ning Turnus' life;  
Securely snatch him from the fatal fight. . 870 .  
And give him to his aged father's fight.  
Now let him perish, since you hold it good,  
And glut the Trojans with his pious blood.  
Yet from our lineage he derives his name, . 874 .  
And in the fourth degree, from god Pylumnus came!  
Yet he devoutly pays you rites divine,  
• And offers daily incense at your shrine.

Then shortly thus the sov'reign god reply'd;  
Since in my power and goodness you confide;  
If for a little space, a lengthen'd span, . 880 .  
You beg reprieve for this expiring man:

I grant you leave to take your Turnus hence,  
 From instant fate, and can so far dispense.  
 But if some secret meaning lies beneath,  
 To save the short-liv'd youth from destin'd death : 885  
 Or if a farther thought you entertain,  
 To change the fates ; you feed your hopes in vain.  
 To whom the goddess thus, with weeping eyes.  
 And what if that request your tongue denies,  
 Your heart shou'd grant ? and not a short reprieve, 890  
 But length of certain life to Turnus give.  
 Now speedy death attends the guiltless youth,  
 If my presaging soul divines with truth.  
 Which, O ! I wish might err thro' causeless fears,  
 And you, (for you have pow'r,) prolong his years. 895  
 Thus having said, involv'd in clouds, she flies,  
 And drives a storm before her thro' the skies.  
 Swift she descends, alighting on the plain,  
 Where the fierce foes a dubious fight maintain.  
 Of air condens'd, a spectre soon she made, 900  
 And what Æneas was, such seem'd the shade.  
 Adorn'd with Dardan arms, the phantom bore  
 His head aloft, a plumed crest he wore :  
 This hand appear'd a shining sword to wield,  
 And that sustain'd an inviolated shield ; 905

With manly mien he stalk'd along the ground;  
 Nor wanted voice bely'd, nor vaunting sound.  
 (Thus haunting ghosts appear to waking sight,  
 Or dreadful visions in our dreams by night.)  
 The spectre seems the Daunian chief to dare, 910  
 And flourishes his empty sword in air:  
 At this advancing Turnus hurl'd his spear;  
 The phantom wheel'd, and seem'd to fly for fear.  
 Deluded Turnus thought the Trojan fled,  
 And with vain hopes his haughty fancy fed. 915  
 Whither, O coward, (thus he calls aloud,  
 Nor found he spoke to wind, and chas'd a cloud)  
 Why thus forsake your bride! Receive from me  
 The fated land you fought so long by sea.  
 He said, and brandishing at once his blade, 920  
 With eager pace pursu'd the flying shade.  
 By chance a ship was fasten'd to the shore,  
 Which from old Clusum king Olinus bore:  
 The plank was ready laid for safe ascent;  
 For shelter there the trembling shadow bent: 925  
 And skip'd, and sculk'd, and under hatches went.  
 Exulting Turnus, with regardless haste  
 Ascends the plank, and to the gally pass'd.  
 Scarce had he reach'd the prow, Saturnia's hand  
 The haulfers cuts, and shoots the ship from land. 930

With wind in poop, the vessel ploughs the sea,  
 And measures back with speed her former way.  
 Mean time Æneas seeks his absent foe,  
 And sends his slaughter'd troops to shades below.

The guileful phantom now forsook the throw'd, 935  
 And flew sublime, and vanish'd in a cloud.  
 Too late young Turnus the delusion found,  
 Far on the sea, still making from the ground.  
 Then thankless for a life redeem'd by shame;  
 With sense of honour stung, and forfeit fame, 940  
 Fearful besides of what in sight had pass'd,  
 His hands, and haggard eyes to heav'n he cast.  
 O Jove! he cry'd, for what offence have I  
 Deserv'd to bear this endless infamy?  
 Whence am I forc'd, and whither am I born, 945  
 How, and with what reproach shall I return!  
 Shall ever I behold the Latian plain,  
 Or see Laurentum's lofty tow'rs again?  
 What will they say of their deserting chief?  
 The war was mine; I fly from their relief: 950  
 I led to slaughter, and in slaughter leave;  
 And ev'n from hence their dying groans receive.  
 Here over-match'd in fight, in heaps they lie,  
 There scatter'd o'er the fields ignobly fly. 954

Gape wide, O earth ! and draw me down alive,  
 Or, oh ye pitying winds, a wretch relieve ;  
 On sands or shelves the splitting vessel drive :  
 Or set me shipwreck'd on some desert shore,  
 Where no Rutulian eyes may see me more :  
 Unknown to friends, or foes, or conscious fame, 960  
 Left she shou'd follow, and my flight proclaim.

Thus Turnus rav'd, and various fates revolv'd,  
 The choice was doubtful, but the death resolv'd.  
 And now the sword, and now the sea took place :  
 That to revenge, and this to purge disgrace. 965  
 Sometimes he thought to swim the stormy main,  
 By stretch of arms the distant shore to gain :  
 Thrice he the sword assay'd, and thrice the flood,  
 But Juno mov'd with pity both withstood :  
 And thrice repress'd his rage : strong gales suppli'd,  
 And push'd the vessel o'er the swelling tide. 971  
 At length she lands him on his native shores,  
 And to his father's longing arms restores.

\* Mean time, by Jove's impulse, Mezentius arm'd :  
 Succeeding Turnus, with his ardor warm'd 975  
 His fainting friends, reproach'd their shameful flight,  
 Repell'd the victors, and renew'd the fight.  
 Against their king the Tuscan troops conspire,  
 Such is their hate, and such their fierce desire



Of with'd revenge : on him, and him alone, 980

All hands employ'd, and all their darts are thrown.

He, like a solid rock by seas inclos'd,

To raging winds and roaring waves oppos'd ;

From his proud summit looking down, disdains

Their empty menace, and unmov'd remains. 985

Beneath his feet fell haughty Hæbrus dead,

Then Latagus ; and Palmus as he fled :

At Latagus a weighty stone he flung,

His face was flatted, and his helmet rung.

But Palmus from behind receives his wound, 990

Hämstring'd he falls, and grovels on the ground ;

His crest and armour from his body torn,

Thy shoulders, Lausus, and thy head adorn.

Evas and Mymas, both of Troy, he skew,

Mymas his birth from fair Theano drew : 995

Born on that fatal night, when, big with fire,

The queen produc'd young Paris to his fire.

But Paris in the Phrygian fields was slain,

Unthinking Mymus on the Latian plain.

And as a savage boar on mountains bred, 1000

With forest mast, and satning marshes fed ;

When once he sees himself in toils inclos'd,

By huntsmen and their eager hounds oppos'd :

He whets his tusks, and turns, and dares the war :  
Th' invaders dart their jav'lines from afar ; 1005  
All keep aloof, and safely shout around,  
But none presumes to give a nearer wound.  
He frets and froths, erects his bristled hide,  
And shakes a grove of lances from his side :  
Not otherwise the troops, with hate inspir'd 1010  
And just revenge, against the tyrant stir'd ;  
Their darts with clamour at a distance drive,  
And only keep the languish'd war alive.

From Coritus came Acron to the fight,  
Who left his spouse betroth'd, and unconsummated  
[sighs]

Mezentius sees him thro' the squadrons ride, 1015  
Proud of the purple favours of his bride.  
Then, as a hungry lion, who beholds  
A gamefom goat, who frisks about the folds :  
Or beamy stag that grazes on the plain : 1020  
He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising mane ;  
He grins, and opens wide his greedy jaws,  
The prey lies panting underneath his paws ;  
He fills his famish'd maw, his mouth runs o'er  
With unchew'd morsels, while he churns the gore :  
So proud Mezentius rushes on his foes, 1025  
And first unhappy Acron overthrows :

Stretch'd at his length, he spurns the swarthy ground,  
 The lance besinear'd with blood, lies broken in the  
 [wound.

Then with disdain the haughty victor view'd 1030  
 Orodes flying, nor the wretch pursu'd :  
 Nor thought the dastard's back deserv'd a wound,  
 But running gain'd th' advantage of the ground.  
 Then turning short, he met him face to face,  
 To give his victory the better grace. 1035  
 Orodes falls, in equal fight oppress'd.

Mezentius fix'd his foot upon his breast,  
 And rested lance : and thus aloud he cries,  
 Lo here the champion of my rebels lies.  
 The field around with Iō Pæan ring,  
 And peals of shouts applaud the conqu'ring king.  
 At this the vanquish'd, with his dying breath,  
 Thus faintly spoke, and prophesy'd in death :  
 Nor thou, proud man, unpunish'd shalt remain ;  
 Like death attends thee on this fatal plain. 1045  
 Then, sourly smiling, thus the king reply'd,  
 For what belongs to me, let Jove provide :  
 But die thou first, whatever chance ensue :  
 He said, and from the wound the weapon drew :  
 A hovering mist came swimming o'er his sight, 1050  
 And seal'd his eyes in everlasting night.

By Cadicus, Alcathous was slain ;  
 Sacrator laid Hydaspes on the plain :  
 Orses the strong to greater strength must yield :  
 He, with Parthenius, were by Rapo kill'd. 1055  
 Then brave Messapus Ericetes slew,  
 Who from Lyeaon's blood his lineage drew.  
 But from his headstrong horse his life he found,  
 Who threw his master as he made a bound,  
 The chief alighting, stuck him to the ground. 1060  
 Then Clonius hand to hand, on foot, assails,  
 The Trojan sinks, and Neptune's son prevails.  
 Agis the Lycian stepping forth with pride,  
 To single fight the boldest foe defy'd.  
 Whom Tuscan Valerius by force o'ercame, 1065  
 And not bely'd his mighty father's fame.  
 Salius to death the great Antronius sent,  
 But the same fate the victor underwent ;  
 Slain by Nealcus' hand, well skill'd to throw 1069  
 The flying dart, and draw the far-deceiving bow.  
 Thus equal deaths are dealt with equal chance ;  
 By turns they quit their ground, by turns advance :  
 Victors, and vanquish'd in the various field,  
 Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield.

The gods from heav'n survey the fatal strife, 1075

And mourn the miseries of human life.

Above the rest two goddesses appear

Concern'd for each : here Venus, Juno there :

Amidst the crowd infernal Atë shakes

Her scourge aloft, and crest of hissing snakes. 1080

Once more the proud Mezentius with disdain,

Brandish'd his spear, and rush'd into the plain :

Where tow'ring in the midmost ranks he stood ;

Like tall Orion stalking o'er the flood :

When with his brawny breast he cuts the waves, 1085

His shoulders scarce the topmost billow laves. .

Or like a mountain-ash, whose roots are spread,

Deep fix'd in earth, in clouds he hides his head.

The Trojan prince beheld him, from afar,

And dauntless undertook the doubtful war. 1090

Collected in his strength, and like a rock,

Poiz'd on his base, Mezentius stood the shock.

He stood, and measuring first with careful eyes,

The space his spear cou'd reach, aloud he cries ;

My strong right hand, and sword, assist my stroke ;

(Those only gods Mezentius will invoke) 1096

His armour from the Trojan pirate torn,

By my triumphant Lausus shall be worn.

He said, and with his utmost force he threw.  
The massy spear, which, hissing as it flew, 1100  
Reach'd the celestial shield that stop'd the course;  
But glancing thence, the yet-unbroken force  
Took a new bent obliquely, and betwixt  
The side and bowels sam'd Anthores fix'd.  
Anthores had from Argos travell'd far, 1105  
Alcides' friend, and brother of the war:  
Till tir'd with toils, fair Italy he chose,  
And in Evander's palace sought repose:  
Now falling by another wound, his eyes  
He casts to heav'n, on Argos thinks, and dies. 1110  
The pious Trojan then his jav'lin sent,  
The shield gave way, thro' treble plates it went  
Of solid brass, of linen trebly roll'd,  
And three bull-hides which round the buckler roll'd.  
All these it pass'd, resistless in the course, 1115  
Transpierc'd his thigh, and spent its dying force.  
The gaping wound gush'd out a crimson flood;  
The Trojan, glad with sight of hostile blood,  
His fauchion drew, to closer fight address'd,  
And with new force his fainting foe oppress'd. 1120  
His father's peril Lausus view'd with grief,  
He sigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief,

And here, heroick youth, 'tis here I must  
 To thy immortal memory be just;  
 And sing an act so noble and so new, 1125  
 Posterity will scarce believe 'tis true.  
 Pain'd with his wound, and useless for the fight,  
 The father sought to save himself by flight:  
 Incumber'd, slow he drag'd the spear along, 1129  
 Which pierc'd his thigh, and in his buckler hung.  
 The pious youth, resolv'd on death below  
 The lifted sword, springs forth to face the foe;  
 Protects his parent, and prevents the blow. }  
 Shouts of applause ran ringing thro' the field,  
 To see the son the vanquish'd father shield: 1135  
 All fir'd with gen'rous indignation strive;  
 And with a storm of darts, at distance drive  
 The Trojan chief: who held at bay from far,  
 On his vulcanian orb sustain'd the war.

As when thick hail comes rattling in the wind, 1140  
 The ploughman, passenger, and lab'ring hind  
 For shelter to the neighb'ring covert fly;  
 Or, hous'd, or safe in hollow caverns lie:  
 But that o'erblown, when heav'n above 'em smiles,  
 Return to travel, and renew their toils: 1145

Æneas thus o'erwhelm'd on ev'ry side,  
 The storm of darts, undaunted, did abide;  
 And thus to Lausus loud with friendly threatening  
 . [cry'd.]

Why wilt thou rush to certain death, and rage  
 In rash attempts, beyond thy tender age, 1150  
 Betray'd by pious love? Nor thus forbörn  
 The youth desists, but with insulting scorn  
 Provokes the ling'ring prince: whose patience tir'd,  
 Gave place, and all his breast with fury fir'd.  
 For now the fates prepar'd their sharpen'd spears;  
 And lifted high the flaming sword appears. 1156  
 Which full descending, with a frightful sway,  
 Thro' shield and corslet forc'd th' impetuous way,  
 And buried deep in his fair bosom lay.  
 The purple streams thro' the thin armour strove, 1160  
 And drench'd th' embroider'd coat his mother wove;  
 And life at length forsook his heaving heart,  
 Loth from so sweet a mansion to depart.

But when, with blood, and paleness all o'erspread,  
 The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead; 1165  
 He griev'd, he wept, the sight an image brought  
 Of his own filial love; a sadly pleasing thought.



Then stretch'd his hand to hold him up, and said,  
 Poor hapless youth! what praises can be paid  
 To love so great, to such transcendent store 1170  
 Of early worth, and sure presage of more!  
 Accept whate'er Æneas can afford,  
 Untouch'd thy arms, untaken be thy sword:  
 And all that pleas'd thee living, still remain  
 Inviolatè, and sacred to the slain. 1175  
 Thy body on thy parents I bestow,  
 To rest thy soul, at least if shadows know,  
 Or have a sense of human things below. }  
 There to thy fellow-ghosts with glory tell,  
 'Twas by the great Æneas' hand I fell, 1180  
 With this his distant friends he beckons near,  
 Provokes their duty, and prevents their fear:  
 Himself assists to lift him from the ground,  
 With clotted locks, and blood that well'd from out  
 [the wound.

Mean time his father, now no father, stood, 1185  
 And wash'd his wounds by Tiber's yellow flood:  
 Oppress'd with anguish, panting, and o'erspent,  
 His fainting limbs against an oak he leant.  
 A bough his brazen helmet did sustain,  
 His heavier arms lay scatter'd on the plain: 1190

A chosen train of youth around him stand,  
 His drooping head was rested on his hand:  
 His grisly beard his pensive bosom sought,  
 And all on Lausus ran his restless thought.  
 Careful, concern'd his danger to prevent, 1193  
 He much enquir'd, and many a message sent  
 To warn him from the field: alas! in vain;  
 Behold his mournful followers bear him slain:  
 O'er his broad shield still gush'd the yawning wound,  
 And drew a bloody trail along the ground. 1200

Far off he heard their cries, far off divin'd  
 The dire event with a foreboding mind.  
 With dust he sprinkled first his hoary head,  
 Then both his lifted hands to heav'n he spread,  
 Last the dear corps embracing, thus he said. 1205 }  
 What joys, alas! could this frail being give,  
 That I have been so covetous to live?  
 To see my son, and such a son, resign  
 His life a ransom for preserving mine?  
 And am I then preserv'd, and art thou lost? 1210  
 How much too dear has that redemption cost!  
 'Tis now my bitter banishment I feel;  
 This is a wound too deep for time to heal.

My guilt thy growing virtues did defame,  
 My blackness blotted thy unblemish'd name. 1215  
 Chas'd from a throne, abandon'd, and exil'd  
 For foul misdeeds, were punishments too mild:  
 I ow'd my people these, and from their hate,  
 With less repentment cou'd have born my fate.  
 And yet I live, and yet sustain the fight 1220  
 Of hated men, and of more hated light:  
 But will not long. With that he rais'd from ground  
 His fainting limbs that stagger'd with his wound.  
 Yet with a mind resolv'd, and unappal'd  
 With pains or perils, for his courser call'd: 1225  
 Well-mouth'd, well-manag'd, whom himself did  
 [drefs, }  
 With daily care, and mounted with success;  
 His aid in arms, his ornament in peace.

Soothing his courage with a gentle stroke,  
 The steed seem'd sensible, while thus he spoke. 1230  
 O Rhæbus, we have liv'd too long for me,  
 (If life and long were terms that cou'd agree)  
 This day thou either shalt bring back the head,  
 And bloody trophies of the Trojan dead:  
 This day thou either shalt revenge my woe 1235  
 For murder'd Lausus, on his cruel foe;

Or if inexorable Fate deny  
Our conquest, with thy conquer'd master die :  
For after such a lord, I rest secure, 1239  
Thou wilt no foreign reins, or Trojan load endure.  
He said : and straight th' officious courser kneels  
To take his wonted weight. His hands he fills  
With pointed jav'lins : on his head he lac'd  
His glitt'ring helm, which terribly was grac'd  
With waving horse-hair, nodding from afar, 1245  
Then spurr'd his thund'ring steed amidst the war.  
Love, anguish, wrath, and grief, to madness wrought,  
Despair, and secret shame, and conscious thought  
Of inborn worth, his lab'ring soul oppress'd,  
Roll'd in his eyes, and rag'd within his breast. 1250  
Then loud he call'd Æneas thrice by name,  
The loud repeated voice to glad Æneas came.  
Great Jove, he said, and the far-shooting god,  
Inspire thy mind to make thy challenge good.  
He spoke no more, but hasten'd, void of fear, 1255  
And threaten'd with his long protended spear.

To whom Mezentius thus. Thy vaunts are vain,  
My Lausus lies extended on the plain :  
He's lost ! thy conquest is already won.  
The wretched sire is murder'd in the son. 1260

Nor fate I fear, but all the gods defy,  
 Forbear thy threats, my bus'ness is to die;  
 But first receive this parting legacy.

He said: and straight a whirling dart he sent:

Another after, and another went. 1265

Round in a spacious ring he rides the field,  
 And vainly plies th' impenetrable shield:  
 Thrice rode he round, and thrice Æneas wheel'd,  
 Turn'd as he turn'd; the golden orb withstood  
 The strokes; and bore about an iron wood. 1270

Impatient of delay, and weary grown,

Still to defend, and to defend alone:

To wrench the darts which in his buckler light,  
 Urg'd, and o'er-labour'd in unequal fight:

At length resolv'd, he throws with all his force, 1275

Full at the temples of the warrior horse.

Just where the stroke was aim'd, th' unerring spear  
 Made way, and stood transfix'd thro' either ear.

Seiz'd with unwonted pain, surpriz'd with fright,

The wounded steed curvets; and, rais'd upright, 1280

Lights on his feet before: his hoofs behind

Spring up in air aloft, and lash the wind.

Down comes the rider headlong from his height,

His horse came after with unwieldy weight:

And flound'ring forward, pitching on his head, 1285  
His lord's incumber'd shoulder overlaid.

From either host the mingled shouts, and cries,  
Of Trojans and Rutulians rend the skies:  
Æneas hast'ning, wav'd his fatal sword  
High o'er his head, with this reproachful word, 1290  
Now, where are now thy vaunts, the fierce disdain  
Of proud Mezentius, and the lofty strain?

Struggling, and wildly staring on the skies;  
With scarce recover'd sight, he thus replies.  
Why these insulting words, this waste of breath,  
To souls undaunted, and secure of death. 1296  
'Tis no dishonour for the brave to die,  
Nor came I here with hope of victory:  
Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design:  
As I had us'd my fortune, use thou thine. 1300  
My dying son contracted no such band;  
The gift is hateful from his murd'rer's hand.  
For this, this only favour let me sue,  
If pity can to conquer'd foes be due;  
Refuse it not! but let my body have 1305  
The last retreat of human kind, a grave.  
Too well I know th' insulting people's hate;  
Protect me from their vengeance after fate:

This refuge for my poor remains provide,  
And lay my much-lov'd Lausus by my side: 1310 }  
He said, and to the sword his throat apply'd.  
The crimson stream distain'd his arms around,  
And the disdainful soul came rushing thro' the  
[wound.



THE  
ELEVENTH BOOK  
OF THE  
ÆNEID.



THE  
A R G U M E N T.

***Æ**NEAS erects a trophy of the spoils of Mēzentius; grants a truce for burying the dead; and sends home the body of Pallas with great solemnity. Latinus calls a council to propose offers of peace to Æneas, which occasions great animosity betwixt Turnus and Drances: in the mean time there is a sharp engagement of the horse; wherein Camilla signalizes herself; is kill'd: and the Latine troops are intirely defeated:*



## The Eleventh Book of the

## Æ N . E . I . S .

S C A R C E had the rosy morning rais'd her head,  
 Above the waves, and left her wat'ry bed;  
 The pious chief whom double cares attend  
 For his unbury'd soldiers, and his friend,  
 Yet first to heav'n perform'd a victor's vows:      5  
 He bar'd an ancient oak of all her boughs:  
 Then on a rising ground the trunk he plac'd;  
 Which with the spoils of his dead foe he grac'd.  
 The coat of arms by proud Mezentius worn,  
 Now on a naked shag in triumph born,      10.  
 Was hung on high; and glitter'd from afar:  
 A trophy sacred to the god of war.  
 Above his arms, fix'd on the leafless wood,  
 Appear'd his plummy crest, besmear'd with blood;

His brazen buckler on the left was seen; 15

Truncheons of shiver'd lances hung between :

And on the right was plac'd his corselet, bor'd ;

And to the neck was ty'd his unavailing sword.

A crowd of chiefs inclose the godlike man :

Who thus, conspicuous in the midst, began. 20

Our toils, my friends, are crown'd with sure success :

The greater part perform'd, atchieve the less.

Now follow chearful to the trembling town ;

Press but an entrance, and presume it won.

Fear is no more : for fierce Mezentius lies, 25

As the first fruits of war, a sacrifice.

Turmus shall fall extended on the plain ;

And in this omen is already slain.

Prepar'd in arms, pursue your happy chance :

That none unwarn'd, may plead his ignorance : 30

And I, at heav'n's appointed hour, may find

Your warlike ensigns waving in the wind.

Mean time the rites and fun'ral pomps prepare,

Due to your dead companions of the war :

The last respect the living can bestow, 35

To shield their shadows from contempt below.

That conquer'd earth be theirs for which they fought ;

And which for us with their own blood they bought.

But first the corps of our unhappy friend,  
To the sad city of Evander send: 40  
Who not inglorious in his age's bloom  
Was hurry'd hence by too severe a doom.

Thus, weeping while he spoke, he took his way,  
Where, new in death, lamented Pallas lay:  
Accetes watch'd the corps; whose youth deserv'd 45  
The father's trust, and now the son he serv'd  
With equal faith, but less auspicious care:  
Th' attendants of the slain his sorrow share.  
A troop of Trojans mix'd with these appear,  
And mourning matrons with dishevell'd hair. 50  
Soon as the prince appears, they raise a cry;  
All beat their breasts, and echoes rend the sky.  
They rear his dropping forehead from the ground;  
But when Æneas view'd the grisly wound  
Which Pallas in his manly bosom bore, 55  
And the fair flesh distain'd with purple gore:  
First, melting into tears, the pious man  
Deplor'd so sad a sight, then thus began.

Unhappy youth! when fortune gave the rest  
Of my full wishes, she refus'd the best! 60  
She came; but brought not thee along, to bless  
My longing eyes, and share in my success:

She grudg'd thy safe return, the triumphs due  
To prosp'rous valour, in the publick view.  
Not thus I promis'd, when my father lent 65  
Thy needful succour with a sad consent;  
Embrac'd me parting for th' Etrurian land,  
And sent me to possess a large command.  
He warn'd, and from his own experience told,  
Our foes were warlike, disciplin'd, and bold: 70  
And now perhaps, in hopes of thy return,  
Rich odours on his loaded altars burn;  
While we, with vain officious pomp, prepare  
To send him back his portion of the war;  
A bloody breathless body: which can owe 75  
No farther debt, but to the pow'rs below.  
The wretched father, ere his race is run,  
Shall view the fun'ral honours of his son.  
These are my triumphs of the Latian war;  
Fruits of my plighted faith, and boasted care. 80  
And yet, unhappy sire, thou shalt not see  
A son, whose death disgrac'd his ancestry;  
Thou shalt not blush, old man, however griev'd:  
Thy Pallas no dishonest wound receiv'd.  
He dy'd no death to make thee wish, too late, 85  
Thou hadst not liv'd to see his shameful fate.

But what a champion has th' Ausonian coast,  
And what a friend hast thou, Ascanius, lost!

Thus having mourn'd, he gave the word around,  
To raise the breathless body from the ground; 90  
And chose a thousand horse, the flow'r of all

His warlike troops, to wait the funeral:

To bear him back, and share Evander's grief;

(A well-becoming, but a weak relief.)

Of oaken twigs they twist an easy bier; 95

Then on their shoulders the sad burden rear.

The body on this rural herse is born,

Strew'd leaves and fun'ral greens the bier adorn.

All pale he lies, and looks a lovely flow'r,

New cropt by virgin hands, to dress the bow'r: 100

Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below,

No more to mother earth or the green stem shall owe.

Then two fair vests, of wond'rous work and cost,

Of purple woven, and with gold emboss'd,

For ornament the Trojan hero brought, 105

Which with her hands Sidonian Dido wrought.

One vest array'd the corps, and one they spread

O'er his clos'd eyes, and wrap'd around his head:

That when the yellow hair in flame shou'd fall,

The catching fire might burn the golden caul. 110

Besides, the spoils of foes in battle slain,  
When he descended on the Latian plain :  
Arms, trappings, horses, by the herse he led  
In long array, (th' achievements of the dead.)  
Then, pinion'd with their hands behind, appear 115  
Th' unhappy captives, marching in the rear :  
Appointed offerings in the victor's name,  
To sprinkle with their blood. the fun'ral flame.  
Inferior trophies by the chiefs are born ;  
Gantlets and helms, their loaded hands adorn ; 120  
And fair inscription's fix'd, and titles read  
Of Latian leaders conquer'd by the dead.

Accetes on his pupil's corps attends,  
With feeble steps ; supported by his friends :  
Pausing at ev'ry pace, in sorrow drown'd ; 125  
Betwixt their arms he sinks upon the ground.  
Where grow'ling, while he lies in deep despair,  
He beats his breast, and rends his hoary hair.  
The champion's chariot next is seen to roll,  
Besmear'd with hostile blood, and honourably foul.  
To close the pomp, Æthon, the steed of state, 131  
Is led, the fun'rals of his lord to wait.  
Stripp'd of his trappings, with a sullen pace  
He walks, and the big tears run rolling down his face.

The lance of Pallas, and the crimson crest, 135  
Are born behind; the victor seiz'd the rest.

The march begins: The trumpets hoarsely sound,  
The pikes and lances trail along the ground.

Thus while the Trojan and Arcadian horse,  
To Pallantean tow'rs direct their course, 140

In long procession rank'd; the pious chief  
Stop'd in the rear, and gave a vent to grief.

The publick care, he said, which war attends,  
Diverts our present woes, at least suspends:

Peace with the manes of great Pallas dwell; 145  
Hail holy relicks, and a last farewell!

He said no more, but inly though he mourn'd,  
Restrain'd his tears, and to the camp return'd.

Now suppliants, from Laurentum sent, demand  
A truce, with olive branches in their hand. 150

Obtest his clemency, and from the plain  
Beg leave to draw the bodies of their slain.

They plead, that none those common rites deny  
To conquer'd foes, that in fair battle die.

All cause of hate was ended in their death; 155  
Nor cou'd he war with bodies void of breath.

A king, they hop'd, would hear a king's request:  
Whose son he once was call'd, and once his guest.



Their suit, which was too just to be deny'd,  
 The hero grants, and farther thus reply'd: 160  
 O Latian princes, how severe a fate  
 In causeless quarrels has involv'd your state!  
 And arm'd against an unoffending man,  
 Who fought your friendship ere the war began!  
 You beg a truce, which I would gladly give, 165  
 Not only for the slain, but those who live.  
 I came not hither but by heav'n's command,  
 And sent by fate to share the Latian land.  
 Nor wage I wars unjust; your king deny'd  
 My proffer'd friendship, and my promis'd bride. 170  
 Left me for Turnus; Turnus then should try  
 His cause in arms, to conquer or to die.  
 My right and his are in dispute: the slain  
 Fell without fault, our quarrel to maintain.  
 In equal arms let us alone contend; \* 175  
 And let him vanquish, whom his fates befriend.  
 This is the way, so tell him, to possess  
 The royal virgin, and restore the peace.  
 Bear this my message back; with ample leave  
 That your slain friends may fun'ral rites receive. 180  
 Thus having said, th' ambassadors amaz'd,  
 Stood mute a while, and on each other gaz'd:

Drances, their chief, who harbour'd in his breast  
Long hate to Turnus, as his foe profess'd,  
Broke silence first, and to the godlike man, . . . 185  
With graceful action bowing, thus began.

Auspicious prince, in arms a mighty name,  
But yet whose actions far transcend your fame :  
Wou'd I your justice or your force express;  
Thought can but equal; and all words are less : 190  
Your answer we shall thankfully relate,  
And favours granted to the Latian state :  
If wish'd success our labour shall attend,  
Think peace concluded, and the king your friend .  
Let Turnus leave the realm to your command : 195  
And seek alliance in some other land :  
Build you the city which your fates assign :  
We shall be proud in the great work to join .  
Thus Drances ; and his words so well persuade  
The rest impower'd, that soon a truce is made. 200  
Twelve days the term allow'd : and during those,  
Latians and Trojans, now no longer foes,  
Mix'd in the woods, for fun'ral piles prepare,  
To fell the timber, and forget the war.  
Loud axes thro' the groaning groves resound : 205  
Oak, mountain-ash, and poplar, spread the ground :

Firs fall from high: and some the trunks receive,  
In loaden wains, with wedges some they cleave.

And now the fatal news, by Fame is blown  
Thro' the short circuit of th' Arcadian town, 210  
Of 'Pallas slain: by Fame, which just before  
His triumphs on distended pinions bore.

Rushing from out the gate, the people stand,  
Each with a fun'ral flambeau in his hand:  
Wildly they stare, distracted with amaze: 215

The fields are lighten'd with a fiery blaze,  
That cast a sullen splendor on their friends,  
(The marching troop which their dread prince at-  
[tends.]

Both parties meet: they raise a doleful cry:  
The matrons from the walls with shrieks reply: 220  
And their mix'd mourning rends the vaulted sky. }

The town is fill'd with tumult and with tears;  
Till the loud clamours reach Evander's ears:  
Forgetful of his state, he runs along,  
With a disorder'd pace, and cleaves the throng: 225  
Falls on the corps, and groaning there he lies,  
With silent grief, that speaks but at his eyes:  
Short sighs and sobs succeed: till sorrow breaks  
A passage, and at once he weeps and speaks.

O Pallas! thou hast fail'd thy plighted word! 230  
 To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword,  
 I warn'd thee, but in vain; for well I knew  
 What perils youthful ardour would pursue:  
 That boiling blood would carry thee too far;  
 Young as thou wert in dangers, raw to war! 235  
 O curst essay of arms, disastrous doom,  
 Prelude of bloody fields, and fights to come!  
 Hard elements of inauspicious war,  
 Vain vows to heav'n, and unavailing care!  
 'Thrice happy thou, dear partner of my bed, 240  
 Whose holy soul the stroke of fortune fled:  
 Præscious of ills, and leaving me behind,  
 To drink the dregs of life by fate assign'd.  
 Beyond the goal of nature I have gone;  
 My Pallas late set out but reach'd too soon. 245  
 If, from my league against th' Ausonian state,  
 Amidst their weapons I had found my fate;  
 (Deserv'd from them) then I had been return'd  
 A breathless victor, and my son had mourn'd.  
 Yet will not I my Trojan friend upbraid, 250  
 Nor grudge th' alliance I so gladly made.  
 'Twas not his fault my Pallas fell so young,  
 But my own crime for having liv'd too long.

Yet, since the gods had destin'd him to die,  
 At least he led the way to victory : 255  
 First for his friends he won the fatal shore,  
 And sent whole herds of slaughter'd foes before :  
 A death too great, too glorious to deplore. }  
 Nor will I add new honours to thy grave ;  
 Content with those the Trojan hero gave. 260  
 That fun'ral pomp thy Phrygian friends design'd ;  
 In which the Tuscan chiefs, and army join'd :  
 Great spoils, and trophies gain'd by thee, they bear :  
 Then let thy own achievements be thy share.  
 Ev'n thou, O Turnus, hadst a trophy stood, 265  
 Whose mighty trunk had better grac'd the wood.  
 If Pallas had arriv'd, with equal length  
 Of years, to match thy bulk with equal strength.  
 But why, unhappy man, dost thou detain  
 These troops to view the tears thou shed'st in vain !  
 Go, friends, this message to your lord relate ; 271  
 Tell him, that if I bear my bitter fate,  
 And after Pallas' death, live ling'ring on,  
 'Tis to behold his vengeance for my son.  
 I stay for Turnus ; whose devoted head 275  
 Is owing to the living and the dead :  
 My son and I expect it from his hand ;  
 'Tis all that he can give or we demand

Joy is no more: but I would gladly go,  
To greet my Pallas with such news below. 280

The morn had now dispell'd the shades of night;  
Restoring toils, when she restor'd the light:

The Trojan king, and Tuscan chief, command  
To raise the piles along the winding strand: 284

Their friends convey the dead to fun'ral fires;  
Black smouldring smoke from the green wood ex-  
[pires;  
The light of heav'n is chok'd, and the new day  
[retires.]

Then thrice around the kindled piles they go:  
(For ancient custom had ordain'd it so)

Thrice horse and foot about the fires are led, 290  
And thrice with loud laments they hail the dead.

Tears trickling down their breasts bedew the ground;  
And drums and trumpets mix their mournful sound.

Amid the blaze, their pious brethren throw  
The spoils, in battle taken from the foe; 295

Helm, bitts emboss'd, and swords of shining steel.  
One casts a target, one a chariot-wheel:

Some to their fellows their own arms restore:  
The fauchions which in luckless fight they bore:

Their bucklers pierc'd, their darts bestow'd in vain,  
 And shiver'd lances gather'd from the plain, 301  
 Whole herds of offer'd bulls about the fire,  
 And bristled boars, and woolly sheep expire.  
 Around the piles a careful troop attends,  
 To watch the wasting flames, and weep their burn-  
 ing friends.

Ling'ring along the shore, till dewy night 306  
 New decks the face of heav'n with starry light.

The conquer'd Latians, with like pious care,  
 Piles without number for their dead prepare;  
 Part, in the places where they fell, are laid; 310  
 And part are to the neighb'ring fields convey'd.  
 The corps of kings, and captains of renown,  
 Born off in state, are bury'd in the town:  
 The rest unhonour'd, and without a name,  
 Are cast a common heap to feed the flame. 315  
 Trojans and Latians vie with like desires  
 To make the field of battle shine with fires;  
 And the promiscuous blaze to heav'n aspires. }

Now had the morning thrice renew'd the light,  
 And thrice dispell'd the shadows of the night; 320  
 When those who round the wasted fires remain,  
 Perform the last sad office to the slain:

They rake the yet warm ashes, from below ;  
 These, and the bones unburn'd, in earth bestow :  
 These relics with their country rites they grace ;  
 And raise a mount of turf to mark the place. 326

But in the palace of the king, appears  
 A scene more solemn, and a pomp of tears.  
 Maids, matrons, widows, mix their common moans :  
 Orphans their fires, and fires lament their sons. 330  
 All in that universal sorrow share,  
 And curse the cause of this unhappy war.  
 A broken league, a bride unjustly sought,  
 A crown usurp'd, which with their blood is bought !  
 These are the crimes, with which they load the name  
 Of Turnus, and on him alone exclaim. 336  
 Let him, who lords it o'er th' Ausonian land,  
 Engage the Trojan hero hand to hand :  
 His is the gain, our lot is but to serve .  
 'Tis just, the sway he seeks, he should deserve. 340  
 This Drances aggravates ; and adds, with spight,  
 His foe expects, and dares him to the fight .  
 Nor Turnus wants a party, to support  
 His cause and credit, in the Latian court .  
 His former acts secure his present fame ; 345  
 And the queen shades him with her mighty name.



While thus their factious minds with fury burn ;  
 The legates from th' Ætolian prince return :  
 Sad news they bring, that after all the cost,  
 And care employ'd, their embassy is lost : 350  
 That Diomede refus'd his aid in war ;  
 Unmov'd with presents, and as deaf to pray'r.  
 Some new alliance must elsewhere be sought ;  
 Or peace with Troy on hard conditions bought.

Latinus, sunk in sorrow, finds too late 355  
 A foreign son is pointed out by fate :  
 And till Æneas shall Lavinia wed,  
 The wrath of heav'n is hov'ring o'er his head.  
 The gods, he saw, espous'd the juster side,  
 When late their titles in the field were try'd : 360  
 Witness the fresh laments, and fun'ral tears un-  
 dry'd. }

Thus, full of anxious thought, he summons all  
 The Latian senate to the council hall :  
 The princes come, commanded by their head,  
 And crowd the paths that to the palace lead. 365  
 Supreme in pow'r, and reverenc'd for his years,  
 He takes the throne, and in the midst appears :  
 Majestically sad, he sits in state,  
 And bids his envoys their success relate.

When Venulus began, the murmuring sound 370  
 Was hush'd, and sacred silence reign'd around.  
 We have, said he, perform'd your high command:  
 And pass'd with peril a long tract of land:  
 We reach'd the place desir'd, with wonder fill'd,  
 The Grecian tents, and rising tow'rs beheld. 375  
 Great Diomede has compass'd round with walls  
 The city, which Argyripa he calls;  
 From his own Argos nam'd: we touch'd, with joy,  
 The royal hand that raz'd unhappy Troy.  
 When introduc'd, our presents first we bring, 380  
 Then crave an instant audience from the king:  
 His leave obtain'd, our native soil we name;  
 And tell th' important cause for which we came.  
 Attentively he heard us, while we spoke;  
 Then, with soft accents, and a pleasing look, 385  
 Made this return. Ausonian race of old  
 Renown'd for peace, and for an age of gold,  
 What madness has your alter'd minds possess'd,  
 To change for war hereditary rest?  
 Solicit arms unknown, and tempt the sword, 390  
 (A needless ill your ancestors abhor'd.)  
 We, (for myself I speak, and all the name  
 Of Grecians, who to Troy's destruction came;),

Omitting those who were in battle slain,  
 Or born by rolling Simois to the main : 395  
 Not one but suffer'd, and too dearly bought  
 The prize of honour which in arms he fought.  
 Some doom'd to death, and some in exile driv'n,  
 Out-casts, abandon'd by the care of heav'n :  
 So worn, so wretched, so despis'd a crew, 400  
 As ev'n old Priam might with pity view.  
 Witness the vessels by Minerva toss'd  
 In storms, the vengeful Capharæan coast ;  
 The Eubæan rocks : the prince, whose brother led  
 Our armies to revenge his injur'd bed, 405  
 In Egypt lost ; Ulysses, with his men,  
 Have seen Charybdis, and the Cyclops den :  
 Why should I name Idomeneus, in vain,  
 Restor'd to sceptres, and expell'd again ?  
 Or young Achilles, by his rival slain ? 410  
 Ev'n he, the king of men, the foremost name  
 Of all the Greeks, and most renown'd by fame,  
 The proud revenger of another's wife,  
 Yet by his own adult'ress lost his life :  
 Fell at his threshold, and the spoils of Troy 415  
 The foul polluters of his bed enjoy.  
 The gods have envy'd me the sweets of life,  
 My much-lov'd country, and my more-lov'd wife ;

Banish'd from both, I mourn ; while in the sky,  
Transform'd to birds, my lost companions fly : 420  
Hov'ring about the coasts they make their moan ;  
And cuff the cliffs with pinions not their own.  
What squalid spectres, in the dead of night,  
Break my short sleep, and skim before my sight !  
I might have promis'd to myself those harms, 425  
Mad as I was, when I with mortal arms  
Presum'd against immortal pow'rs to move,  
And violate with wounds the queen of love.  
Such arms this hand shall never more employ ;  
No hate remains with me to ruin'd Troy. 430  
I war not with its dust ; nor am I glad  
To think of past events, or good or bad.  
Your presents I return : whate'er you bring  
To buy my friendship, send the Trojan king :  
We met in fight, I know him to my cost ; 435  
With what a whirling force his lance he toss'd :  
Heav'ns what a spring was in his arm, to throw !  
How high he held his shield, and rose at every blow !  
Had Troy produc'd two more, his match in might,  
They would have chang'd the fortune of the fight : 440  
Th' invasion of the Greeks had been return'd :  
Our empire wastéd, and our cities burn'd.

The long defence the Trojan people made,  
The war protracted, and the siege delay'd,  
Were due to Hector's and this hero's hand; 445  
Both brave alike, and equal in command:  
Æneas not inferior in the field,  
In pious reverence to the gods excell'd.  
Make peace, ye Latians, and avoid with care  
Th' impending-dangers of a fatal war. 450  
He said no-more; but with this cold excuse,  
Refus'd th' alliance, and advis'd a truce.  
Thus Venulus concluded his report.  
A jarring murmur fill'd the factious court:  
As when a torrent rolls with rapid force, 455  
And dashes o'er the stones that stop the course;  
The flood, constrain'd within a scanty space,  
Roars horrible along th' uneasy race:  
White foam in gath'ring eddies floats around:  
The rocky shores rebellow to the sound. 460  
The murmur ceas'd: then from his lofty throne  
The king invoc'd the gods, and thus begun.  
I wish, ye Latins, what we now debate  
Had been resolv'd before it was too late:  
Much better had it been for you and me, 465  
Unforc'd by this our last necessity,

To have been earlier wise ; than now to call  
 A council, when the foe furrounds the wall.  
 O citizens ! we wage unequal war,  
 With men, not only heav'n's peculiar care, 470  
 But heav'n's own race : unconquer'd in the field,  
 Or conquer'd, yet unknowing how to yield.  
 What hopes you had in Diomede, lay down :  
 Our hopes must center on ourselves alone.  
 Yet, those how feeble, and, indeed, how vain, 475  
 You see too well ; nor need my words explain.  
 Vanquish'd without resource ; laid flat by Fate,  
 Factions within, a foe without the gate ;  
 Not but I grant, that all perform'd their parts,  
 With manly force, and with undaunted hearts : 480  
 With our united strength the war we wag'd ;  
 With equal numbers, equal arms engag'd : :  
 You see th' event——Now hear what I propose,  
 To save our friends, and satisfy our foes :  
 A tract of land the Latins have possess'd 485  
 Along the Tiber, stretching to the west,  
 Which now Rutulians and Auruncans till :  
 And their mix'd cattle graze the fruitful hill ;  
 Those mountains fill'd with firs, that lower land,  
 If you consent, the Trojan shall command ; 490

Call'd into part of what is ours ; and there,  
 On terms agreed, the common country share.  
 There let them build, and settle if they please ;  
 Unless' they choose once more to cross the seas,  
 In search of seats remote of Italy ; 495  
 And from unwelcome inmates set us free.  
 Then twice ten gallies let us build with speed,  
 Or twice as many more, if more they need ;  
 Materials are at hand : a well grown wood  
 Runs equal with the margin of the flood : 500  
 Let them the number, and the form assign ;  
 The care and cost of all the stops be mine.  
 To treat the peace, a hundred senators  
 Shall be commission'd hence with ample pow'rs ; 504  
 With olive crown'd . the presents they shall bear,  
 A purple robe, a royal iv'ry chair ;  
 And all the marks of sway that Latian monarchs  
 [wear ; }  
 And sums of gold. Among yourselves debate  
 This great affair, and save the sinking state.  
 Then Drances took the word ; who grudg'd long  
 [since,  
 The rising glories of the Daunian prince. 511

Factionous and rich, bold at the council board,  
 But cautious in the field, he shun'd the sword;  
 A close caballer, and tongue-valiant lord. }  
 Noble his mother was, and near the throne, 515  
 But what his father's parentage, unknown.  
 He rose, and took th' advantage of the times,  
 To load young Turnus with invidious crimes.

Such truths, O king, said he, your words contain,  
 As strike the sense, and all replies are vain, 520  
 Nor are your loyal subjects now to seek  
 What common needs require; but fear to speak.  
 Let him give leave of speech, that haughty man,  
 Whose pride this inauspicious war began:  
 For whose ambition (let me dare to say, 525  
 Fear set apart, tho' death is in my way)

The plains of Latium run with blood around;  
 So many valiant heroes bite the ground:  
 Dejected grief in ev'ry face appears,  
 A town in mourning, and a land in tears. 530  
 While he, th' undoubted author of our harms,  
 The man who menaces the gods with arms,  
 Yet after all his boasts, forsook the fight,  
 And sought his safety in ignoble flight.

Now, best of kings, since you propose to send 535  
 Such bounteous presents to your Trojan friend;



Add yet a greater at our joint request,  
One which he values more than all the rest;

Give him the fair Lavinia for his bride :

With that alliance let the league be ty'd ; 540

And for the bleeding land a lasting peace provide. }

Let insolence no longer awe the throne,

But with a father's right bestow your own.

For this maligner of the gen'ral good,

If still we fear his force, he must be woo'd : 545

His haughty godhead we with prayers implore,

Your sceptre to release, and our just rights restore.

O, cursed cause of all our ills, must we

Wage wars unjust, and fall in fight for thee !

What right hast thou to rule the Latian state, 550

And send us out to meet our certain fate ?

'Tis a destructive war : from Turnus' hand

Our peace and publick safety we demand.

Let the fair bride to the brave chief remain ;

If not, the peace without the pledge is vain. 555

Turnus, I know you think me not your friend,

Nor will I much with your belief contend :

I beg your greatness not to give the law

In other realms, but beaten, to withdraw.

Pity your own, or pity our estate ; 560

Nor twist our fortunes with your sinking fate.

Your int'rest is the war should never cease ;  
 But we have felt enough, to wish the peace :  
 A land exhausted to the last remains,  
 Depopulated towns, and driven plains. 565  
 Yet, if desire of fame, and thirst of pow'r,  
 A beauteous princess, with a crown in dow'r,  
 So fire your mind, in arms assert your right ;  
 And meet your foe, who dares you to the fight.  
 Mankind, it seems, is made for you alone ; 570  
 We, but the slaves who mount you to throne :  
 A base ignoble crowd, without a name :  
 Unwept, unworthy of the funeral flame :  
 By duty bound to forfeit each his life,  
 That Turnus may possess a royal wife. 575  
 Permit not, mighty man, so mean a crew  
 Shou'd share such triumphs ; and detain from you  
 The post of honour, your undoubted due :  
 Rather alone your matchless force employ ;  
 To merit, what alone you must enjoy. 580

These words, so full of malice, mix'd with art,  
 Inflam'd with rage the youthful hero's heart.  
 Then groaning from the bottom of his breast,  
 He heav'd for wind, and thus his wrath express'd.  
 You, Drances, never want a stream of words, 585  
 Then, when the publick need requires our swords.

- First in the council-hall to steer the state ;  
 And ever foremost in a tongue-debate.  
 While our strong walls secure us from the foe,  
 Ere yet with blood our ditches overflow : 590  
 But let the potent orator declaim,  
 And with the brand of coward blot my name ;  
 Free leave is giv'n him, when his fatal hand  
 Has cover'd with more corps the sanguine strand ;  
 And high as mine his tow'ring tropies stand. 595  
 If any doubt remains who dares the most,  
 Let us decide it at the Trojans' cost :  
 And issue both a-breast, where honour calls ;  
 Foes are not far to seek without the walls.  
 Unless his noisy tongue can only fight : 600  
 And feet were giv'n him but to speed his flight.  
 I beateh from the field ? I forc'd away ?  
 Who, but so known a dastard, dares to say ?  
 Had he but ev'n beheld the fight, his eyes  
 Had witness'd for me what his tongue denies : 605  
 What heaps of Trojans by this hand were slain,  
 And how the bloody Tiber swell'd the main.  
 All saw, but he, th' Arcadian troops retire,  
 In scatter'd squadrons, and their prince expire.  
 The giant brothers, in their camp, have found, 610  
 I was not forc'd with ease to quit my ground.

Not such the Trojans try'd me, when inclos'd,  
I singly their united arms oppos'd :  
First forc'd an entrance thro' their thick array ; 614  
Then, glutted with their slaughter, freed my way.  
'Tis a destructive war? So let it be,  
But to the Phrygian pirate and to thee.  
Mean time proceed to fill the people's ears  
With false reports, their minds with panick fears :  
Extol the strength of a twice-conquer'd race, 620  
Our foes encourage, and our friends debase.  
Believe thy fables, and the Trojan town  
Triumphant stands, the Grecians are o'erthrown :  
Suppliant at Hector's feet Achilles lies ;  
And Diomed from force Æneas flies. 625  
Say rapid Ausidus with awful dread,  
Runs backward from the sea, and hides his head,  
When the great Trojan on his bank appears :  
For that's as true as thy dissembled fears  
Of my revenge : dismiss that vanity, 630  
Thou, Dranes, art below a death from me—  
Let that vile soul in that vile body rest :  
The lodging is well worthy of the guest.  
Now, royal father, to the present state  
Of our affairs, and of this high debate ; 635

If in your arms thus early you disside,  
And think your fortune is already try'd;  
If one defeat has brought us down so low;  
As never more in fields to meet the foe;  
Then I conclude for peace: 'tis time to treat, 640  
And lie like vassals at the victor's feet.  
But oh, if any ancient blood remains,  
One drop of all our fathers in our veins:  
That man wou'd I prefer before the rest,  
Who dar'd his death with an undaunted breast: 645  
Who comely fell by no dishonest wound,  
To shun that sight; and dying gnaw'd the ground.  
But if we still have fresh recruits in store,  
If our confed'rates can afford us more;  
If the contended field we bravely sought: 650  
And not a bloodless victory was bought:  
Their losses equal'd ours, and for their slain,  
With equal fires they fill'd the shining plain;  
Why thus unforc'd shou'd we so tamely yield;  
And, ere the trumpet sounds, resign the field? 655  
Good unexpected, evils unforeseen,  
Appear by turns, as Fortune shifts the scene:  
Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down again;  
Then fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

If Diomede refuse his aid to lend, 660  
The great Messapus yet remains our friend :  
Tolumnius, who foretels events, is ours :  
Th' Italian chiefs, and princes, join their pow'rs :  
Nor least in number, nor in name the last,  
Your own brave subjects have our cause embrac'd. 665  
Above the rest, the Volscian Amazon,  
Contains an army in herself alone :  
And heads a squadron, terrible to fight,  
With glitt'ring shields, in brazen armour bright.  
Yet if the foe a single fight demand, 670  
And I alone the publick peace withstand ;  
If you consent, he shall not be refus'd,  
Nor find a hand to victory unus'd.  
This new Achilles, let him take the field,  
With fated armour, and Vulcanian shield ; 675  
For you, my royal father, and my fame,  
I, Turnus, not the least of all my name,  
Devote my soul: He calls me hand to hand,  
And I alone will answer his demand.  
Drances shall rest secure, and neither share 680  
The danger, nor divide the prize of war.  
While they debate ; nor these nor those will yield ;  
Æneas draws his forces to the field ;

And moves his camp. The scouts with flying speed  
Return, and thro' the frighted city spread 685

Th' unpleasing news, the Trojans are descry'd

In battle marching by the river's side ;

And bending to the town. They take th' alarm, '

Some tremble, some are bold, all in confusion arm.

Th' impetuous youth press forward to the field ; 690

They clash the sword, and clatter on the shield ;

The fearful matrons raise a screaming cry ;

Old feeble men with fainter groans reply ;

A jarring sound results, and mingles in the sky. }

Like that of swans remurm'ring to the floods ; 695

Or birds of differing kinds in hollow woods.

Turnus th' occasion takes, and cries aloud,

Talk on, ye quaint haranguers of the crowd :

Decaim in praise of peace, when danger calls ;

And the fierce foes in arms approach the walls. 700

He said, and turning short, with speedy pace, '

Cast back a scornful glance, and quits the place.

Thou, Volusus, the Volscian troops command

To mount ; and lead thyself our Ardean band.

Messapus, and Catillus, post your force 705

Along the fields, to charge the Trojan horse.

Some guard the passes, others man the wall ;

Drawn up in arms, the rest attend my call.

They swarm from ev'ry quarter of the town;  
And with disorder'd haste the rampires crown. 710  
Good old Latinus, when he saw, too late,  
The gath'ring storm, just breaking on the state,  
Dismiss'd the council, 'till a fitter time,  
And own'd his easy temper as his crime:  
Who, forc'd against his reason, had comply'd 715  
To break the treaty for the promis'd bride.

Some help to sink new trenches, others aid  
To ram the stones, or raise the palisade.  
Hoarse trumpets sound th' alarm: around the walls  
Runs a distracted crew; whom their last labour calls.  
A sad procession in the streets is seen, 721  
Of matrons that attend the mother-queen:  
High in her chair she sits, and at her side,  
With down-cast eyes appears the fatal bride. 724  
They mount the cliff, where Pallas' temple stands;  
Pray'rs in their mouths, and presents in their hands;  
With censers, first they fume the sacred shrine;  
Then in this common supplication join.  
O patroness of arms, unspotted maid,  
Propitious hear, and lend thy Latins aid: 370  
Break short the pirate's lance; pronounce his fate,  
And lay the Phrygian low before the gate.



Now Turnus arms for fight : his back and breast,  
Well-temper'd steel, and scaly brass invest :  
The cuisses, which his brawny thighs infold, 735  
Are mingled metal damask'd o'er with gold.  
His faithful fauchion sits upon his side ;  
Nor casque, nor crest, his manly features hide :  
But bare to view amid furrounding friends,  
With godlike grace, he from the tow'r descends. 740  
Exulting in his strength, he seems to dare  
His absent rival, and to promise war.

Freed from his keepers, thus with broken reins,  
The wanton courser prances o'er the plains :  
Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds : 745  
And snuffs the females in forbidden grounds.  
Or seeks his wat'ring in the well-known flood,  
To quench his thirst, and cool his fiery blood :  
He swims luxuriant in the liquid plain,  
And o'er his shoulder flows his waving mane : 750  
He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high ;  
Before his ample chest the frothy waters fly.  
Soon as the prince appears without the gate,  
The Volscians, and their virgin-leader, wait  
His last commands. Then with a grateful mien, 155  
Lights from her lofty steed, the warrior queen :

Her squadron imitates, and each descends;  
Whose common fate Camilla thus commends.  
If sense of honour, if a soul secure  
Of inborn worth, that can all tests endure, 760  
Can promise ought; or on itself rely,  
Greatly to dare, to conquer, or to die:  
Then, I alone, sustain'd by these, will meet  
The Tyrrhene troops, and promise their defeat.  
Ours be the danger, ours the sole renown; 765  
You, general, stay behind, and guard the town.  
Turnus a while stood mute; with glad surprise,  
And on the fierce virago fix'd his eyes:  
Then thus return'd: O grace of Italy,  
With what becoming thanks can I reply! 770  
Not only words lie lab'ring in my breast;  
But thought itself is by thy praise oppress'd;  
Yet rob me not of all, but let me join  
My toils, my hazard and my fame, with shine.  
The Trojan, (not in stratagem unskill'd,) 775  
Sends his light horse before to scour the field:  
Himself, thro' steep ascents, and thorny brakes,  
A larger compass to the city takes.  
This news my scouts confirm: and I prepare  
To foil his cunning, and his force to dare: 780

With chosen foot his passage to forelay :  
 And place an ambush in the winding way.  
 Thou, 'with thy Volscians, face the Thuscan horse :  
 The brave Messapus shall thy troops enforce ;  
 With those of Tibur ; and the Latian band : 785  
 Subjected all to thy supreme command.

This said, he warns Messapus to the war :  
 Then ev'ry chief exhorts, with equal care.  
 All thus encourag'd, his own troops he joins,  
 And hastes to prosecute his deep designs. 790

Inclos'd with hills, the winding valley lies,  
 By nature form'd for fraud, and fitted for surprise ;  
 A narrow track, by human steps untrod,  
 Leads, thro' perplexing thorns, to this obscure abode.  
 High o'er the vale a steepy mountain stands : 795  
 Whence the surveying sight the nether ground com-  
 [mands.

The top is level : an offensive seat  
 Of war ; and from the war a safe retreat.  
 For, on the right and left, is room to press  
 The foes at hand, or from afar distress : 800  
 To drive 'em headlong downward ; and to pour,  
 On their descending backs, a stony show'r.  
 Thither young Turnus took the well-known way ;  
 Possess'd the pass, and in bling' ambush lay.

Mean time, Latonian Phœbe, from the skies, 805  
 Beheld th' approaching war with hateful eyes,  
 And call'd the light-foot Opis to her aid,  
 Her most belov'd, and ever-trusty maid.

Then with a sigh began : Camilla goes  
 To meet her death, amidst her fatal foes. 810

The nymph I lov'd of all my mortal train ;  
 Invested with Diana's arms, in vain.

Nor is my kindness for the virgin; new,  
 'Twas born with her, and with her years it grew :  
 Her father Metabus, when forc'd away 815

From old Privernum, for tyrannick sway ;  
 Snatch'd up, and sav'd from his prevailing foes,  
 This tender babe, companion of his woes.

Casmilla was her mother ; but he drown'd  
 One hissing letter in a softer sound, 820

And call'd Camilla. Thro' the woods he flies ;  
 Wrapt in his robe the royal infant lies.

His foes in fight, he mends his weary pace ;  
 With shouts and clamours they pursue the chase.

The banks of Amascene at length he gains ; 825

The raging flood his farther plight restrains :

Rais'd o'er the borders with unusual rains.

Prepar'd to plunge into the stream, he fears :  
Not for himself, but for the charge he bears.  
Anxious he stops a while ; and thinks in haste ; 830  
Then, desp'rate in distress, resolves at last.  
A knotty lance of well-boil'd oak he bore ;  
The middle part with cork he cover'd o'er :  
He clos'd the child within the hollow space :  
With twigs of-bending osier bound the case. 835  
Then pois'd the spear, heavy with human weight :  
And thus invoc'd my favour for the freight.  
Accept, great goddess of the woods, he said,  
Sent by her sire, this dedicated maid :  
Thro' air she flies a suppliant to thy shrine ; 840  
And the first weapons that she knows, are thine.  
He said ; and with full force the spear he threw ;  
Above the sounding waves Camilla flew.  
Then, press'd by foes, he stemm'd the stormy tide ;  
And gain'd, by stress of arms, the farther side. 845  
His fasten'd spear he pull'd from out the ground ;  
And, victor of his vows, his infant nymph unbound.  
Nor after that, in towns which walls inclose,  
Wou'd trust his hunted life amidst his foes.  
But rough, in open air he chose to lie : 850  
Earth was his couch, his cov'ring was the sky.

On hills unshorn, or in a desert den,  
 He shunn'd the dire society of men.  
 A shepherd's solitary life he led :  
 His daughter with the milk of mares he fed ; . 855  
 The dugs of bears, and ev'ry savage beast,  
 He drew, and thro' her lips the liquor press'd.  
 The little Amazon cou'd scarcely go,  
 He loads her with a quiver and a bow ;  
 And, that she might her stagg'ring steps command,  
 He with a slender jav'lin fills her hand : 861  
 Her flowing hair no golden fillet bound ;  
 Nor swept her trailing robe the dusty ground.  
 Instead of these, a tiger's hide o'erspread  
 Her back and shoulders, fasten'd to her head. 865  
 The flying dart she first attempts to sling ;  
 And round her tender temples tofs'd the sling :  
 Then, as her strength with years increas'd, began  
 To pierce aloft in air the soaring swan :  
 And from the clouds to fetch the heron and the  
 [crane,]  
 The Tuscan matrons with each other vy'd, 871  
 To bless their rival sons with such a bride :  
 But she disdains their love; to share with me  
 The silvan shades, and vow'd virginity.

And oh! I wish, contented with my cares 875

Of savage spoils, she had not fought the wars:

Then had she been of my celestial train;

And shunn'd the fate that dooms her to be slain.

But since, opposing heav'n's decree, she goes

To find her death among forbidden foes; 880

Haste with these arms, and take thy speedy flight,

Where, with the gods adverse, the Latins fight:

This bow to thee, this quiver, I bequeath,

This chosen arrow to revenge her death:

By whate'er hand Camilla shall be slain, 885

Or of the Trojan, or Italian train,

Let him not pass unpunish'd from the plain.

Then in a hollow cloud, myself will aid,

To bear the breathless body of my maid:

Unspoild shall be her arms, and unprophan'd 890

Her holy limbs with any human hand:

And in a marble tomb laid in her native land.

She said: the faithful nymph descends from

[high

With rapid flight, and cuts the sounding sky:

Black clouds and stormy winds around her body

[fly.]

By this, the Trojan and the Tuscan horse, 896

Drawn up in squadrons, with united force,

Approach the walls; the sprightly courfers bound;  
 Press forward on their bitts, and shift their ground  
 Shields, arms, and spears, dash horribly from far;  
 And the fields glitter with a waving war. 901

Oppos'd to these, come on with furious force  
 Messapus, Coras, and the Latian horse;  
 These in the body plac'd; on either hand  
 Sustain'd, and clos'd by fair Camilla's band. 905  
 Advancing in a line, they couch their spears;  
 And less and less the middle space appears.

Thick smoke obscures the field: and scarce are seen  
 The neighing courfers, and the shouting men.

In distance of their darts they stop their course; 910  
 Then man to man they rush, and horse to horse.

The face of heav'n their flying jav'lines hide:  
 And deaths unseen are dealt on either side.

Tyrrenus, and Aconteus, void of fear,  
 By mettled courfers borne in full career, 915  
 Meet first oppos'd: and, with a mighty shock,  
 Their horses heads against each other knock.

Far from his steed is fierce Aconteus cast;  
 As with an engine's force, or lightning's blast:  
 He rolls along in blood, and breathes his last. 920



The Latin squadrons take a sudden fright;  
And sling their shields behind, to save their backs in  
[flight.

Spurring at speed to their own walls they drew;  
Close in the rear the Tuscan troops pursue:  
And urge their flight, Asylas leads the chase; 925  
Till seiz'd with shame they wheel about, and face:  
Receive their foes, and raise a threat'ning cry.  
The Tuscans take their turn to fear and fly.

So swelling surges, with a thund'ring roar,  
'Driv'n on each other's backs, insult the shore; 930  
Bound o'er the rocks, incroach upon the land;  
And far upon the beach eject the sand.

Then backward with a swing, they take their way;  
Repuls'd from upper ground, and seek their mother-  
[sea:

With equal hurry quit th' invaded shore; 935  
And swallow back the sand, and stones they spew'd  
[before.

Twice were the Tuscans master of the field,  
Twice by the Latins, in their turn, repell'd.  
Asham'd at length, to the third charge they ran,  
Both hosts resolv'd, and mingled man to man: 940  
Now dying groans are heard, the fields are strow'd  
With falling bodies, and are drunk with blood:

Arms, horses, men, on heaps together lie :

Confus'd the fight, and more confus'd the cry.

Orsilochns, who durst not press too near 945

Strong Remulus, at distance drove his spear;

And struck the steel beneath his horse's ear.

The fiery steed, impatient of the wound,

Curvets, and springing upward with a bound,

His hopeless lord cast backward on the ground. 950

Catilius pierc'd Iolas first; then drew

His reeking lance, and at Herminius threw :

The mighty champion of the Tuscan crew.

His neck and throat unarm'd, his head was bare;

But shaded with a length of yellow hair : 955

Secure, he fought, expos'd on ev'ry part,

A spacious mark for swords, and for the flying dart :

Across the shoulders came the feather'd wound ;

Transfix'd, he fell, and doubled to the ground.

The sands with streaming blood are sanguine dy'd ;

And death with honour, fought on either side. 961

Resistless thro' the war, Camilla rode ;

In danger unappall'd, and pleas'd with blood.

One side was bare for her exerted breast ;

One shoulder with her painted quiver press'd. 965

Now from afar her fatal jav'lin's play ;  
 Now with her axe's edge she hews her way ;  
 Diana's arms upon her shoulder found ;  
 And when, too closely press'd, she quits the ground ;  
 From her bent bow she sends a backward wound. }

Her maids, in martial pomp, on either side, 971  
 Lamma, Tulla, fierce Tarpeia ride ;  
 Italians all : in peace, their queen's delight :  
 In war, the bold companions of the fight.

So march'd the Thracian Amazons of old, 975  
 When Thermodon with bloody billows roll'd ;  
 Such troops as these in shining arms were seen,  
 When Theseus met in fight their maiden queen.  
 Such to the field Penthesilea led,  
 From the fierce virgin when the Grecians fled : 980  
 With sack, return'd triumphant from the war ;  
 Her maids with cries attend the lofty carr :  
 They clash with manly force their moony shields :  
 With female shouts resound the Phrygian fields.

Who foremost, and who last, heroick maid, 985  
 On the cold earth were by thy courage laid ?  
 Thy spear, of <sup>len</sup> mountain-ash, Eumenius first,  
 With fury driv'n, from side to side transpierc'd ;  
 A purple stream of <sup>len</sup> same spouting from the wound ;  
 Bath'd in his blood <sup>len</sup> lies, and bites the ground. 990

Lyris and Pegasus at once she slew;  
 The former, as the slacken'd reins he drew,  
 Of his faint steed: the latter, as he stretch'd  
 His arm to prop his friend, the jav'lin reach'd,  
 By the same weapon, sent from the same hand, 995  
 Both fall together, and both spurn the sand.  
 Amastus next is added to the slain:  
 The rest in rout she follows o'er the plain:  
 Tereus, Harpalicus, Demophoon,  
 And Chromys, at full speed her fury shun. 1000  
 Of all her deadly darts; not one she lost;  
 Each was attended with a Trojan ghost.  
 Young Ornithus bestrode a hunter steed,  
 Swift for the chase, and of Apulian breed:  
 Him, from afar, she spy'd in arms unknown; 1005  
 O'er his broad back an ox's hide was thrown.  
 His helm a wolf, whose gaping jaws were spread  
 A cov'ring for his cheeks, and grin'd around his head.  
 He clench'd within his hand an iron prong;  
 And tower'd above the rest, conspicuous in the throng.  
 Him soon she singled from the flying train, 1011  
 And slew with ease: then thus insults the slain.  
 Vain hunter, didst thou think thro' woods to chase  
 The savage herd, a vile and trembling race?

Here cease thy vaunts, and own thy victory; 1015

A woman-warrior was too strong for thee.

Yet if the ghosts demand the conqueror's name,

Confessing great Camilla, save thy shame.

Then Butes, and Orilochus she slew,

The bulkiest bodies of the Trojan crew. 1020

But Butes breast to breast: the spear descends

Above the gorget, where his helmet ends,

And o'er the shield which his left side defends. }

Orilochus, and she, their couriers ply,

He seems to follow, and she seems to fly. 1025

But in a narrower ring she makes the race;

And then he flies, and she pursues the chase.

Gath'ring at length on her deluded foe,

She swings her ax, and rises at the blow: ,

Full on the helm behind, with such a sway 1030

The weapon falls, the riven steel gives way:

He groans, he roars, he sues in vain for grace;

Brains, mingled with his blood, besmear his face.

Astotish'd ~~Aeneas~~ just arrives by chance,

To see his fall, nor farther dares advance: 1035

But fixing on the horrid maid his eye,

He stares, and shakes, and finds it vain to fly.

Yet like a true Ligurian, born to cheat,

(At least while fortune favour'd his deceit)

Cries out aloud, what courage have you shown, 1040  
Who trust your courser's strength, and not your own?

Forego the 'vantage of your horse, alight, ?

And then on equal terms begin the fight :

It shall be seen, weak woman, what you can,

When, foot to foot, you combat with a man. 1045 :

He said : she glows with anger and disdain,

Dismounts with speed to dare him on the plain : }

And leaves her horse at large among her train.

With her drawn sword defies him to the field :

And marching, lifts aloft her maiden shield : 1050 .

The youth, who thought his cunning did succeed, .

Reins round his horse, and urges all his speed,

Adds the remembrance of the spur, and hides

The goring rowels in his bleeding sides.

Vain fool, and coward, said the lofty maid, : 1055

Caught in the train, which thou thyself hast laid !

On others practise thy Ligurian arts ; .

Thin stratagems, and tricks of little hearts

Are lost on me. Nor shalt thou safe retire,

With vaunting lies to thy fallacious fire. 1060

At this, so fast her flying feet she sped,

That soon she strain'd beyond his horse.

'Then turning short, at once she seiz'd the rein,  
And laid the boaster grov'ling on the plain.

Not with more ease the falcon from above, 1065

'Trusses, in middle air, the trembling dove:

Then plumes the prey, in her strong pounces bound;

The feathers foul with blood come tumbling to the  
[ground.

Now mighty Jove, from his superior height,

With his broad eye surveys th' unequal fight. 1070

He fires the breast of Tarchon, with disdain;

And sends him to redeem th' abandon'd plain.

Between the broken ranks the Tuscan rides,

And these encourages, and those he chides:

Recalls each leader, by his name, from flight; 1075

Renews their ardor, and restores the fight.

What panick fear has seiz'd your souls, O shame,

O brand perpetual of th' Etrurian name;

Cowards, incurable! a woman's hand

Drives, breaks, and scatters your ignoble band! 1080

Now cast away the sword, and quit the shield:

What use of weapons which you dare not wield?

Not thus you fly your female foes, by night,

Nor shun the feast, when the full bowls invite:

Yet then to fat off rings the glad augur calls; 1085

(At least horn-pipe sounds to bacchanals.

These are your study'd cares; your lewd delight:

Swift to debauch; but slow to manly fight.

Thus having said, he spurs amid the foes,

Not managing the life meant to lose. 1090

The first he found he seiz'd, with headlong haste,

In his strong gripe: and clasp'd around the waste:

'Twas Venulus; whom from his horse he tore,

And (laid athwart his own,) in triumph bore.

Loud shouts ensue: the Latins turn their eyes, 1095

And view th' unusual fight with vast surprise.

The fiery Tarchon, flying o'er the plains,

Press'd in his arms the pond'rous prey sustains: . .

Then with his shorten'd spear, explores around: . .

His jointed arms, to fix a deadly wound. 1100

Nor less the captive struggles for his life:

He writhes his body to prolong the strife: .

And, fencing for his naked throat, exerts

His utmost vigour, and the point averts.

So stoops the yellow eagle from on high, 1105

And bears a speckled serpent thro' the sky;

Fast'ning his crooked talons on the prey;

The pris'ner hisses thro' the liquid way:

Resists the royal hawk, and tho' oppress'd,

She fights in volumes, and erects her crest 1110



'Turn'd to her foe, she stiffens ev'ry scale;  
 And shoots her forky tongue, and whisks her threat-  
 [ 'ning tail.

Against the victor all defence is weak;  
 Th' imperial bird still plies her with his beak:  
 He tears her bowels, and her breast he gores; 1115  
 Then claps his pinions, and securely soars.

Thus, thro' the midst of circling enemies,  
 Strong Tachon snatch'd, and bore away his prize:  
 The Tyrrhene troops, that shrunk before, now press  
 The Latins, and presume the like success. 1120

Then Aruns, doom'd to death, his arts essay'd  
 To murder, unesp'y'd, the Volscian maid:  
 This way and that his winding course he bends:  
 And wherefoe'er she turns, her steps attends.  
 When she retires victorious from the chase, 1125  
 He wheels about with care, and shifts his place:  
 When rushing on, she seeks her foes in fight,  
 He keeps aloof, but keeps her still in sight:  
 He threats, and trembles, trying ev'ry way  
 Unseen to kill, and safely to betray. 1130

Chloereus, the priest of Cÿbelè, from far,  
 Glitt'ring in Phrygian arms amidst the war,  
 Was by the virgin view'd: the steed he press'd  
 Was proud with trappings, and his brawny chest

With scales of gilded brass was cover'd o'er: 1135

A robe of Tyrian dye the rider wore.

With deadly wounds he gaul'd the distant foe;

Gnossian his shafts, and Lycian was his bow: •

A golden helm his front, and head surrounds; •

A gilded quiver from his shoulder sounds. 1140

Gold, weav'd with linen, on his thighs he wore; }  
With flowers of needlework distinguish'd o'er: }  
With golden buckles bound, and gather'd up before. }

Him, the fierce maid beheld, with ardent eyes; •

Fond and ambitious of so rich a prize: 1145

Or that the temple might his trophies hold,

Or else to shine herself in Trojan gold:

Blind in her haste, she chases him alone,

And seeks his life, regardless of her own.

This lucky moment the sly traitor chose: 1150

Then, starting from his ambush, up he rose, }

And threw, but first to heav'n address'd his vows. }

O patron of Soraetes' high abodes,

Phœbus, the ruling pow'r among the gods;

Whom first we serve, whole woods of unctuous pine

Are fell'd for thee, and to thy glory shine; 1156

By thee protected, with our naked souls,

Thro' flames unsing'd we march, and tread the kindled

[coals:

'Give me, propitious pow'r, to wash away  
 The stains of this dishonourable day. 1160  
 Nor spoils, nor triumph, from the fact I claim;  
 But with my future actions trust my fame.  
 Let me, by stealth, this female plague o'ercome;  
 And from the field return inglorious home.  
 'Apollo heard, and granting half his pray'r, 1165  
 Shuffled in winds the rest, and toss'd in empty air  
 He gives the death desir'd, his safe return,  
 By southern tempests to the seas is born.  
 Now, when the jav'lin whiz'd along the skies,  
 Both armies on Camilla turn'd their eyes, 117  
 Directed by the sound of either host,  
 Th' unhappy virgin, tho' concern'd the most,  
 Was only deaf; so greedy was she bent  
 On golden spoils, and on her prey intent:  
 Till in her pap the winged weapon stood 1175  
 Infix'd; and deeply drunk the purple blood.  
 Her sad attendants hasten to sustain  
 Their dying lady drooping on the plain.  
 Far from their sight the trembling Arms flies,  
 With beating heart and fear confus'd with joy,  
 Nor dares he farther to pursue his blow; 1181  
 Or ev'n to bear the sight of his expiring foe.





As when the wolf has torn a bullock's hide,  
At unawares, or ranch'd a shepherd's side :  
Conscious of his audacious deed, he flies, 1185  
And claps his quiv'ring tail between his thighs ;  
So, speeding once, the wretch no more attends ;  
But spurring forward herds among his friends.  
She wrench'd the jav'lin with her dying hands ;  
But wedg'd within her breast the weapon stands : 1190  
The wood she draws, the steely point remains ;  
She staggers in her seat with agonizing pains :  
A gath'ring mist o'erclouds her chearful eyes ;  
And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies.  
Then turns to her, whom, of her female train, 1195  
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain.  
Acca, 'tis past ! he swims before my sight,  
Inexorable death ; and claims his right.  
Bear my last words to Turnus, fly with speed,  
And bid him timely to my charge succeed : 1200  
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve :  
Farewel ; and in this kiss my parting breath receive.  
She said ; and sliding sunk upon the plain ;  
Dying, her open'd hand forsakes the rein ; 1204  
Short and more short, she pants by slow degrees  
Her mind the passage from her body frees.

She drops her sword, she nods her plumed crest;  
 Her drooping head declining on her breast:  
 In the last sigh her struggling soul expires; 1209  
 And murm'ring with disdain, to Stygian founts retires.

A shout, that struck the golden stars, ensu'd:  
 Despair and rage, and languish'd fight renew'd.  
 The Trojan troops, and Tuscans in a line,  
 Advance to charge; the mix'd Arcadians join.

But Cynthia's maid, high seated, from afar 1215  
 Surveys the field, and fortune of the war:  
 Unmov'd a while, till prostrate on the plain,  
 Welt'ring in blood, she sees Camilla slain;  
 And round her corps, of friends and foes a fight-  
 [ing train.]

Then, from the bottom of her breast, she drew 1220  
 A mournful sigh, and these sad words ensue:  
 Too dear a fine, ah much lamented maid,  
 For warring with the Trojans, thou hast paid!  
 Nor ought avail'd, in this unhappy strife,  
 Diana's sacred arms, to save thy life. 1225

Yet unreveng'd thy goddess will not leave  
 Her vot'ry's death, nor with vain sorrow grieve.  
 Branded the wretch, and be his name abhorr'd;  
 But after-ages shall thy praise record.

Th' inglorious coward soon shall press the plain; 1230

Thus vows thy queen, and thus the fates ordain.

High o'er the field, there stood a hilly mound;  
Sacred the place, and spread with oaks around;  
Where, in a marble tomb, Dercennus lay, 1235  
A king that once in Latium bore the sway.

The beauteous Opis thither bent her flight,  
To mark the traitor Aruns from the height.

Him, in refulgent arms, she soon espy'd,  
Sworn with success, and loudly thus she cry'd.

Thy backward steps, vain boaster, are too late; 1240  
Turn, like a man at length, and meet thy fate.

Charg'd with my message to Camilla go;

And say I sent thee to the shades below;

An honour undeserv'd from Cynthia's bow.

She said: and from her quiver chose with speed  
The winged shaft, destin'd for the deed: 1246

Then, to the stubborn cugh her strength apply'd;

Till the far distant horns approach'd on either side.

The bow-string touch'd her breast, so strong she drew;  
Whizzing in air the fatal arrow flew. 1250

At once the twanging bow, and sounding dart

The traitor heard, and felt the point within his heart.

Him, beating with his heels, in pangs of death,

His flying friends to foreign fields bequeath.



The conqu'ring damsel, with expanded wings, 1255  
The welcome message to her mistress brings.

Their leader lost, the Volscians quit the field;  
And, unsustain'd, the chiefs of Turnus yield.

The frighted soldiers, when their captains fly,  
More on their speed than on their strength rely. 1260

Confus'd in flight, they bear each other down;

And spur their horses headlong to the town.

Driv'n by their foes, and to their fears resign'd  
Not once they turn; but take their wounds behind.

These drop the shield, and those the lance forego; 1265  
Or on their shoulders bear the slacken'd bow.

The hoofs of horses with a rattling sound,  
Beat short, and thick, and shake the rotten ground.

Black clouds of dust come rolling in the sky,

And o'er the darken'd walls, and rampires fly. 1270

The trembling matrons, from their lofty stands,

Rend heav'n with female shrieks; and wring their hands.

All pressing on, pursuers and pursu'd,

Are crush'd in crowds, a mingled multitude.

Some happy few escape: the throng too late 1275

Rush on for entrance, till they choke the gate.

Ev'n in the sight of home, the wretched fire

Looks on, and sees his helpless son expire.

Then, in a fright, the folding gates they close :  
 But leave their friends excluded with their foes. 1280  
 The vanquish'd cry ; the victors loudly shout ;  
 'Tis terror all within ; and slaughter all without.  
 Blind in their fear, they bounce against the wall,  
 Or to the moats pursu'd, precipitate their fall.

The Latian virgins, valiant with despair, 1285  
 Arm'd on the tow'rs the common danger share :  
 So much of zeal their country's cause inspir'd ;  
 So much Camilla's great example fir'd.  
 Poles, sharpen'd in the flames, from high they throw ;  
 With imitated darts to gaul the foe, 1290  
 Their lives, for godlike freedom they bequeath,  
 And crowd each other to be first in death.

Mean time to Turnus, ambush'd in the shade,  
 With heavy tidings, came th' unhappy maid.

The Volscians overthrown, Camilla kill'd, 1295  
 The foes intirely masters of the field,

Like a resistless flood, come rolling on :

The cry goes off the plain, and thickens to the town.

Inflam'd with rage, (for so the furies fire  
 The Daunian's breast, and so the fates require,) 1300  
 He leaves the hilly pass, the woods in vain  
 Possess'd, and downward issues on the plain :

Scarce was he gone, when to the straights, now freed  
From secret foes, the Trojan troops succeed.

Thro' the black forest, and the ferny brake, 1305  
Unknowingly secure, their way they take.

From the rough mountains to the plain descend;  
And there, in order drawn, their line extend.

Both armies, now, in open fields are seen:

Nor far the distance of the space between. 1310

Both to the city bend: Æneas sees,

Thro' smoking fields, his hast'ning enemies:

And Turnus views the Trojans in array,

And hears th' approaching horses proudly neigh.

Soon had their hosts in bloody battle join'd; 1315

But westward to the sea the sun declin'd.

Intrench'd before the town, both armies lie:

While night with fable wings involves the sky.



THE  
TWELFTH BOOK  
OF THE  
ÆNEID.

THE  
A R G U M E N T.

*T*URNUS challenges Æneas to a single combat: articles are agreed on, but broken by the Rutuli, who wound Æneas: he is miraculously cur'd by Venus, forces Turnus to a duel, and concludes the poem with his death.



## The Twelfth Book of the

## Æ N E I S.

WHEN Turnus saw the Latins leave the field,  
 Their armies broken, and their courage  
 [quell'd;

Himself become the mark of publick spight,

His honour question'd for the promis'd fight:

The more he was with vulgar hate oppress'd, 5

The more his fury boil'd within his breast:

He rous'd his vigour for the late debate;

And rais'd his haughty soul, to meet his fate.

As when the swains the Libyan lion chase,

He makes a four retreat, nor mends his pace: 10

But if the pointed jav'lin pierce his side,

The lordly beast returns with double pride:

He wrenches out the steel, he roars for pain;

His sides he lashes, and erects his mane:

So Turnus fares; his eye-balls flash with fire, : 5  
Thro' his wide nostrils clouds of smoke expire.

Trembling with rage, around the court he ran;  
At length approach'd the king, and thus began.

No more excuses or delays: I stand  
In arms prepar'd to combat, hand to hand, 20 }  
This base deserter of his native land.

The Trojan, by his word, is bound to take  
The same conditions which himself did make.

Renew the trace, the solemn rites prepare,  
And to my single virtue trust the war. 25

The Latians unconcern'd shall see the fight;  
This arm unaided shall assert your right:

Then, if my prostrate body press the plain,  
To him the crown, and beauteous bride remain.

To whom the king sedately thus reply'd; 30  
Brave youth, the more your valour has been try'd,

The more becomes it us, with due respect  
To weigh the chance of war, which you neglect.

You want not wealth, or a successive throne,  
Or cities, which your arms have made your own; 35

My towns and treasures are at your command;  
And stor'd with blooming beauties is my land:

More than one Lavinia sees,  
Unmarry'd, fair, of noble families.

Now, let me speak, and you with patience hear, 40  
 Things which perhaps may grate a lover's ear :  
 But sound advice, proceeding from a heart,  
 Sincerely yours, and free from fraudulent art.

The gods, by signs, have manifestly shown,  
 No prince, Italian born, should heir my throne: 45  
 Oft have our augurs, in prediction skill'd,  
 And oft our priests, a foreign son reveal'd.  
 Yet, won by worth, that cannot be withstood,  
 Brink'd by my kindness to my kindred blood,  
 Urg'd by my wife, ~~who~~ won'd not be deny'd, 50  
 I promis'd my Lavinia for your bride :  
 Her from her plighted lord by force I took ;  
 All ties of treaties, and of honour broke :  
 On your account, I wag'd an ambitious war,  
 With what success 'tis needless to declare ; 55  
 I and my subjects feel ; and you have had your share. }  
 Twice vanquish'd, while in bloody fields we strive,  
 Scarce in our walls, we keep our hopes alive :  
 The rolling flood runs warm with human gore ;  
 The bones of Latians glance the neighb'ring shore : 60  
 Why put I not an end to this debate,  
 Still unresolv'd, and still a slave to fate ?



If Turnus' death a lasting peace can give,  
 Why should not I procure it whilst you live?  
 Should I, to doubtful arms your youth betray, 65  
 What wou'd my kinsmen, the Rutulians, say?  
 And should you fall in fight, (which heav'n defend)  
 How curse the cause, which hasten'd to his end,  
 The daughter's lover, and the father's friend?  
 Weigh in your mind, the various chance of war, 70  
 Pity your parent's age; and ease his care.

Such balmy words he pour'd, but all in vain;  
 The proffer'd med'cine but provok'd the pain.  
 The wrathful youth disdaining the relief,  
 With intermitting sobs, thus vents his grief: 75  
 Thy care, O best of fathers, which you take  
 For my concerns, at my desire forsake.  
 Permit me not to languish out my days;  
 But make the best exchange of life for praise.  
 This arm, this lance, can well dispute the prize; 80  
 And the blood follows, where the weapon flies;  
 His goddess mother is not near, to shrowd  
 The flying coward with an empty cloud.

But now the queen, who fear'd for Turnus' life,  
 And loath'd the hard conditions of the strife, 85  
 Held him by force; and, dying in his death,  
 In these sad accents gave her sorrow breath.

O Turnus, I adjure thee by these tears;  
 And whate'er price Amata's honour bears  
 Within thy breast, since thou art all my hope, 90  
 My sickly mind's repose, my sinking age's prop;  
 Since on the safety of thy life alone  
 Depends Latinus, and the Latian throne:  
 • Refuse me not this one, this only pray'r;  
 To wave the combat, and pursue the war, 95  
 Whatever chance attends this fatal strife;  
 Th' ~~it~~ includes in ~~it~~ Amata's life.  
 I cannot live a slave; or see my throne  
 Usurp'd by strangers, or a Trojan son.

At this, a flood of tears Lavinia shed; 100  
 A crimson blush her beauteous face o'erspread,  
 Varying her cheeks by turns, with white and red.  
 The driving colours, never at a stay,  
 Run here and there; and flush, and fade away.  
 • Delightful change! thus Indian iv'ry flows, 105  
 Which with the bord'ring paint of purple glows;  
 Or lilies damask'd by the neighb'ring rose.  
 The lover gaz'd, and burning with desire,  
 The more he look'd, the more he fed the fire:  
 Revenge, and jealous rage, and secret spight, 110  
 Roll in his breast, and rouse him to the fight.

Then fixing on the queen his ardent eyes,  
Firm to his first intent, he thus replies.

O mother, do not by your tears prepare  
Such boding omens, and prejudice the war. 115  
Resolv'd on fight, I am no longer free  
To shun my death, if heav'n my death decree.

Then turning to the herald, thus pursues ;  
Go, greet the Trojan with ungrateful news.  
Denounce from me, that when to-morrow's light 120  
Shall gild the heav'ns, he need not urge the fight :  
The Trojan and Rutulian troops no more  
Shall dye, with mutual blood, the Latian shore :  
Our single swords the quarrel shall decide,  
And to the victor be the beauteous bride. 125

He said, and striding on, with speedy pace  
He sought his courfers of the Thracian race.  
At his approach, they toss their heads on high ;  
And proudly neighing, promise victory.  
The fires of these Orithia sent from far, 130  
To grace Ælumnus, when he went to war.  
The drifts of Thracian snows were scarce so white,  
Nor northern winds in fleetness match'd their flight.

Officious grooms stand ready by his side ; 134  
 And some with combs their flowing manes divide,  
 And others stroke their chests, and gently tooth  
 { their pride. }

He sheath'd his limbs in arms ; a temper'd mail  
 Of golden metal those, and mountain brass.  
 • Then to his head his glitt'ring helm he ty'd ;  
 And girt his faithful scabbion to his side. 140  
 In his Ætnean forge, the god of fire  
 The scabbion labour'd for the hero's fire  
 Immortal keenness on the blade bestow'd,  
 And plung'd it hissing in the Stygian flood.  
 Prop'd on a pillar, which the ceiling bore, 145  
 Was plac'd the lance Æuruncan Actor wore,  
 Which with such force he brandish'd in his hand,  
 The tough ash trembled like an osier wand.  
 Then cry'd, O pond'rous spoil of Actor slain,  
 And never yet by Turnus tols'd in vain, 150  
 Fail not this day thy wonted force, but go,  
 Sent by this hand, to pierce the Trojan foe :  
 Give me to tear his corslet from his breast,  
 And from that eunuch head, to rend the crest :  
 Drag'd in the dust, his frizled hair to soil, 155  
 Hot from the vesing ir'n, and smear'd with fragrant oil.

Thus while he raves, from his wide nostrils flies  
A fiery steam, and sparkles from his eyes.

So fares the bull in his lov'd female's sight;  
Proudly he bellows, and precludes the fight. 160

He tries his goring horns against a tree:

And meditates his absent enemy.

He pushes at the winds, he digs the strand

With his black hoofs, and spurns the yellow sand.

Nor lets the Trojan, in his Lemnian arms; 165

To future fight his manly courage warms.

He whets his fury, and with joy prepares,

To terminate at once the ling'ring wars.

To cheer his chiefs, and tender son, relates

What heav'n had promis'd, and expounds the

[fates. 170

Then to the Latian king he sends, to cease

The rage of arms, and ratify the peace.

The morn' ensuing from the mountain's height,

Had scarcely spread the skies with rosy light;

Th' ethereal coursers bounding from the sea, 175

From out their flaming nostrils breath'd the day:

When now the Trojan and Rutulian guard,

In friendly labour join'd, the list prepar'd.

Beneath the walls, they measure out the space; 179  
Then sacred altars rear, on sods of grass;  
Where, with religious rites, their common gods they  
[place.]

In purest white, the priests their heads attire,  
And living waters bear, and holy fire:  
And o'er their linen hoods, and shaded hair,  
Long twisted wreaths of sacred vervain wear. 185

In order issuing from the town appears  
The Latin legion, arm'd with pointed spears  
And from the fields, advancing on a line,  
The Trojan and the Tuscan forces join:  
Their various arms afford a pleasing sight: 190  
A peaceful train they seem, in peace prepar'd for fight.

Betwixt the ranks the proud commanders ride,  
Glitt'ring with gold, and vests in purple dy'd.  
Here Mnestheus, author of the Memmian line,  
And there Messapus born of seed divine. 195  
The sign is giv'n, and round the list'd space,  
Each man in order fills his proper place.  
Reclining on their ample shields, they stand;  
And fix their pointed lances in the sand:  
Now, studious of the fight, a numerous throng 200  
Of either sex promiscuous, old and young,

Swarm from the town: by those who rest behind,  
The gates and walls, and houses tops are lin'd.

Mean time the queen of heav'n beheld the fight,  
With eyes unpleas'd, from mount Albano's  
[height: 205

(Since call'd Albano, by succeeding time,  
But then an empty hill, without a name.)

She thence survey'd the field, the Trojan powers,  
The Latian squadrons, and Laureatine towers.

Then thus the goddess of the skies bespoke: 210

With sighs and tears, the goddess of the lake;

King Turnus' sister, once a lovely maid,

Ere to the lust of lawless Jove betray'd,

Compress'd by force, but by the graceful god,

Now made the Naïs of the neighboring flood. 215

O nymph, the pride of living lakes, said she,

O most renown'd, and most lov'd by me,

Long hast thou known, nor need I to record

The wanton follies of my wandering lord:

Of ev'ry Latian fair, whom Jove misled, 220

To mount by stealth my violated bed,

To thee alone I grudg'd not his embrace;

But gave a part of heav'n, and an unenvy'd place.

Now learn from me, thy near approaching grief,

Nor think my wishes want to thy relief. 225

While fortune favour'd, nor heav'n's king deny'd,  
To lend my succour to the Latian side,

I sav'd thy brother, and the sinking state;

But now he struggles with unequal fate;

And goes with gods averse, o'ermatch'd in

[might, 230]

To meet inevitable death in fight:

Nor must I break the truce, nor can sustain the  
fight.

Then, if thou dar'st, thy present aid supply.

It well becomes a sister's care to try.

At this the lovely nymph, with grief oppress'd, 235

Thrice tore her hair, and beat her comely breast:

To whom Saturnia thus; thy tears are late:

Haste, snatch him, if he can be snatch'd, from fate.

New tumults kindle, violate the truce;

Who knows what changeeful fortune may pro-

[duce? 240]

'Tis not a crime t' attempt what I decree,

Or if it were, discharge the crime on me.

She said, and, failing on the winged wind,

Left the sad nymph suspended in her mind.

And now in pomp the peaceful kings appear: 245

Four steeds the chariot of Latinus bear:



As we the golden beams around his temples play,  
To mark his lineage from the god of day.

Two snowy couriers Turnus' chariot yoke,  
And in his hand two massy spears he shook:

Then issu'd from the camp, in arms divine,  
Æneas, author of the Roman line:

And by his side Ascanus took his place,  
The second hope of Rome's immortal race.

Adorn'd in white, a rev'rend priest appears, 255  
And on rings to the flaming altar bears;  
A porker, and a lamb, that never suffer'd shears. }

Then, to the rising sun he turns his eyes,  
And shivers the beasts design'd for sacrifice,  
With salt, and meal with like officious care 260

He marks their foreheads, and he clips their hair.  
Betwixt their horns the purple wine he sheds,  
With the same gen'rous juice the flame he feeds.

Æneas then upleath'd his shining sword,  
And thus with pious pray'r the gods ador'd. 265

All-seeing sun, and thou Ausonian god,  
For which I have sustain'd so long a toil,  
Thou king of heav'n, and thou the queen of  
(Propitious now, and reconcil'd by pray'r.)  
Thou god of war, whose unresist'd sway 270

The labours and events of arms obey;



*L'effluve sanguin*





Ye living fountains, and ye running floods,  
All pow'rs of ocean, all ethereal gods,  
Hear, and bear record, if I fall in field,  
Or recreant in the fight, to Turnus yield, 275  
My Trojans shall increase Evander's tow'rt;  
Ascanius shall renounce the Ausonian crown.  
All claims, all questions of debate shall cease;  
Nor he, nor they, with force infringe the peace.  
But if my juster arms prevail in fight, 280  
As sure they shall, if I divine aright,  
My Trojans shall not o'er th' Italians reign.  
Both equal, both unconquer'd shall remain:  
Join'd in their laws, their lands, and their abodes,  
I ask but altars for my weary gods. 285  
The care of those religious rites be mine  
The crown to king Lâtinus I resign;  
His be the sov'reign sway. Nor will I share  
His pow'r in peace, or his command in war:  
For me, my friends another town shall frame, 290  
And bless the rising tow'rs, with fair Lavinia's name.  
Thus he. Then with erected eyes and hands,  
The Latian king before his altar stands.  
By the same heav'n, said he, and earth, and main,  
And all the pow'rs, that all the three contain; 295

By Jove below, and by that upper god,  
 Whose thunder signs the peace, who seals it with his  
 [nod ;

So let Latona's double offspring hear,  
 And double-fronted Janus what I swear :  
 I touch the sacred altars, touch the flames, 300  
 And all those powers attest, and all their names,  
 Whatever chance befall on either side,  
 No term of time this union shall divide :  
 No force, no fortune, shall my vows untie,  
 Or shake the steadfast tenour of my mind : 305  
 Not tho' the circling seas should break their bound,  
 O'erflow the shores, or sap the solid ground ;  
 Not tho' the lamps of heav'n their spheres forsake,  
 Hurl'd down, and lulling in the nether lake :  
 Ev'n as this royal scepter, (for he bore 310  
 A scepter in his hand) shall never more  
 Shoot out in branches, or renew the birth ;  
 (An orphan now, cut from the mother earth  
 By the keen ax; dishonour'd of its hair,  
 And cas'd in brass, for Latian kings to bear.) 315

When thus in publick view the peace was ty'd,  
 With solemn vows, and sworn on either side,  
 All dues perform'd which holy rites require ;  
 The victim beasts are slain before the fire : .

The trembling entrails from their bodies torn, 320  
And to the fatten'd flames in chargers borne.

Already the Rutulians deem their man  
O'ermatch'd in arms, before the fight began.  
First rising fears are whisper'd thro' the crowd;  
Then, gath'ring sound, they murmur more aloud. 325

Now side to side, they measure with their eyes  
The champions bulk, their sinews and their size  
The nearer they approach, the more is known  
The apparent disadvantage of their own.  
Turnus himself appears in publick fight 330  
Conscious of fate, desponding of the fight.  
Slowly he moves; and at his altar stands  
With eyes dejected, and with trembling hands.  
And while he mutters undistinguish'd pray'rs,  
A livid deadness in his cheeks appears. 335

With anxious pleasure when Juturna view'd  
Th' increasing fright of the mad multitude,  
When their short sighs, and thickning sobs she heard,  
And found their ready minds for change prepar'd;  
Dissembling her immortal form, she took 340  
Camertus' mien, his habit, and his look,  
A chief of ancient blood, in arms well known  
Was his great sire, and he, his greater son.

His shape assum'd, amid the ranks she ran,  
And humouring their first motions, thus began. 345

For shame, Rutulians, can you bear the sight  
Of one expos'd for all, in single fight ?

Can we, before the face of heav'n, confess  
Our courage colder, or our numbers less ?

View all the Trojan host, th' Arcadian band, 350  
And Tuscan army ; count 'em as they stand :

Undaunted to the battle if we go,

Scarce ev'ry second man will share a foe.

Turnus, 'tis true, in this unequal strife

Shall lose, with honour, his devoted life : 355

Or change it rather for immortal fame,

Succeeding to the gods, from whence he came :

But you, a servile, and inglorious band,

For foreign lords shall sow your native land :

Those fruitful fields, your fighting fathers gain'd, 360

Which have so long their lazy sons sustain'd

With words like these, she carry'd her design :

A rising murmur runs along the line.

Then ev'n the city troops, and Latians, tir'd

With tedious war, seem with new souls inspir'd : 265

Their champion's fate with pity they lament ;

And of the league, so lately sworn, repent.

Nor fails the goddess to foment the rage  
 With lying wonders, and a false presage.  
 But adds a sign, which, present to their eyes, 370  
 Inspires new courage, and a glad surprize.  
 For, sudden, in the fiery tracts above,  
 Appears in pomp th' imperial bird of Jove  
 A plump of fowl he spies, that swim the lakes;  
 And o'er their heads his sounding pinions shakes. 375  
 Then stooping on the fairest of the train,  
 In his strong talons, truss'd a silver swan.  
 Th' Italians wonder at th' unusual sight;  
 But while he lags, and labours in his flight,  
 Behold the dastard fowl return anew; 380  
 And with united force the foe pursue.  
 Clam'rous around the royal hawk they fly;  
 And thick'ning in a cloud, o'ershadè the sky.  
 They cuff, they scratch, they cross his airy course;  
 Nor can th' incumber'd bird sustain their force: 385  
 But vex'd, not vanquish'd, drops the pond'rous prey,  
 And, lighten'd of his burden, wings his way.

Th' Ausonian bands with shouts salute the fight;  
 Eager of action, and demand the fight.  
 Then king Tolumnus, vers'd in augurs' arts, 390  
 Comes out, and thus his boasted skill imparts.



At length 'tis granted, what I long desir'd ;  
 This, this is what my frequent vows requir'd  
 Ye gods, I take your oath, and obey :  
 Advance, my friends, and charge, I lead the way. 395  
 These are the foreign foes, whose impious band,  
 Like that rapacious bird, infest our land :  
 But soon, like him, they shall be forc'd to sea  
 By strength united, and forego the prey ;  
 Your timely succour to your country bring ; 400  
 Haste to the rescue ; and redeem your king.  
 He said and pressing onward, thro' the crew,  
 Pois'd in his lifted arm, his lance he threw.  
 The winged weapon, whistling in the wind,  
 Came driving on, nor miss'd the mark design'd. 405  
 At once the cornel rattled in the skies ;  
 At once tumultuous shouts and clamours rise,  
 Nine brothers in a goodly band there stood,  
 Born of Arcadian mix'd with Tuscan blood :  
 Gylippus' sons : the fatal jav'lin flew, 410  
 Aim'd at the midmost of the friendly crew.  
 A passage thro' the jointed arms it found,  
 Just where the belt was to the body bound ;  
 And struck the gentle youth extended on the ground. }  
 Then fir'd with pious rage, the gen'rous train 415  
 Run madly forward to revenge the slain.

And some with eager haste their jav'lines throw ;

And some with sword in hand assault the foe.

The wish'd insult the Latin troops embrace ;

And meet their ardour in the middle space. 420

The Trojans, Tuscans, and Arcadian line,

With equal courage obviate their design.

Peace leaves the violated fields ; and hate

Both armies urges to their mutual fate.

With impious haste their altars are o'erturn'd, 425

The sacrifice half broil'd, and half unburn'd.

Thick storms of steel from either army fly,

And clouds of clashing darts obscure the sky :

Brands from the fire, are missive weapons made ;

With chargers, bows, and all the priestly trade. 430

Latinus frighted, hastens from the fray,

And bears his unregarded gods away.

These on their horses vault, those yoke the car ;

The rest with swords on high, run headlong to the

[war.

Messapus, eager to confound the peace, 435

Spurr'd his hot courser thro' the fighting press,

At king Aulestes ; by his purple known

A Tuscan prince, and by his regal crown ;

And with a shock encount'ring, bore him down.

Backward he fell; and 'as his fate design'd 440  
 The ruins of an altar were behind:  
 There pitching on his shoulders, and his head,  
 Amid the scatt'ring fires he lay supinely spread.  
 The heavy spear descending from above,  
 His cuirass pierc'd, and thro' his body drove. 445  
 Then, with a mournful smile, the victor cries;  
 The gods have found a fitter sacrifice.  
 Greedy of spoils, th' Italians strip the dead  
 Of his rich armour; and uncrown his head.  
 Priest Choniceus arm'd his better hand, 450  
 From his own altar, with a blazing brand:  
 And, 'as Euboeus with a thund'ring pace.  
 Advanc'd to battle, dash'd it on his face.  
 His bristly beard shines out with sudden fires,  
 The crackling crop a noisome scent expies. 455  
 Following the blow, he seiz'd his curling crown  
 With his left hand; his other cast him down,  
 The prostrat'd body with his knees he press'd;  
 And plung'd his holy poinard in his breast.  
 While Podalirius, with his sword, pursu'd 460  
 The shepherd Alsius thro' the flying crowd,  
 Swiftly he turns; and aims a deadly blow,  
 Full on the front of his unwary foe.

The broad axe enters with a crashing sound,  
 And leaves the chin, with one continu'd wound : 465  
 Warm blood, and mingled brains, besmear his arms  
 [around,].

An iron sleep his stupid eyes oppress'd,  
 And seal'd their heavy lids in endless rest.  
 But good Æneas rush'd amid the bands,  
 Bare was his head, and naked were his hands, 470  
 In sign of truce : then thus he cries aloud,  
 What sudden rage, what new desire of blood  
 Inflames your alter'd minds ? O Trojans cease  
 Front impious arms, nor violate the peace.  
 By human fictions, and by laws divine, 475  
 The terms are all agreed, the war is mine.  
 Dismiss your fears, and let the fight ensue ;  
 This hand alone shall right the gods and you.  
 Our injur'd altars, and their broken vow,  
 To this avenging sword the faithless Turnus owe. 480  
 Thus while he spoke, unmindful of defence,  
 A winged arrow struck the pious prince,  
 But whether from some human hand it came,  
 Or hostile god, is left unknown by fame :  
 No human hand, or hostile god was found, 485  
 To boast the triumph of so base a wound.

When Turnus saw the Trojan quit the plain,  
 His chiefs dismay'd, his troops a fainting train,  
 Th' unhop'd event his heighten'd soul inspires,  
 At once his arms and couriers he requires 490

Then, with a leap, his lofty chariot gains,  
 And with a ready hand assumes the reins.

He drives impetuous, and where-e'er he goes,

He leaves behind a lane of slaughter'd foes.

These his lance reaches, over those he rolls 495

His rapid car, and crushes out their souls :

In vain the vanquish'd fly, the victor sends

The dead men's weapons at their living friends.

Thus on the banks of Icthus' freezing flood

The god of battles, in his angry mood, 500

Clashing his sword against his brazen shield,

Lets loose the reins, and flours along the field :

Before the wind his fiery couriers fly,

Groans the sad earth, rebounds the rattling sky.

Wrath, terror, treason, tumult, and despair, 505

Dire faces, and deform'd, surround the car ;

Friends of the god, and followers of the war.

With fury not unlike, nor less disdain,

Exulting Turnus flies along the plain :

His smoking horses, at their utmost speed, 510

He lashes on, and urges o'er the dead.

Their fetlocks run with blood ; and when they  
[bound,

The goe, and gath'ring dust, are dash'd around.

Thamyris and Pholus, masters of the war,

He kill'd at hand, but Sthelenus afar : 515

From far the sons of Imbracus he slew,

Glaucus, and Laides, of the Lycian crew :

Both taught to fight on foot, in battle join'd ;

On mount the courser that out-strips the wind.

Mean time Eumedes, vaunting in the field, 520

New fir'd the Trojans, and their foes repell'd.

This son of Dolon bore his grandfire's name ;

But emulated more his father's fame.

His guileful father, sent a nightly spy,

The Grecian camp and order to descry : 525

Hard enterprize, and wult he might require

Achilles' carr, and horses, for his hire ;

But, met upon the scout, th' Etolian prince

In death bestow'd a juster recompence.

Pierce Turnus view'd the Trojan from afar ; 530

And lanc'd his jav'lin from his lofty carr :

Then lightly leaping down, pursu'd the blow ;

And, pressing with his foot, his prostrate foe,

Wrench'd from his feeble hold the shining sword ;

And plung'd it in the bosom of its lord. 535

Possess, said he, the fruit of all thy pains,  
 And measure, at thy length, ou' Latian plains  
 Thus are my foes rewarded by my hand,  
 Thus may they build their town, and thus enjoy the  
 [land.

Then Daris, Rutis, Sybaris he slew, 540  
 Whom o'er his neck the flound'ring courser threw.  
 As when loud Boreas with his blust'ring train,  
 Stoops from above, incumbent on the main,  
 Where-e'er he flies, he drives the rack before,  
 And rolls the billows on th' Ægean shore. 545  
 Somewhere resistless Turnus takes his course,  
 The scatter'd squadrons bend before his force:  
 His crest of horses hair is blown behind,  
 By adverse air, and ruffles in the wind.

This, haughty Phegeus saw with high disdain, 550  
 And as the chariot roll'd along the plain,  
 Light from the ground he leapt, and seiz'd the  
 [rem.]

Thus hung in air, he still retain'd his hold;  
 The couriers frighted, and their course control'd.  
 The lance of Turnus reach'd him as he hung, 555  
 And pierc'd his plated arms; but pass'd along  
 And only raz'd the skin: he turn'd, and held  
 Against his threat'ning foe his ample shield,

Then call'd for aid : but while he cry'd in vain,  
The chariot bore him backward on the plain. 560

He lies revers'd, the victor-king descends,

And strikes so justly where his helmet ends,

He lops the head. The Latian fields are drunk,

With streams that issue from the bleeding trunk.

While he triumphs, and while the Trojans

[yield, 565

The wounded prince is forc'd to leave the field :

Strong Mæthæus, and Achates often try'd,

And young Ascanius weeping by his side,

Conduct him to his tent : scarce can he rear

His limbs from earth, supported on his spear. 570

Resolv'd in mind, regardless of the smart,

He tugs with both his hands, and breaks the dart.

The steel remains. No easier way he found

To draw the weapon, than t' enlarge the wound.

Fager of fight, impatient of delay, 575

He begs, and his unwilling friends obey.

Iapis was at hand to prove his art,

Whose blooming youth so fir'd Apollo's heart,

That for his love he proffer'd to bestow

His tuneful harp, and his unerring bow. 580



The pious youth, more studious how to save  
 His aged fire, now sinking to the grave,  
 Preferr'd the pow'r of plants, and silent praise  
 Of healing arts, before Phœbeian bays.

Prop'd on his lance the pensive hero stood, 585  
 And heard, and saw unmov'd, the mourning crowd.

The fam'd physician tucks his robes around  
 With ready hands, and hastens to the wound.

With gentle touches he performs his part,  
 This way and that, solliciting the dart, 590 }  
 And exercises all his heav'nly art.

All soft'ning simples, known of sov'reign use,  
 He presses out, and pours their noble juice;

These first infus'd, to lenify the pain,  
 He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain. 595

Then to the patron of his art he pray'd;  
 The patron of his art refus'd his aid.

Mean time the war approaches to the tents:  
 Th' alarm grows hotter, and the noise augments:

The driving dust proclaims the danger near, 600 }  
 And first their friends, and then their foes appear;  
 Their friends retreat, their foes pursue the rear.

The camp is fill'd with terror and affright;  
 The hissing shafts within the trench alight;

An undistinguish'd noise ascends the sky, 605

The shouts of those who kill, and groans of those  
[who die.

But now the goddess mother, mov'd with grief,  
And pierc'd with pity, hastens her relief.

A branch of healing Dittany she brought,  
Which in the Cretan fields with care she sought : 610  
Rough is the stem, which woolly leaves surround ;  
The leaves with flow'rs, the flow'rs with purple  
[crown'd ?

Well known to wounded goats ; a sure relief

To draw the pointed steel, and ease the grief.

This Venus brings, in clouds involv'd ; and brews 615

Th' extracted liquor with Ambrosian dews,

And od'rous Panacee : unseen she stands,

Temp'ring the mixture with her heav'nly hands :

And pours it in a bowl, already crown'd

With juice of med'c'nal herbs prepar'd to bathe the  
[wound.

The leech, unknowing of superior art, 621

Which aids the cure, with this somenits the part. }

And in a moment ceas'd the raging smart.

Stanch'd is the blood, and in the bottom stands :

The steel, but scarcely touch'd with tender hands, 625

Moves up, and follows of its own accord;  
 And health and vigour are at once restor'd.  
 Jäpis first perceiv'd the closing wound;  
 And first the footsteps of a god he found.  
 Arms, arms, he cries, the sword and shield pre-  
 [pare, 630

And send the willing chief, renew'd to war.  
 'Tis this is no mortal work, no cure of mine,  
 Nor art's effect, but done by hands divine:  
 Some god our gen'ral to the battle sends;  
 Some god preserves his life for greater ends. 635

The hero arms in haste: his hands infold  
 His thighs with cuisses of resurgent gold.  
 Inflam'd to fight, and rushing to the field,  
 That hand sustaining the celestial shield,  
 This grips the lance; and with such vigour shakes,  
 That to the rest the beamy weapon quakes. 641

Then, with a close embrace he strain'd his son;  
 And kissing thro' his helmet, thus begun.  
 My son, from my example learn the war,  
 In camps to suffer, and in fields to dare: 645 }  
 But happier chance than mine attend thy care.  
 This day my hand thy tender æge shall shield,  
 And crown with honours of the conquer'd field:

Thou, when thy riper years shall lend thee forth,  
To toils of war, be mindful of my worth, 650  
Assert thy birthright; and in arms be known,  
For Hector's nephew, and Æneas' son.

He said; and, striding, issu'd on the plain;  
Anteus, and Mnestheus, and a numerous train  
Attend his steps: the rest their weapons take, 655  
And crowding to the field, the camp forsake.  
A clout of blinding dust is rais'd around;  
Labours beneath their feet the trembling ground.

Now Turnus, posted on a hill, from far  
Beheld the progress of the moving war: 660  
With him the Latins view'd the cover'd plains;  
And the chill blood ran backward in their veins.  
Juturna saw th' advancing troops appear;  
And heard the hostile sound, and fled for fear.  
Æneas leads; and draws a sweeping train, 665  
Clos'd in their ranks, and pouring on the plain.  
As when a whirlwind rushing to the shore,  
From the mid ocean drives the waves before:  
The painful hind, with heavy heart foresees  
The flatted fields, and slaughter of the trees; 670  
With such impetuous rage the prince appears,  
Before his doubled front; nor less destruction bears.

And now both armies shock, in open field ;

Opyris is by strong Thymbræus kill'd.

Archetius, Ufens, Epulon, are slain ; 675

(All fam'd in arms, and of the Latian train ;)

By Gyas, Mnestheus, and Achates' hand :

The fatal augur falls, by whose command

The truce was broken, and whose lance, embu'd

With Trojan blood, th' unhappy fight renew'd. 680

Loud shouts and clamours rend the liquid sky :

And o'er the field the frightened Latins fly.

The prince disdains the dastards to pursue,

Nor moves to meet in arms the fighting few :

Turnus alone, amid the dusky plain, 685

He seeks, and to the combat calls in vain.

Juturna heard, and seiz'd with mortal fear,

Forc'd from the beam her brother's charioteer ;

Assumes his shape, his armour, and his mien ;

And like Metiscus, in his seat is seen. 690

As the black swallow near the palace plies ;

O'er empty courts, and under arches flies :

Now hawks aloft, now skims along the flood,

To furnish her loquacious nest with food :

So drive the rapid goddesses o'er the plains ; 695

The smoking horses run with loosen'd reins.

She steers a various course among the foes ;  
Now here, now there, her conqu'ring brother shows :  
Now with a straight, now with a wheeling flight,  
She turns, and bends, but shuns the single fight. 700  
Æneas, fir'd with fury, breaks the crowd,  
And seeks his foe, and calls by name aloud :  
He runs within a narrower ring, and tries  
To stop the chariot, but the chariot flies.  
If he but gain a glimpse, Juturna fears, 705  
And far away the Daunian hero bears.

What shou'd he do ! nor arts nor arms avail  
And various cares in vain his mind assail ;  
The great Meffapus thund'ring thro' the field,  
In his left hand two pointed jav'lines held :  
Encount'ring on the prince, one dart he drew,  
And with unerring aim, and utmost vigour threw.  
Æneas saw it come, and stooping low  
Beneath his buckler, shunn'd the threat'ning blow.  
The weapon hiss'd above his head, and tore 715  
The waving plume, which on his helm he wore  
Forc'd by this hostile act, and fir'd with spite,  
That flying Turnus still declin'd the fight ;  
The prince, whose piety had long repell'd  
His inborn ardour, now invades the field : 720

'Invokes the pow'rs of violated peace,  
 Their rites, and injur'd altars to redress :  
 Then, to his rage abandoning the rein,  
 With blood and slaughter'd bodies fills the plain.

What god can tell, what numbers can display 725  
 The various labours of that fatal day ?

What chiefs, and champions fell on either side,  
 In combat slain, or by what deaths they dy'd ?

Whom Turnus, whom the Trojan hero kill'd .

Who shar'd the fame, and fortune of the field : 730

Jove, cou'dst thou view, and not avert thy sight, }  
 Two jarring nations join'd in cruel fight,  
 Who leagues of lasting love so shortly shall unite ! }

Æneas first Rutulian Sucro found,

Whose valour made the Trojans quit their ground :

Betwixt his ribs the jav'lin drove so just, 736

It reach'd his heart, nor needs a second thrust.

Now Turnus, at two blows, two brethren flew ;

First from his horse fierce Amicus he threw ;

Then leaping on the ground, on foot assail'd 740

Diore, and in equal fight prevail'd.

Their lifeless trunks he leaves upon the place ;

Their heads distilling gore, his chariot grace.

Three cold on earth the Trojan hero threw ;

Whom without respite at one charge he slew : 745

Cethægus, Tanais, Tagus, fell oppress'd,  
And sad Onythes, added to the rest;  
Of Theban blood, whom Peridia bore.

Turnus, two brothers from the Lycian shore,  
And from Apollo's fane to battle sent, 750  
O'erthrew, nor Phœbus cou'd their fate prevent.  
Peaceful Menætes after these he kill'd,  
Who long had shunn'd the dangers of the field:  
On Lerna's lake a silent life he led,  
And with his nets and angle earn'd his bread. 755  
Nor pompous cares, nor palaces he knew.  
But wisely from th' infectious world withdrew.  
Poor was his house; his father's painful hand  
Discharg'd his rent, and plough'd another's land

As flames among the lofty woods are thrown, 760  
On diff'rent sides, and both by winds are blown,  
The laurels crackle in the sputt'ring fire;  
The frighted silvans from their shades retire:  
Or as two neighb'ring torrents fall from high,  
Rapid they run; the foamy waters fry: 765  
They roll to sea, with unresisted force,  
And down the rocks precipitate their course!  
Not with less rage, the rival heroes take  
Their diff'rent ways; nor less destruction make.



With spears afar, with swords at hand they strike ;  
And zeal of slaughter fires their souls alike. 771

Like them, their dauntless men maintain the field,  
And hearts are pierc'd unknowing how to yield :  
They blow for blow return, and wound for wound ;  
And heaps of bodies raise the level ground. 775

Murranus, boasting of his blood, that springs  
From a long royal race of Latian kings,  
Is by the Trojan from his chariot thrown,  
'Crush'd with the weight of an unwieldy stone :'  
Betwixt the wheels he fell ; the wheels that bore 780  
His living load, his dying body tore.  
His starting steeds, to shun the glitt'ring sword,  
Paw down his trampled limbs ; forgetful of their lord.

Fierce Hillus threaten'd high ; and face to face  
Affronted Turnus in the middle space : 785  
The prince encounter'd him in full career,  
And at his temples aim'd the deadly spear :  
So fatally the flying weapon sped,  
That thro' his brazen helm it pierc'd his head.  
Nor Cisseus cou'dst thou 'scape from Turnus' hand, 790  
In vain the strongest of th' Arcadian band :  
Nor to Cupentus cou'd his gods afford  
Availing aid against th' Ænean sword :

Which to his naked heart pursu'd the course :  
Nor could his plated shield sustain the force. 795

Iolus fell, whom not the Grecian pow'rs,  
Nor great subverter of the Trojan tow'rs,  
Were doom'd to kill, while heav'n prolong'd his date :  
But who can pass the bounds prefix'd by fate ;  
In high Lyrnessus, and in Troy, he held 800  
Two palaces, and was from each expell'd  
Of all the mighty man, the last remains  
A little spot of foreign earth contains.

And now both hosts their broken troops unite,  
In equal ranks, and mix in mortal fight. 805  
Seresthus, and undaunted Meneceus join :  
The Trojan, Tuscan, and Arcadian line :  
Sea-born Messapus, with Atinas, heads  
The Latin squadrons, and to battle leads.  
They strike, they push, they throng the scanty space ;  
Resolv'd on death, impatient of disgrace ; 811  
And where one falls, another fills his place.

The Cyprian goddess now inspires her son  
To leave th' unfinish'd fight, and storm the town.  
For while he rolls his eyes around the plain, 815  
In quest of Turnus, whom he seeks in vain,

He views th' unguarded city from afar,  
In careless quiet, and secure of war :  
Occasion offers, and excites his mind,  
To dare beyond the task he first design'd. 820  
Resolv'd, he calls his chiefs ; they leave the fight ;  
Attended thus, he takes a neighb'ring height :  
The crowding troops about their gen'ral stand,  
All under arms, and wait his high command.  
Then thus the lofty prince : Hear and obey : 825  
Ye Trojan bands, without the least delay.  
Jove is with us, and what I have decreed  
Requires our utmost vigour, and our speed.  
Your infant arms against the town prepare ;  
The source of mischief, and the seat of war. 830  
This day the Latian tow'rs, that mate the sky,  
Shall level with the plain in ashes lie :  
The people shall be slaves ; unless in time  
They kneel for pardon, and repent their crime.  
Twice have our foes been vanquish'd on the plain ;  
Then shall I wait till Turnus will be slain ? 836  
Your force against the perjur'd city bend :  
There it began, and there the war shall end.  
The peace profan'd our rightful arms requires ;  
Cleanse the polluted place with purging fires. 840

He finish'd ; and one soul inspiring all,  
Form'd in a wedge, the foot approach the wall.  
Without the town, an unprovided train  
Of gaping, gazing citizens are slain.  
Some firebrands, others scaling ladders bear ; 845  
And those they toss aloft, and these they rear :  
The flames now launch'd, the feather'd arrows fly,  
The clouds of missile arms obscure the sky.  
Advancing to the front, the hero stands,  
And stretching out to heav'n his pious hands, 850  
Attests the gods, asserts his innocence,  
Upbraids with breach of faith th' Ausonian prince :  
Declares the royal honour doubly stain'd,  
And twice the rites of holy peace profan'd.

Dissenting clamours in the town arise ; 855  
Each will be heard, and all at once advise :  
One part for peace, and one for war contends :  
Some wou'd exclude their foes, and some admit their  
[friends.

The helpless king is hurry'd in the throng ;  
And whate'er tide prevails, is born along. 860

Thus when the swain, within a hollow rock,  
Invades the bees with suffocating smoke,  
They run around, or labour on their wings,  
Disus'd to flight ; and shoot their sleepy stings ;

To shun the bitter fumes, in vain they try ; 865  
 Black vapours, issuing from the vent, involve the sky.

But fate, and envious fortune, now prepare  
 To plunge the Latins' in the last despair.

The queen, who saw the foes invade the town ;  
 And brands on tops of burning houses thrown ; 870  
 Cast round her eyes, distracted with her fear ;  
 No troops of Turnus in the field appear.

Once more she stares abroad, but still in vain :  
 And then concludes the royal youth is slain.

Mad with her anguish, impotent to bear 875  
 The mighty grief, she loaths the vital air.

She calls herself the cause of all this ill,  
 And owns the dire effects of her ungovern'd will :  
 She raves against the gods, she beats her breast,  
 She tears with both her hands her purple vest, 880  
 Then round a beam a running noose she ty'd ;  
 And, fasten'd by the neck, obscenely dy'd.

Soon as the fatal news by Fame was blown,  
 And to her dames, and to her daughter known ;  
 The sad Lavinia rends her yellow hair, 885  
 And rosy cheeks ; the rest her sorrow share :  
 With shrieks the palace rings, and madness of de-  
 spair. }

The spreading rumour fills the publick place ;  
 Confusion, fear, distraction, and disgrace,  
 And silent shame are seen in ev'ry face. 890

Latinus tears his garments as he goes,  
 Both for his publick, and his private woes :  
 With filth his venerable beard besmears,  
 And fordid dust deforms his silver hairs.  
 And much he blames the softness of his mind, 895  
 Obnoxious to the charms of womankind,  
 And soon reduc'd to change, what he so well design'd :  
 To break the solemn league so long desir'd,  
 Not finish what his fates, and those of Troy, requir'd.

Now Turnus rolls aloof o'er empty plains, 900  
 And here and there some straggling foes he gleans  
 His flying courfers please him less and less,  
 Asham'd of easy fight, and cheap success.

Thus half contented, anxious in his mind,  
 The distant cries come driving in the wind : 905  
 Shouts from the walls, but shouts in murmurs drown'd ;  
 A jarring mixture, and a boding sound.

Alas, said he, what mean these dismal cries,  
 What doleful clamours from the town arise ?  
 Confus'd he stops, and backward pulls the reins : 910  
 She, who the driver's office now sustains,

Replies ; Neglect, my lord, these new alarms ;  
Here fight, and urge the fortune of your arms :  
There want not others to defend the wall :  
If by your rival's hand th' Italians fall. 915  
So shall your fatal sword his friends oppress,  
In honour equal, equal in success.  
To this, the prince : O sister, (for I knew  
The peace infring'd, proceeded first from you,)  
I knew you, when you mingled first in fight. 920  
And now in vain you wou'd deceive my sight :  
Why, goddess, this unprofitable care ?  
Who sent you down from heav'n, involv'd in air ?  
Your share of mortal sorrows to sustain,  
And see your brother bleeding on the plain ? 925  
For to what pow'r can Turnus have recourse,  
Or how resist his fate's prevailing force !  
These eyes beheld Murranus bite the ground.  
Mighty the man, and mighty was the wound.  
I heard my dearest friend, with dying breath, 930  
My name invoking to revenge his death :  
Brave Ufens fell with honour on the place ;  
To shut the shameful fight of my disgrace.  
On earth supine, a manly corpse he lies ;  
His vest and armour are the victor's prize. 935

Then shall I see Laurentum in a flame,  
Which only wanted to compleat my shame :  
How will the Latins hoot their champion's flight ;  
How Drances will insult, and point them to the fight :  
Is death so hard to bear ? ye gods below, 640  
(Since those above so small compassion show,)  
Receive a soul unfully'd yet with shame,  
Which not belies my great forefathers' name.

He said : and while he spoke, with flying speed,  
Came Sages urging on his foamy steed ; 945  
Fix'd on his wounded face a shaft he bore,  
And seeking Turpus sent his voice before :  
Turnus, on you, on you alone depends  
Our last relief ; compassionate your friends.  
Like lightning, fierce Æneas rolling on, 950  
With arms invests, with flames invades the town :  
The brands are toss'd on high : the winds conspire  
To drive along the deluge of the fire :  
All eyes are fix'd on you ; your foes rejoice ;  
Ev'n the king staggers, and suspends his choice. 955  
Doubts to deliver, or defend the town ;  
Whom to reject, or whom to call his son.  
The queen, on whom your utmost hopes were plac'd,  
Herself suborning death, has breath'd her last.



'Tis true, Messapus, fearless of his fate, 960  
 With fierce Atinas' aid, defends the gate :  
 On ev'ry side surrounded by the foe ;  
 The more they kill, the greater numbers grow ;  
 An iron harvest mounts, and still remains to mow. }  
 You, far aloof from your forsaken bands, 965  
 Your rolling chariot drive o'er empty sands.  
 Stupid he fate, his eyes on earth declin'd,  
 And various cares revolving in his mind :  
 Rage boiling from the bottom of his breast,  
 And sorrow mix'd with shame, his soul oppress'd ; 970  
 And conscious worth lay lab'ring in his thought :  
 And long by jealousy to madness wrought.  
 By slow degrees his reason drove away  
 The mists of passion, and resum'd her sway.  
 Then, rising on his car, he turn'd his look ; 975  
 And saw the town involv'd in fire and smoke.  
 A wooden tow'r with flames already blaz'd,  
 Which his own hands on beams and rafters rais'd :  
 And bridges laid above to join the space :  
 And wheels below to roll from place to place. 980  
 Sister, the fates have vanquish'd : let us go  
 The way which heav'n and my hard fortune show.  
 The fight is fix'd : nor shall the branded name  
 Of a base coward blot your brother's fame.

Death is my choice: but suffer me to try 985

My force, and vent my rage before I die.

He said, and leaping down without delay,

Thro' crowds of scatter'd foes he free'd his way. . .

Striding he pass'd, impetuous as the wind,

And left the grieving goddess far behind. 990

As when a fragment, from a mountain torn

By raging tempests, or by torrents born,

(Or sapp'd by time, or loosen'd from the roots,

Prone thro' the void the rocky ruin shoots,

Rolling from crag to crag, from steep to steep; 995

Down sink, at once, the shepherds and their sheep;

Involv'd alike, they rush to netherground,

Stun'd with the shock they fall, and stun'd from earth

[rebound .

So Turnus, hasting headlong to the town, .

Should'ring and shoving, bore the squadrons down.

Still pressing onward, to the walls he drew, 1001

Where shafts, and spears, and darts promiscuous  
flew;

And sanguine streams the slipp'ry ground embrew.

First stretching out his arm, in sign of peace;

He cries aloud, to make the combat cease; 1005

Rutulians, hold, and Latin troops retire;

The fight is mine, and me the gods require.

'Tis just that I shou'd vindicate alone  
The broken truce, or for the breach atone.  
This day shall free from wars th' Aulonian state, 1010  
Or finish my misfortunes in my fate.

Both armies from their bloody work desist  
And, bearing backward, form a spacious list.  
The Trojan hero, who receiv'd from fame 1014  
The welcome sound, and heard the champion's name,  
Soon leaves the taken works, and mounted walls,  
Greedy of war, where greater glory calls.

He springs to fight, exulting in his force;  
His jointed armour rattles in the course.  
Like Eryx, or like Athos, great he shows, 1020  
Or father Appenine, when white with snows,  
His head divine, obscure in clouds he hides,  
And shakes the sounding fœtels on his sides.

The nations over-aw'd, surcease the fight,  
Immoveable their bodies, fix'd their fight: 1025  
Ev'n Death stands still; nor from above they throw  
Their darts, nor drive their batt'ring rams below.

In silent order either army stands;  
And drop their swords, unknowing, from their hands.  
Th' Aulonian king beholds, with wond'ring sight, 1030  
Two mighty champions match'd in single fight;

Born under climes remote ; and brought by fate,  
With swords to try their titles to the state.

Now in clos'd field, each other from afar  
They view ; and rushing on, begin the war, 1035  
They lanch their spears, then hand to hand they meet ;  
The trembling soil resounds beneath their feet :  
Their bucklers clash ; thick blows descend from high,  
And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly  
Courage conspires with chance ; and both engage 1040  
With equal fortune yet, and mutual rage.

As when two bulls for their fair female fight,  
In Sila's shades, or on Taburnus' height ;  
With horns adverse they meet : the keeper flies.  
Mute stands the herd, the heifers roll their eyes ; 1045  
And wait th' event ; which victor they shall bear,  
And who shall be the lord, to rule the lusty year :  
With rage of love the jealous rivals burn,  
And push for push, and wound for wound return :  
Their dewlaps gor'd, their sides lav'd in blood : 1050  
Loud cries and roling sounds rebellow thro' the wood :  
Such was the combat in the list'd ground ;  
So clash their swords, and so their shields resound.

Jove sets the beam, in either scale he lays  
The champion's fate, and each exactly weighs. 1055

On this side life, and lucky chance ascends :

Loaded with death, that other scale descends.

Rais'd on the stretch, young Turnus aims a blow,

Full on the helm of his unguarded foe :

Shrill shouts and clamours ring on either side : 1060

As hopes and fears their panting hearts divide.

But all in pieces flies the traitor sword,

And, in the middle stroke, deserts his lord.

Now 'tis but death, or flight : disarm'd he flies,

When in his hand, an unknown hilt he spies. 1065

Fame says that Turnus, when his steeds he join'd,

• Hurrying to war, disorder'd in his mind,

• Snatch'd the first weapon, which his haste cou'd find. }

'Twas not the fated sword, his father bore ;

But that his charioteer Metiscus wore. 1070

This, while the Trojans fled, the toughness held.

But vain against the great Vulcanian shield.

The mortal-temper'd steel deceiv'd his hand :

The shiver'd fragments shone amid the sand.

Surpris'd with fear, he fled along the field ; 1075

And now forthright, and now in orbits wheel'd.

For here the Trojan troops the list furround ;

And there the pass is clos'd with pools and marshy

[ground.]

Æneas hastens, tho' with heavier pace,  
 His wound, so newly knit, retards the chase: 1080  
 And oft his trembling knees their aid refuse,  
 Yet pressing foot by foot his foe pursues.

Thus, when a fearful stag is clos'd around  
 With crimson toils, or in a river found;  
 High on the bank the deep-mouth'd hound appears;  
 Still opening, following still, where-e'er he steers: 1086  
 The persecuted creature to and fro,  
 Turns here and there to 'scape his Umbrian foe:  
 Steep is th' ascent, and if he gains the land,  
 The purple death is pitch'd along the strand. 1090  
 His eager foe determin'd to the chase,  
 Stretch'd at his length gains ground at ev'ry pace:  
 Now to his beamy head he makes his way,  
 And now he holds, or thinks he holds his prey:  
 Just at the pinch the stag springs out with fear, 1095  
 He bites the wind, and fills his sounding jaws with air.  
 The rocks, the lakes, the meadows ring with cries;  
 The mortal tumult mounts, and thunders in the skies.

Thus flies the Daunian prince: and, flying, blames  
 His tardy troops; and calling by their names, 1100  
 Demands his trusty word. The Trojan threats  
 The realm with ruin, and their ancient seats

To lay in ashes, if they dare supply  
 With arms or aid, his vanquish'd enemy :  
 Thus menacing, he still pursues the course, 1105  
 With vigour, tho' diminish'd of his force.  
 Ten times, already, round the lifted place,  
 One chief had fled, and t'other giv'n the chase :  
 No trivial prize is play'd ; for on the life  
 Or death of Turnus, now depends the strife. 1110  
 Within the space, an olive tree had stood,  
 A sacred shade, a venerable wood, }  
 For vows to Faunus paid, the Latins guardian god. }  
 Here hung the vests, and tablets were engrav'd,  
 Of sinking mariners from shipwreck sav'd. 1115  
 With heedless hands the Trojans fell'd the tree,  
 To make the ground inclos'd for combat free.  
 Deep in the root, whether by fate, or chance,  
 Or erring haste, the Trojan drove his lance : 1119  
 Then sloop'd, and tugg'd with force immense, to free  
 The incumber'd spear from the tenacious tree :  
 That when his fainting limbs pursu'd in vain,  
 His flying weapon might from far attain.  
 Confus'd with fear, bereft of human aid, 1124  
 Then Turnus to the gods, and first to Faunus pray'd.  
 O Faunus pity, and thou mother earth,  
 Where I thy foster son receiv'd my birth,

Hold fast the steel; if my religious hand  
 Your plant has honour'd, which your foes profan'd;  
 Propitious hear my pious pray'r! He said, 1130  
 Nor with successless vows involv'd their air,

Th'incumbent hero wrench'd, and pull'd, and strain'd  
 But still the stubborn earth the steel detain'd.

Juturna took her time: and while in vain  
 He strove, assum'd Metiscus' form again: 1135

And, in that imitated shape, restor'd  
 To the despairing prince, his Daunian sword.

The queen of love, who with disdain and grief,  
 Saw the bold nymph afford this prompt relief;  
 T'assist her offspring with a greater deed, 1140  
 From the tough root the ling'ring weapon freed.

Once more erect, the rival chiefs advance;  
 One trusts the sword, and one the pointed lance:  
 And both resolv'd alike, to try their fatal chance. }

Mean time imperial Jove to Juno spoke, 1145  
 Who from a shining cloud bestd the shock:  
 What new arrest, O queen of heav'n, is sent  
 To stop the fates now lab'ring in th'event,  
 What further hopes are left thee to pursue? }  
 Divine Æneas, (and thou know'st it too,) 1150  
 Free-dom'd to these celestial seats is due. }



What more attempts for Turnus can be made,  
 That thus thou ling'rest in this lonely shade !  
 Is it becoming of the due respect,  
 And awful honour of a god elect, 1155  
 A wound unworthy of our state to feel ;  
 Patient of human hands, and earthly steel ?  
 Or seems it just, the sister should restore  
 A second sword, when one was lost before ; 1159  
 And arm a conquer'd wretch, against his conqueror ? }  
 For what without thy knowledge and avow,  
 Nay more, thy dictate, dost Juturna do ?  
 At last, in deference to my love, forbear  
 To lodge within thy soul this anxious care :  
 Reclin'd upon my breast, thy grief unload ; 1165  
 Who should relieve the goddesses but the god ?  
 Now, all things to their utmost issue tend ;  
 Push'd by the fates to their appointed end :  
 While leave was giv'n thee, and a lawful hour  
 For vengeance, wrath, and unresisted pow'r : 1170  
 Toss'd on the seas thou cou'dst thy foes distress,  
 And driv'n ashore, with hostile arms oppress :  
 Deform the royal house ; and from the side  
 Of the just bridegroom, tear the plighted bride :  
 Now cease at my command. The Thund'rer said :  
 And with dejected eyes this answer Juno made. 1176

Because your dread decree too well I knew ;  
 From Turnus and from earth unwilling I withdrew.  
 Else shou'd you not behold me here alone,  
 Involv'd in empty clouds my friends began ; 1180  
 But girt with vengeful flames, in open fight,  
 Engag'd against my foes in mortal fight.  
 'Tis true, Juturna mingled in the strife  
 By my command, to save her brother's life !  
 At least to try : but by the Stygian lake, 1185  
 (The most religious oath the gods can take,)  
 With this restriction, not to bend the bow,  
 Or tofs the spear, or trembling dart to throw.  
 And now resign'd to your superior might,  
 And tir'd with fruitless toils, I loath the fight. 1190  
 This let me beg, (and this no fates withstand)  
 Both for myself, and for your father's land ;  
 That when the nuptial bed shall bind the peace,  
 (Which I, since you ordain, consent to bless,)  
 The laws of either nation be the same ; 1195  
 But let the Latins still retain their name :  
 Speak the same language which they spoke before,  
 Wear the same habits which their grandfathers wore  
 Call them not Trojans : perish the renown  
 And name of Troy with that detested town ; 1200

Latium be Latium still ; let Alba reign,  
And Rome's immortal majesty remain.

Then thus the founder of mankind replies,  
(Unruffled was his front, serene his eyes.)

Can Saturn's issue, and heav'n's other heir, 1205

Such endless anger in her bosom bear ?

Be mistress, and your full desires obtain :

But quench the choler you foment in vain.

From ancient blood th' Ausonian people sprung. 1209

Shall keep their name, their habit, and their tongue.

The Trojans to their customs shall be ty'd,

I will, myself, their common rites provide ;

The native shall command, the foreigners subside. }

All shall be Latium ; Troy without a name :

And her lost sons forget from whence they came. 1215

From blood so mix'd, a pious race shall flow.

Equal to gods, excelling all below.

No nation more respect to you shall pay,

Or greater offerings on your altars lay.

Juno consents, well pleas'd that her desires 1220

Had found success, and from the cloud retires.

The peace thus made, the Thund'rer next prepares  
To force the wat'ry goddess from the wars.

Deep in the dismal regions, void of light,

Three daughters at a birth were born to night : 1225

These their brown mother, brooding on her care,  
 Indulg'd with windy wings to flit in air :  
 With serpents girt alike ; and crown'd with hissing  
 [hair.]

In heav'n the Diræ call'd, and still at hand,  
 Before the throne of angry Jove they stand, 1230  
 His ministers of wrath ; and ready still  
 The minds of mortal men with fears to fill :  
 When-e'er the moody fire, to wreak his hate  
 On realms or towns, deserving of their fate,  
 Hurls down diseases, death and deadly care, 1235  
 And terrifies the guilty world with war.  
 One sister-plague of these from heav'n he sent,  
 To fright Juturna with a dire portent.  
 The pest comes whirling down : by far more slow  
 Springs the swift arrow from the Parthian bow, 1240  
 Or Cydon eugh ; when traversing the skies,  
 And drench'd in pois'now's juice, the sure destruction  
 [flies.

With such a sudden, and unseen a flight,  
 Shot thro' the clouds the daughter of the night  
 Soon as the field inclos'd she had in view, • 1245  
 And from afar her destin'd quarry knew :

Contracted, to the boding bird she turns,  
 Which haunts the ruin'd piles, and hallow'd urns,  
 And beats about the tombs with nightly wings;  
 Where songs obscene<sup>d</sup> on sepulchres she sings. 1250  
 Thus lessen'd in her form, with frightful cries  
 The fury round unhappy Turnus flies, }  
 Flaps on his shield, and flutters o'er his eyes. }  
 A lazy chilness crept along his blood,  
 Chok'd was his voice, his hair with horror stood. 1255  
 Juturna from afar beheld her fly,  
 And knew th' ill omen, by her screaming cry,  
 And stridour of her wing. Amaz'd with fear,  
 Her beauteous breast she beat, and rent her flowing  
 [hair.  
 Ah me, she cries, in this unequal strife, 1260  
 What can thy sister more to save thy life!  
 Weak as I am, can I, alas, contend  
 In arms, with that inexorable fiend!  
 Now, now, I quit the field! forbear to fright  
 My tender soul, ye baleful birds of night! 1265  
 The lashing of your wings I know too well:  
 The sounding flight, and fun'ral screams of hell!  
 These are the gifts you bring from haughty Jove,  
 The worthy recompence of ravish'd love!

Did he for this exempt my life from fate? 1270

O hard conditions of immortal state!

Tho' born to death, not privileg'd to die,

But forc'd to bear impos'd eternity!

Take back your envious bribes, and let me go

Companion to my brother's ghost below! 1275

The joys are vanish'd: nothing now remains

Of life immortal, but immortal pains.

What earth will open her devoting womb,

To rest a weary goddess in the tomb!

She drew a length of sighs; nor more she said, 1280

But in her azure mantle wrap'd her head:

Then plung'd into her stream, with deep despair,

And her last sobs came bubbling up in air.

Now stern Æneas waves his weighty spear

Against his foe, and thus upbraids his fear: 1285

What farther subterfuge can Turnus find?

What empty hopes are harbour'd in his mind?

'Tis not thy swiftness can secure thy flight:

Not with their feet, but hands, the valiant fight.

Vary thy shape in thousand forms, and dare 1290

What skill and courage can attempt in war;

With for the wings of wind to mount the sky ;  
 Or hid, within the hollow earth to lie.  
 The champion shook his head ; and made this short  
 [reply.]

No threats of thine, my manly mind can move: 1295

'Tis hostile heav'n I dread ; and partial Jove.

He said no more ; but with a sigh, repress'd

The mighty sorrow, in his swelling breast.

Then, as he roll'd his troubl'd eyes around,

An antique stone he saw ; the common bound 1300

Of neighb'ring fields ; and barrier of the ground :

So vast, that twelve strong men of modern days,

Th' enormous weight from earth cou'd hardly raise.

He heav'd it at a lift : and pois'd on high,

Ran stagg'ring on, against his enemy. 1305

But so disorder'd, that he scarcely knew

His way : or what unwieldy weight he threw.

His knocking knees are bent beneath the load :

And shiv'ring cold congeals his vital blood.

The stone drops from his arms ; and falling short,

For want of vigour, mocks his vain effort. 1311

And as, when heavy sleep has clos'd the sight,

The sickly fancy labours in the night :

We seem to run ; and, destitute of force,

Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course: 1315

In vain we heave for breath; in vain we cry:  
 The nerves unbrac'd, their usual strength deny;  
 And on the tongue the falt'ring accents die }  
 So Turnus far'd, whatever means he try'd, }  
 All force of arms, and points of art employ'd, 1320 }  
 The fury flew athwart, and made th' endeavour }  
 : [void.]

A thousand various thoughts his soul confound:  
 He star'd about; nor aid nor issue found:  
 His own men stop the pass; and his own walls sur- }  
 : [round.]

Once more he pauses; and looks out again: 1325  
 And seeks the goddess's charioteer in vain.  
 Trembling he views the thund'ring chief advance,  
 And brandishing aloft the deadly lance:  
 Amaz'd he cowers beneath his conqu'ring foe:  
 Forgets to ward; and waits the coming blow. 1330  
 Astonish'd while he stands, and fix'd with fear,  
 Aim'd at his shield he sees th' impending spear.

The hero measur'd first, with narrow view,  
 The destin'd mark: and rising as he threw, }  
 With its full swing the fatal weapon flew. • 1335 }  
 Not with less rage the rattling thunder falls;  
 Or stones from batt'ring engines break the walls:



Swift as a whirlwind, from an arm so strong,  
 The lance drove on; and bore the death along:  
 Nought cou'd his sev'n-fold shield the prince avail, 1340  
 Nor ought beneath his arms the coat of mail;  
 It pierc'd thro' all; and with a grisly wound,  
 Transfix'd his thigh, and doubled him to ground.  
 With groans the Latins rend the vaulted sky:  
 Woods, hills, and valleys, to the voice reply. 1345

Now lost on earth the lofty chief is laid,  
 With eyes cast upwards, and with arms display'd;  
 And recreant thus to the proud victor pray'd. }

I know my death deserv'd, nor hope to live:  
 Use what the gods; and thy good fortune give. 1350

Yet think; oh think, if mercy may be shown,  
 (Thou hadst a father once; and hast a son:)

Pity my fire, now sinking to the grave;

And for Anchises' sake, old Daunus save!

Or, if thy vow'd revenge pursue my death; 1355

Give to my friends my body void of breath!

The Latian chiefs have seen me beg my life;

Thine is the conquest, thine the royal wife; }

Against a yielded man, 'tis mean ignoble strife.

In deep suspense the Trojan seem'd to stand; 1360

And, just prepar'd to strike, repress'd his hand.

He roll'd his eyes, and ev'ry moment felt  
His manly soul with more compassion melt.  
When, casting down a casual glance he spy'd  
The golden belt that glitter'd on his side ; 1365  
The fatal spoils which haughty Turnus tore  
From dying Pallas, and in triumph wore.  
Then rous'd anew to wrath, he loudly cries  
(Flames, while he spoke, came flashing from his eyes ;)  
Traitor, dost thou, dost thou to grace pretend, 1370  
Clad as thou art, in trophies of my friend ?  
To his sad soul a grateful off'ring go ;  
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives this deadly blow.  
He rais'd his arm aloft ; and at the word,  
Deep in his bosom drove the shining sword. 1375  
The streaming blood distain'd his arms around,  
And the disdainful soul came rushing thro' the  
[wound.







# POSTSCRIPT

## TO THE

# READER

WHAT Virgil wrote in the vigour of his age, in plenty and at ease, I have undertaken to *translate* in my declining years: struggling with wants, oppressed with sickness, curbed in my genius; liable to be misconstrued in all I write; and my judges, if they are not very equitable, already prejudiced against me, by the *king's* character which has been given them of my morals. Yet steady to my principles, and not dispirited with my afflictions, I have, by the blessing of God on my endeavours, overcome all difficulties; and, in some measure, acquitted myself of the debt which I owed the publick, when I undertook this

work. In the first place therefore, I thankfully acknowledge to the Almighty Power, the assistance he has given me in the beginning, the prosecution, and *conclusion* of my present studies, which are more happily performed, than I could have promised to myself, when I laboured under such discouragements. For, what I have done, imperfect as it is, for want of health and leisure to correct it, will be judged in after-ages, and possibly in the present, to be no dishonour to my native country; whose language and poetry would be more esteemed abroad, if they were better understood. Somewhat (give me leave to say) I have added to both of them in the choice of *words*, and harmony of numbers, which were wanting, especially the last, in all our poets, even in those who being endued with genius, yet have not cultivated their mother-tongue with sufficient care; or relying on the beauty of their thoughts, have judged the ornament of words, and sweetness of sound, unnecessary. One is for raking in Chaucer (our English Ennius) for antiquated words, which are never to be revived, but when sound or significancy is wanting in the present language. But many of his deserve not this redemption, any more than the crowds of men who daily die, or are slain for six-pence in a battle, merit to be

restored to life, if a wish could revive them. Others have no ear for verse, nor choice of words; nor distinction of thoughts; but mingle farthings with their gold to make up the sum. Here is a field of satire opened to me: but since the revolution, I have wholly renounced that talent. For who would give physick to the great, when he is uncalled? to do his patient no good, and endanger himself for his prescription? Neither am I ignorant, but I may justly be condemned for many of those faults, of which I have too liberally arraigned others.

*Cynthius anrem vellit, & admonuit.*

It is enough for me, if the government will let me pass unquestioned. In the mean time, I am obliged in gratitude, to return my thanks to many of them, who have not only distinguished me from others of the same party, by a particular exception of grace, but without considering the man, have been bountiful to the poet; have encouraged Virgil to speak such English, as I could teach him, and reward his interpreter, for the pains he has taken in bringing him over into Britain, by defraying the charges of his voyage. Even Cerberus,

when he had received the sop, permitted Æneas to pass freely to Elysium, Had it been offered me, and I had refused it, yet still some gratitude is due to such who were willing to oblige me. But how much more to those from whom I have received the favours which they have offered to one of a different persuasion? amongst whom I cannot omit naming the earls of Derby and of Peterborough. To the first of these, I have not the honour to be known; and therefore his liberality was as much unexpected, as it was undeserved. The present earl of Peterborough has been pleased long since to accept the tenders of my service: his favours are so frequent to me, that I receive them almost by prescription. No difference of interests or opinion have been able to withdraw his protection from me: and I might justly be condemned for the most unthankful of mankind, if I did not always preserve for him a most profound respect and inviolable gratitude. I must also add, that if the last Æneid shine among its fellows, it is owing to the commands of Sir William Trumball, one of the principal secretaries of state, who recommended it, as his favourite, to my care; and for his sake particularly I have made it mine. For who would confess weariness, when he enjoined a fresh labour?

to the R E A D E R. 233.

I could not but invoke the assistance of a muse, for this last office.

*Extremum hunc Arcthusa:—  
Negat quis carmina Gallo?*

Neither am I to forget the noble present which was made me by Gilbert Dolben, Esq, the worthy son of the late archbishop of York: who, when I began this work, enriched me with all the several editions of Virgil, and all the commentaries of those editions in Latin. Amongst which, I could not but prefer the Dauphine's, as the last, the shortest, and the most judicious. Fabrini I had also sent me from Italy; but either he understands Virgil but very imperfectly, or I have no knowledge of my author.

Being invited by that worthy gentleman Sir William Bowyer, to Depham-Court, I translated the first Georgic at his house, and the greatest part of the last Æneid. A more friendly entertainment no man ever found. No wonder therefore if both those versions surpass the rest, and own the satisfaction I received in his converse, with whom I had the honour to be bred in Cambridge, and in the same college. The seventh Æneid was made English at Burleigh, the magnificent abode of the Earl of Exeter, in a village belonging to his family I was born, and



under his roof I endeavoured to make that *Æneid* appear in English with as much lustre as I could: though my author has not given the finishing strokes either to it, or to the eleventh, as I perhaps could prove in both, if I durst presume to criticize my master.

By a letter from William Walsh of Abberly, Esq; (who has so long honoured me with his friendship, and who, without flattery, is the best critick of our nation) I have been informed that his grace the Duke of Shrewsbury has procured a printed copy of the *Pastorals*, *Georgics*, and six first *Æneids*, from my bookseller, and has read them in the country, together with my friend. This noble person having been pleased to give them a commendation, which I presume not to insert; has made me vain enough to boast of so great a favour, and to think I have succeeded beyond my hopes; the character of his excellent judgment, the acuteness of his wit, and his general knowledge of good letters, being known as well to all the world, as the sweetness of his disposition, his humanity, his easiness of access, and desire of obliging those who stand in need of his protection, are known to all who have approached him; and to me in particular, who have formerly had the honour of his conversation. Whoever has given the world

the translation of part of the third Georgic, which he calls *The Power of Love*, has put me to sufficient pains to make my own not inferior to his: as my Lord Roscommon's Silenus had formerly given me the same trouble. The most ingenious Mr. Addison of Oxford has also been as troublesome to me as the other two, and on the same account. After his bees, my latter swarm is scarcely worth the hiving. Mr. Cowley's *Praise of a Country Life* is excellent; but is rather an imitation of Virgil, than a version. That I have recovered in some measure the health which I had lost by too much application to this work, is owing, next to God's mercy, to the skill and care of Dr. Guibbons, and Dr. Hobbs, the two ornaments of their profession; whom I can only pay by this acknowledgment. The whole faculty has always been ready to oblige me: and the only one of them, who endeavoured to defame me, had it not in his power\*. I desire pardon from my readers for saying so much in relation to myself, which concerns not them: and with my acknowledgments to all my subscribers, have only to add, that the few notes which follow, are *par maniere d'acquit*, because I had obliged myself by articles to do somewhat of that

\* Sir Richard Blackmore.

kind. These scattering observations are rather guesses at my author's meaning in some passages, than proofs that so he meant. The unlearned may have recourse to any poetical dictionary in English, for the names of persons, places, or fables, which the learned need not: but that little which I say, is either new or necessary. And the first of these qualifications never fails to invite a reader, if not to please him.





Notes *and* Observations  
 O N  
 VIRGIL'S WORKS  
 I N  
 E N G L I S H:

Pastoral 1. Line 6. *There first the youth of  
 heavenly birth I viewed.*

Virgil means Octavius Cæsar, heir to Julius; who perhaps had not arrived to his twentieth year, when Virgil saw him first. *Vide* his life. Of heavenly birth or heavenly blood; because the Julian family was derived from Iulus, son to Æneas, and grandson to Venus.

Pastoral 2. Line 65. *The short Narcissus.*  
 That is, of short continuance.

Pastoral 3. Line 95. *For him, the god of shepherds and their sheep.*

Phœbus, not Pan, is here called the god of shepherds: the poet alludes to the same story, which he touches in the beginning of the second Georgic, where he calls Phœbus the Amphrysian shepherd, because he fed the sheep and oxen of Admetus (with whom he was in love) on the hill Amphrysus.

Pastoral 4, Line 73. *Begin auspicious boy, &c.*

In Latin thus, *Incipe parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem, &c.*

I have translated the passage to this sense; that the infant smiling on his mother, singles her out from the rest of the company about him. Erythræus, Bembus, and Joseph Scaliger, are of this opinion. Yet they and I may be mistaken. For immediately after, we find these words, *Cui non risere Parentes*, which imply another sense, as if the parents smiled on the new-born infant: and that the babe on whom they vouchsafed not to smile, was born to ill-fortune. For they tell a story, that when Vulcan, the only son of Jupiter and Juno, came into the world, he was so hard-favoured, that both his parents frowned on him: and Jupiter threw him out of heaven; he fell on the island Lemnos, and was lame ever afterwards. The last line of the pastoral seems to justify this sense, *Nec deus hunc Mensâ, Dea nec dignata Cubili est.* For though he married Venus, yet his mother Juno was not present at the nuptials to bless them; as appears by his wife's incontinence. They

say also, that he was banished from the banquets of the gods: if so, that punishment could be of no long continuance, for Homer makes him present at their feasts; and composing a quarrel betwixt his parents, with a bowl of nectar. The matter is of no great consequence; and therefore I adhere to my translation, for these two reasons: first, Virgil has this following line, *Matri longa decentulcrini fastidia menses*, as if the infant's smiling on his mother, was a reward to her for bearing him ten months in her body, four weeks longer than the usual time. Secondly, Catullus is cited by Joseph Scaliger, as favouring this opinion, in his Epithalamium of Manlius Torquatus.

*Torquatus, volo parvulus  
Matris è gremio sue  
Porrigens teneras manus  
Dukè rideat ad Patrem, &c.*

What if I should steer betwixt the two extremes, and conclude, that the infant, who was to be happy, must not only smile on his parents, but also they on him? for Scaliger notes that the infants who smiled not at their birth, were observed to be *Ἀγέλαστοι*, or sullen (as I have translated it) during all their life: and Servius, and almost all the modern commentators affirm, that no child was thought fortunate on whom his parents smiled not at his birth. I observe farther, that the ancients thought the infant who came into the world at the end of the tenth month, was born to some extraordinary fortune,

good or bad. Such was the birth of the late prince of Conde's father, of whom his mother was not brought to bed, till almost eleven months were expired after his father's death: yet the College of Physicians at Paris, concluded he was lawfully begotten. My ingenious friend, Anthony Henley, Esq; desired me to make a note on this passage of Virgil: adding what I had not read; that the Jews have been so superstitious, as to observe not only the first look, or action of an infant, but also the first word which the parent or any of the assistants spoke after the birth: and from thence they gave a name to the child alluding to it.

Pastoral 6. My Lord Roscommon's notes on this pastoral, are equal to his excellent translation of it; and thither I refer the reader.

The eighth and tenth Pastorals are already translated to all manner of advantage, by my excellent friend Mr. Stafford. So is the Episode of Camilla, in the eleventh Æneid.

This eighth Pastoral is copied by our author from two Bucelicks of Theocritus. Spencer has followed both Virgil and Theocritus, in the charms which he employs for curing Britomartis of her love. But he had also our poet's Ceiris in his eye: for there not only the enchantments are to be found: but also the very name of Britomartis.

In the ninth Pastoral, Virgil has made a collection of many scattering passages, which he had translated from Theocritus; and here he has bound them into a nose<sup>2</sup>av.

Georgic 1. The poetry of this book is more sublime than any part of Virgil, if I have any taste. And if ever I have copied his majestick style, it is here. The compliment he makes Augustus almost in the beginning, is ill imitated by his successors Lucan and Statius. They dedicated to tyrants; and their flatteries are gross and sordid. Virgil's address is both more lofty and more just. In the three last lines of this Georgic, I think I have discovered a secret compliment to the Emperor, which none of the commentators have observed. Virgil had just before described the miseries which Rome had undergone betwixt the Triumvirs and the Common-wealth party. in the close of all, he seems to excuse the crimes committed by his patron Cæsar, as if he were constrained against his own temper to those violent proceedings by the necessity of the times in general, but more particularly by his two partners, Anthony and Lepidus. *Pertur Equis Auriga, nec audit Currus habenas.* They were the head-strong horses, who hurried Octavius, the trembling charioteer, along, and were deaf to his reclaiming them. I observe farther; that the present wars, in which all Europe; and part of Asia are engaged at present, are waged in the same places here described; *Atque hinc Euphrates, illinc Germania bellum,* &c. As if Virgil had prophesied of this age.

Georgic 2. The praises of Italy, (translated by the learned, and every way excellent Mr. Chetwood) which are printed in one of my miscellany poems, are the greatest ornament of this book. Wherein  
 Vol. IV. M



for want of sufficient skill in gardening, agriculture, &c. I may possibly be mistaken in some terms. But concerning grafting, my honoured friend Sir William Bowyer has assured me, that Virgil has shewn more of poetry

in relation to our

that many of o

as our poet tells

has conspired with      garden at Den-

ham-court of Sir William's own plantation, one

of the most delicious spots of ground in England

it contains not above five acres, (just the compass of

Alcinous his garden, described in the *Odyssey*;) But

Virgil says in this very *Georgic*, *Laudan ingenia*

*vera; exiguum colito.*

‘*Georgic 3.*’ Line 45.

*Next him Niphates, with inverted urn, &c.*

It has been objected to me, that I understood not this passage of Virgil, because I call Niphates a river, which is a mountain in Armenia. But the river, arising from the same mountain is also called Niphates. And, having spoken of Nile before, I might reasonably think, that Virgil rather meant to couple two rivers, than a river and a mountain.

‘Line 224. *The male has done, &c.*

The transition is obscure in Virgil. He began with cows, then proceeds to treat of horses: now returns to cows.

Line 476. *Till the new ram receives th' exalted sun:*

Astrologers tell us, that the sun receives his exaltation in the sign Aries: Virgil perfectly understood both Astronomy and Astrology.

Georgic 4. Line 27. *That when the youthful prince.*

My most ingenious friend Sir Henry Shere, has observed through a glass hive, that the young prince of the *Bus*, or heir presumptive of the crown, approaches the king's apartment with great reverence; and for three successive mornings demands permission, to lead forth a colony of that year's bees. If his petition be granted, which he seems to make by humble hummings; the swarm arises under his conduct: if the answer be, *le roy s'achève*, that is, if the old monarch think it not convenient for the public good, to part with so many of his subjects; the next morning the prince is found dead, before the threshold of the palace.

Line 477. The poet here records the names of fifty river-nymphs. And for once I have translated them all. But in the *Æneis* I thought not myself obliged to be so exact: for in naming many men who were killed by heroes, I have omitted some, which would not sound in English verse.

Line 660. The Episode of Orpheus and Eurydice begins here, and contains the only machine which Virgil uses in the *Georgics*. I have observed in the epistle before the *Æneis*, that our author seldom employs machines but to adorn his *poem*: and that the action which they seemingly perform, is re-

ally produced without them. Of this nature is the legend of the bees restored by miracle; when the receipt which the poet gives, would do the work without one. The only beautiful machine which I remember in the modern poets, is in Ariosto; where God commands St. Michael to take care, that Paris, then besieged by the Saracens, should be succoured by Rinaldo. In order to this, he enjoins the archangel to find Silence and Discord. The first to conduct the Christian army to relieve the town, with so much secrecy, that their march should not be discovered; the latter to enter the camp of the infidels, and there to sow dissention among the principal commanders. The heavenly messenger takes his way to an ancient monastery; not doubting there to find Silence in her primitive abode; but instead of Silence finds Discord; the Monks, being divided into factions, about the choice of some new officer, were at *the* and *free* with their drawn knives. The satire needs no explanation. And here it may be also observed, that ambition, jealousy, and worldly interest, and point of honour, had made variance both in the cloister and the camp, and strict discipline had done the work of silence, in conducting the Christian army to surprise the Turks.

*Æneid* I. Line 111.

*And make thee father of a happy line.*

This was an obliging promise to Æolus; who had been so unhappy in his former children, Macareus and Canacé.

Line 196. *The realms of ocean, and the fields of air  
are mine, not his.*

Poetically speaking, the *fields of air* are under the command of Juno; and her vicegerent Æolus. Why then does Neptune call them his? I answer, because being god of the seas, Æolus could raise no tempest in the atmosphere above them without his leave. But why does Juno address to her own substitute? I answer, He had an immediate power over the winds, whom Juno desires to employ on her revenge. That power was absolute by land; which Virgil plainly insinuates: for when Boreas and his brethren were set loose, he says at first *terris turbare possant*: then adds, *incubere mari*: to raise a tempest on the sea was usurpation on the prerogative of Neptune; who had given him no leave, and therefore was enraged at his attempt. I may also add, that they who are in a passion, as Neptune then was, are apt to assume to themselves more than is properly their due.

Line 450. *O virgin——&c.  
If as you seem the sister of the day,  
Or one at least of Jovis's Diana's nam.*

Thus, in the original.

*O quam te memorem virgo——  
Aut Phœbi soror, aut nymphaem sanguinis una.*

This is a family compliment, which Æneas here bestows on Venus. His father Anchises had used the very same to that goddess when he courted her. This appears by that very ancient Greek poem, in

which that amour is so beautifully described, and which is thought Homer's: though it seems to be written before his age.

Line 980. *Her princely guest was next her side.*

~ This I confess, is improperly translated; and according to the modern fashion of sitting at table. But the ancient custom of lying on beds, had not been understood by the unlearned reader.

*Æneid* 2. The destruction of Veii is here shadowed under that of Troy: Livy, in his description of it, seems to have emulated in his prose, and almost equalled the beauty of Virgil's verse.

~ *Æneid* 3. Verse 132.

~ *And childrens children shall the crown sustain.*

<sup>1111</sup> *Et nati natorum, & qui nascentur ab illis.*

Virgil translated this verse from Homer: Homer had it from Orpheus; and Orpheus from an ancient oracle of Apollo. On this account it is, that Virgil immediately subjoins these words, *Hæc Phæbus, &c.* Eustathius takes notice, that the old poets were wont to take whole paragraphs from one another, which justifies our poet for what he borrows from Homer. Bochartus, in his letter to Segrais, mentions an oracle which he found in the fragments of an old Greek historian: the sense whereof is this in English; that when the empire of the Priamidæ should be destroyed, the line of Anchises should succeed. Venus therefore, says the historian, was desirous to have a son by Anchises,

though he was then in his decrepid age : accordingly she had Æneas. After this she sought occasion to ruin the race of Priam ; and set on foot the intrigue of Alexander, (or Paris) with Helena . she being ravished, Venus pretended still to favour the Trojans ; lest they should restore Helen, in case they should be reduced to the last necessity. Whence it appears, that the controversy betwixt Juno and Venus, was on no trivial account, but concerned the accession to a great empire.

Æneid 4. Line 945.

*And must I die, she said,  
And unreverg'd ? 'tis doubly to be dead !  
Yet even this death with pleasure I receive :  
On any terms, 'tis better than to live.*

This is certainly the sense of Virgil ; on which we have paraphras'd, to make it plain. His words are these ;

*Moriamur inulta ?  
Sed moriamur, ait ; sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.*

Servius makes an interrogation at the word *sic* : thus, *sic ? Sic juvat ire sub umbras.* Which Mr. Cowley justly censures : but his own judgment may perhaps be questioned : for he would retrench the latter part of the verse, and leave it an Hemistich. *Sed moriamur, ait.* That Virgil never intended to have left any Hemistich, I have proved already in the Preface. That this verse was fill'd up by him, with these words, *sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras*, is very probable ; if we consider the weight of them. For

this procedure of Dido, does not only contain that *dira execratio quæ nullo expiatur carmine* (as Horace observes in his Canidia) but besides that, Virgil, who is full of allusions to history, under another name, describes the Decii, devoting themselves to Death this way, though in a better cause, in order to the destruction of the enemy. The reader, who will take the pains to consult Livy, in his accurate description of those Decii, thus devoting themselves, will find a great resemblance betwixt these two passages. And it is judiciously observed upon that verse,

— *Nulla fides populis nec fœdera sunt,*

that Virgil uses the word *funto a verbum juris*, a form of speaking on solemn and religious occasions. Livy does the like. Note also, that Dido puts herself into the *Habitus Gabinus*, which was the girding herself round with one sleeve of her vest, which is also according to the Roman Pontifical, in this dreadful ceremony, as Livy has observed: which is a farther confirmation of this conjecture. So that upon the whole matter, Dido only doubts whether she should die before she had taken her revenge, which she rather wished: but considering that this devoting herself was the most certain and infallible way of compassing her vengeance, she thus exclaims:

*Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras:*

*Hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto*

*Dardanus, & nostræ secum ferat omnia mortis.*

*Those flames from far, may the false Trojan view ;  
Those boding omens his base flight pursue.*

Which translation I take to be according to the sense of Virgil. I should have added a note on that former verse,

*Infelix Dido, nunc te fata impia tangunt.*

Which in the edition of Heinsius is thus printed, *Nunc te facta impia tangunt?* The word *facta* instead of *fata*, is reasonably altered. For Virgil says afterwards, she died not by fate, nor by any deserved death. *Nec fato, meriti nec morte peribat,* &c. When I translated that passage, I doubted of the sense; and therefore omitted that Hemistich; *Nunc te fata impia tangunt.* But Heinsius is mistaken only in making an interrogation point instead of a period. The words *facta impia*, I suppose are genuine. For she had perjured herself in her second marriage; having firmly resolved, as she told her sister, in the beginning of this *Æneid*, never to love again, after the death of her first husband; and had confirmed this resolution by a curse on herself, if she should alter it.

*Sed mihi vel tellus optem, prius ima dehiscat, &c.  
Ante, pudor, quam te videam, aut tua iura resolvam.  
Ille meos, prius qui me sibi junxit, amores  
Abstulit: ille habeat secum, servetque sepulchro.*

*Æneid* 5. A great part of this book is borrowed from Apollonius Rhodius. And the reader may observe the great judgment and distinction of our author in what he borrows from the ancients, by comparing them. I conceive the reason why he



omits the horse-race in the funeral games, was because he shews Ascanius afterwards on horseback, with his troops of boys and would not wear that subject thread-bare; which Statius, in the next age, described so happily. Virgil seems to me, to have excelled Homer in all those sports, and to have laboured them the more in honour of Octavius, his patron; who instituted the like games for perpetuating the memory of his uncle Julius. Piety, as Virgil calls it, or dutifulness to parents, being a most popular virtue among the Romans.

*Æneid 6. Line 586.*

*The next in place and punishment are they,  
Who prodigally throw their lives away, &c.*

*Proxima sorte tenent mæsti loca, qui sibi letum  
Insontes peperere manu, lucemque perosi.  
Proiecere animas, &c.*

This was taken, amongst many other things from the tenth book of *Plato de Republicâ*: no commentator, besides Fabrini, has taken notice of it. Self-murder was accounted a great crime by that divine philosopher: but the instances which he brings, are too many to be inserted in these short notes. Sir Robert Howard in his translation of this *Æneid*, which was printed with his poems in the year 1660, has given us the most learned, and the most judicious observations on this book, which are extant in our language.

Line 733, *Lo to the secret shadows I retire,*  
*To pay my penance 'till my years expire.*

These two verses in English seem very different from the Latin.

*Discedam; explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris* .

Yet they are the sense of Virgil; at least, according to the common interpretation of this place; I will withdraw from your company; retire to the shades, and perform my penance of a thousand years; but I must confess the interpretation of those two words *explebo numerum*, is somewhat violent, if it be thus understood, *minuam numerum*, that is, I will lessen your company by my departure. For Deiphobus, being a ghost, can hardly be said to be of their number. Perhaps the poet means by *explebo numerum*, *absolvam sententiam*: as if Deiphobus replied to the Sibyl, who was angry at his long visit, I will only take my last leave of Æneas, my kinsman and my friend, with one hearty good wish for his health and welfare, and then leave you to prosecute your voyage. That wish is expressed in the words immediately following, *I decus, I nostrum*, &c. which contains a direct answer to what the Sibyl said before, when she upbraided their long discourse, *Nos fletis auctimus horas*. This conjecture is new, and therefore left to the discretion of the reader.

Line 980.

*Know first, that heav'n, and earth's compacted frame,*  
*And flowing waters, and the starry flame,*  
*And both the radiant lights, &c.*

*Principio cælum, & terras, camposque liquentes,  
Lucentemque globum lunæ, titaniaque astra, &c.*

Here the sun is not expressed, but the moon only ; though a less, and also a less radiant light. Perhaps the copies of Virgil are all false ; and that instead of *titaniaque astra*, he writ *titaniaque & astra* ; and according to these words I have made my *translation*. It is most certain, that the sun ought not to be omitted, for he is frequently called the life and soul of the world. And nothing bids so fair for a visible divinity to those who know no better, than that glorious luminary. The Platonists call God the archetypal sun, and the sun the visible deity, the inward vital spirit in the center of the universe, or that body to which that spirit is united, and by which it exerts itself most powerfully. Now it was the received hypothesis amongst the Pythagoreans, that the sun was situate in the center of the world ; Plato had it from them, and was himself of the same opinion ; as appears by a passage in the *Timæus* : from which noble dialogue is this part of Virgil's poem taken.

Line 1156.

*Great Cato there, for gravity renown'd, &c.*

*Quis te, mægne Cato, &c.*

There is no question but Virgil here means Cato major, or the Censor. But the name of Cato being also mentioned in the eighth *Æneid*, I doubt whether he means the same man in both places. I have said in the Preface, that our poet was of republican

principles; and have given this for one reason of my opinion, that he praised Cato in that line,

*Secretisque piis, his dantent jura Catonem.*

And accordingly placed him in the Elysian fields. Montaigne thinks this was Cato the Utican, the great enemy of arbitrary power, and a professed foe to Julius Cæsar. Ruæus would persuade us that Virgil meant the censor. But why should the poet name Cato twice, if he intended the same person? our author is too frugal of his words and sense, to commit tautologies in either. His memory was not likely to betray him into such an error. Nevertheless I continue in the same opinion concerning the principles of our poet. He declares them sufficiently in this book: where he praises the first Brutus for expelling the Tarquins, giving liberty to Rome, and putting to death his own children, who conspired to restore tyranny: he calls him only an unhappy man, for being forced to that severe action.

*Infelix, utæque ferent ea facta minores,  
Vincet amor patriæ laudemque immensa cupido.*

Let the reader weigh these two verses, and he must be convinced that I am in the right: and that I have not much injured my master in my translation of them.

Line 1143.

*Embrace again, my sons; be foes no more;  
Nor stain your country with her children's gore.  
And thou the first lay down thy lawless claim;  
Thou of my blood, who bear'st the Julian name.*

: This note, which is out of its proper place, I deferred on purpose, to place it here: because it discovers the principles of our poet more plainly than any of the rest.

*Tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo,  
Projice tela manu, sanguis meus!*

Anchises here speaks to Julius Cæsar; and commands him first to lay down his arms, which is a plain condemnation of his cause. Yet observe our poet's incomparable address: for though he shews himself sufficiently to be a commonwealth's-man; yet in respect to Augustus, who was his patron, he uses the authority of a parent, in the person of Anchises; who had more right lay this injunction on Cæsar than on Pompey; because the latter was not of his blood. Thus our author cautiously veils his own opinion, and takes sanctuary under Anchises; as if that ghost would have laid the same command on Pompey also, had he been lineally descended from him. What could be more judiciously contrived, when this was the *Æneid* which he chose to read before his master?

Line 1221.

*A new Marcellus shall arise in thee*

In Virgil thus:

*Tu Marcellus eris.*

How unpoetically and baldly had this been translated; *Thou shalt Marcellus be!* Yet some of my friends were of opinion, that I mistook the sense of Virgil in my translation. The French interpreter

observes nothing on this place; but that it appears by it, the mourning of Octavia was yet fresh, for the loss of her son Marcellus, whom she had by her first husband: and who died in the year *ab urbe conditâ*, 731, and collects from thence that Virgil, reading this *Æneid* before her, in the same year, had just finished it: that from this time to that of the poet's death, was little more than four years. So that supposing him to have written the whole *Æneis* in eleven years; the first six books must have taken up seven of those years: on which account, the six last must of necessity be less correct.

Now for the false judgment of my friends, there is but this little to be said for them; the words of Virgil in the verse preceding, are these,

—*Siqua fata aspera rumpas.*

As if the poet had meant, If you break through your hard destiny, so as to be born, you shall be called Marcellus: but this cannot be the sense: for though Marcellus was born, yet he broke not through those hard decrees, which doomed him to so immature a death. Much less can Virgil mean, you shall be the same Marcellus by the transmigration of his soul. For according to the system of our author, a thousand years must be first elapsed, before the soul can return into a human body; but the first Marcellus was slain in the second Punick war. And how many hundred years were yet wanting, to the accomplishing his penance, may with ease be gathered, by computing the time betwixt Scipio and Augustus. By which it is plain, that Virgil cannot mean the

same Marcellus; but one of his descendants; whom I call a new Marcellus; who so much resembled his ancestor, perhaps in his features, and his person, but certainly in his military virtues, that Virgil cries out, *quantum instar in ipso est!* which I have translated,

*How like the former, and almost the same.*

.. Line 1235.

*Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn;  
Of polish'd ivory this; that of transparent horn:*

.. Virgil borrowed this imagination from Homer, *Odysses* the 9th, line 562. The translation gives the reason, why true prophetic dreams are said to pass through the gate of horn, by adding the epithet *transparent*: which is not in Virgil; whose words are only these;

*Sunt geminae Somni portæ; quarum altera fertur  
Cerneæ ———*

What is pervious to the sight is clear; and (alluding to this property,) the poet infers such dreams are of divine revelation. Such as pass through the ivory gate, are of the contrary nature; polishes lies. But there is a better reason to be given. For the ivory alludes to the teeth, the horn to the eyes. What we see is more credible, than what we only hear; that is, words that pass through the portal of the mouth, or hedge of the teeth: (which is Homer's expression for speaking.)

Æneid 7. Line 109.

*Strange to relate, the flames involv'd in smoke, &c.*

Virgil, in this place takes notice of a great secret in the Roman divination: the lambent fires, which rose above the head, or played about it, were signs of posterity; such were those which he observed in the second Æneid: which were seen mounting from the crown of Ascanius;

*Ecce levis summo de vertice visus Iuli  
Fundere lumen apex.*

Smoky flames (or involved in smoke) were of a mixed omen; such were those which are here described: for smoke signifies tears, because it produces them, and flames happiness. And therefore Virgil says, that this oment was not only *mirabile visus*, but *horrendum*.

Line 367.

*One only daughter heirs my crown and state.*

This has seem'd to some an odd passage: that a king should offer his daughter and heir to a stranger prince, and a wanderer, before he had seen him, and when he had only heard of his arrival on his coasts: but these criticks have not well considered the simplicity of former times; when the heroines almost courted the marriage of illustrious men. Yet Virgil here observes the rule of decency; Lavinia offers not herself: it is Latinus who propounds the match: and he had been foretold, both by an augur, and an oracle, that he should have a foreign son-in-law; who was also a hero. Fathers, in those an-



cient ages, considering birth and virtue, more than fortune, in the placing of their daughters. Which I could prove by various examples: the contrary of which being now practised, I dare not say in our nation, but in France, has not a little darkened the lustre of their nobility. That Lavinia was averse to this marriage, and for what reason, I shall prove in its proper place.

Line 1020.

— *And where Abella fees,  
From her high tower, the harvest of her trees.*

I observe that Virgil names not Nola, which was not far distant from Abella; perhaps, because that city, (the same in which Augustus died afterwards,) had once refused to give him entertainment; if we may believe the author of his life. Homer heartily curses another city which had used him in the same manner: but our author thought his silence or the Nolans a sufficient correction. When a poet passes by a place or person, though a fair occasion offers of remembering them, it is a sign he is, or thinks himself, much disobliged.

*Æneid* 8. Line 34.

*So when the sun by day, or upon by night,  
Strike on the polish'd brass their trembling light, &c.*

This similitude is literally taken from Apollonius Rhodius; and it is hard to say, whether the original or the translation excels. But in the shield which he describes afterwards in this *Æneid*, he as much transcends his master Homer as the arms

of Glaucus were richer than those of Diomedes.  
*ἡμεῖς καλλέειν.*

Lines 115, and 116.

*Aeneas takes the mother and her brood,  
 And all on Juno's altar are bestow'd.*

The translation is infinitely short of Virgil, whose words are these;

— *Tibi enim, tibi maxima Juno •  
 Maerat sacra ferens, & cum grege sistit ad aram.*

For I could not turn the word *enim* into English with any grace, though it was of such necessity, in the Roman rites, that a sacrifice could not be performed without it; it is of the same nature (if I may presume to name that sacred mystery) in our words of consecration at the altar.

*Æneid 9. Lines 853, 854.*

*At the full stretch of both his hands, he drew;  
 And almost join'd the horns of the tough eugh.*

The first of these lines is all of monosyllables, and both verses are very rough; but of choice; for it had been easy for me to have smoothed them. But either my ear deceives me, or they express the thing which I intended in their sound. For the stress of a bow which is drawn to the full extent, is expressed in the harshness of the first verse, clogged not only with monosyllables, but with consonants; and these words, *the tough eugh*, which conclude the second line, seem as forceful, as they are unharmonious. Homer and Virgil are both frequent in their adapting

sounds to the thing they signify." One example will serve for both; because Virgil borrowed the following verses from Homer's *Odyssees*.

*Unâ cursuque natuſque ruunt creberque procellis  
Æſtius, & uoſſios ſolvunt ad litora fuſius.*

Σύν δ' Εὐροῖ, Νότοſε ἔπεſεν, Ζέφυροſε Δυſαῶνς ;  
Καὶ βορέηſ αἰθριγενετῆſ, μέγα κῶμα κυλίνδων.

Our language is not often capable of theſe beauties: though, ſometimes I have copied them, of which theſe verſes are an inſtance.

Line 1095.

———— *His ample ſhield*

*Is falſify'd; and round with jav'line fill'd.*

When I read this *Æneid* to many of my friends, in company together. moſt of them quarrell'd at the word *falſify'd*, as an innovation in our language. The fact is correct'd; for I remember not to have read it in any Engliſh author; though perhaps it may be found in *Spencer's Fairy Queen*: but ſuppoſe it be not there: why am I forbidden to borrow from the Italian, (a poliſhed language) the word which is wanting in my native tongue? Terence has often Greciſ'd: Lucretius has followed his example: and pleaded for it; *ſic quia me cogit patrii ſermonis Egeſtaſ*. Virgil has confirm'd it by his frequent practice, and even Cicero in proſe, wanting terms of philoſophy in the Latin tongue, has taken them from Ariſtotle's Greek. Horace has given us a rule for coining words, *ſi Græco fonte cadant*. Ef-

pecially, when other words are joined with them, which explain the sense. I use the word *falsify* in this place, to mean that the shield of Turnus was not of proof against the spears and javelins of the Trojans; which had pierced it through and through (as we say) in many places. The words which accompany this new one, make my meaning plain; according to the precept which Horace gave. But I said I borrowed the word from the Italian: *Vide* Ariosto, *Cant.* 26.

*Ma se l'Ussbergo d'ambi era perfetto.  
Che mai poter falsarlo in nessun canto.*

*Falsar* cannot be otherwise turned, than by *falsified*; for *his shield was falsed*, is not English. I might indeed have contented myself with saying his shield was pierced, and bored, and stuck with *javelins*; *nec sufficit umbo ictibus*. They who will not admit a new word, may take the old, the matter is not worth dispute.

*Æneid* 10. Line 312.

*A choir of nereids, &c.*

These were transformed from ships to sea-nymphs: this is almost as violent a machine, as the death of Aruns by a goddess in the Episode of Camilla. But the poet makes use of it with greater art: for here it carries on the main design. These new made divinities, not only tell Æneas what had passed in his camp during his absence; and what was the present distress of his besieged people; and that his horsemen,

whom he had sent by land, were ready to join him at his descent; but warn him to provide for battle the next day, and foretell him good success. So that this episodical machine is properly a part of the great poem: for besides what I have said, they push on his navy with celestial vigour, that it might reach the port more speedily, and take the enemy more unprovided to resist the landing. Whereas the machine relating to Canilla, is only ornamental: for it has no effect which I can find, but to please the reader, who is concerned, that her death should be revenged.

Lines 241. 242.

*Now sacred sisters open all your wings.*

*The Tuscan leaders, and their arms, bring;*

The poet here begins to tell the names of the Tuscan captains who followed Æneas to the war: and I observe him to be very particular in the description of their persons, and not forgetful of their manners: exact also in the relation of the numbers which each of them command. I doubt not but as in the fifth book, he gave us the names of the champions, who contended for the several prizes, that he might oblige many of the most ancient Roman families, their descendants, and as in the 7th book, he mustered the auxiliary forces of the Latins, on the same account; so here he gratifies his Tuscan friends, with the like remembrance of their ancestors; and above the rest, Mæcanas his great patron; who being of a royal family in Etruria, was probably represented under one of the names here mentioned,

known among the Romans, though at so great a distance unknown to us. And for his sake chief as I guess, he makes Æneas (by whom he always means Augustus) to seek for aid in the country of Mæcæus, thereby to endear his protector to his emperor; as if there had been a former friendship twixt their lines. And who knows, but Mæcæus might pretend that the Cilnian family was derived from Tarchon, the chief commander of the Trojans?

Line 622.

*... might have could ward the blow.*

I have mentioned this passage in my preface to the Æneid to prove, that Fate was superior to the gods; and that no love could neither defer nor alter its decrees. Sir Robert Howard has since been pleased to send me the concurrent testimony of Ovid: it is in the last book of his Metamorphoses: where Venus complains, that her descendant, Julius Cæsar, was in danger of being murdered by Brutus and Cassius, at the head of the Commonwealth faction, and desires them to prevent that barbarous assassination. They are moved to compassion; they are concerned for Cæsar; but the poet plainly tells us, that it was not in their power to change destiny: all they could do, was to testify their sorrow for his approaching death by foreshewing it with signs and prodigies, as appears by the following lines,

*Talia nequicquam totis Venus aurea Cælo*

*Verba jacit: superesque movet: qui rumpere quanquam*

*Ferrea non possunt veterum decreta fororum  
Signa tamen luctus dant haud incerta futur*

Then she addresses to her father Jupiter,oping aid from him because he was thought omnipotent. But he, it seems, could do as little as she, for he answers thus.

——— *sola insuperabile fatum*  
*Nata, movēre potas? intres licet ipsa forore* „  
*Testu triūm; cernes illic molimine vasto*  
*Ex are, & solido rerum talularia ferro:*  
*Quæ neque concursu cæli, neque fulminis arm,*  
*Næ metuant ullas tuta atque æternæ ruina.*  
*Invenies illic in sa adamante perenni*  
*Fata tui generis, regi ipse, animoque notavi,*  
*Et referam: ne sis timentum ignara futuri.*  
*Hic sua complēvit (pro quo Cytherea labora)*  
*Tempora, perfēctis quas terræ debuit, annis, &c.*

Jupiter you see is only library-keeper, or *custos rotulorum* to the Fates: for he offers his daughter a cast of his office, to give her a sight of their decrees; which the inferior gods were not permittel to read without his leave. This agrees with what I have said already in the preface; that they not having seen the records, might believe they were his own handwriting; and consequently at his disposing either to blot out, or alter, as he saw convenient. And of this opinion was Juno in these words, *tua qui potes orsa reflectas*. Now the abode of those destinies being in Hell, we cannot wonder why the swearing by Styx was an inviolable oath amongst the gods of

heaven, and that Jupiter himself should fear to be accused of forgery by the fates, if he altered any thing in their decrees. Chaos, Night, and Erebus, being the most ancient of the deities, and instituting those fundamental laws, by which he was afterwards to govern. Hesiod gives us the genealogy of the gods, and I think I may safely infer the rest. I will only add, that Homer was more a fatalist than Virgil: for it has been observed, that the word *τυχῆ*, or fortune, is not to be found in his two poems; but instead of it, always *μοίρα*.

*Æneid 12. Line 808, and 809.*

*Sea-born Messapus, with Atinas, heads*

*The Latin squadrons; and to battle leads.*

The poet had said, in the preceding lines, that Mnestheus, Seresthus, and Asylas, led on the Trojans, the Tuscans, and the Arcadians; but none of the printed copies, which I have seen, mention any leader of the Rutulians and Latins, but Messapus the son of Neptune. Ræus takes notice of this passage, and seems to wonder at it; but gives no reason, why Messapus is alone without a coadjutor.

The four verses of Virgil run thus.

*Totæ adeò conversæ acies, omnesque Latini,  
Omnes Dardanidæ; Mnestheus, atque Seresthus,  
Et Messapus equum domitor, & fortis Asylas,  
Tuscorumque Phalanx, Evandrique Arcadis alæ.*

I doubt not but the third line was originally thus,

*Et Messapus equum domitor, & fortis Atinas:*



For the two names of Asylas and Atinas are so like, that one might easily be mistaken for the other by the transcribers. And to fortify this opinion, we find afterward, in the relation of Sages to Turnus, that Atinas is joined with Messapus.

*Sali, pro portis, Messapus & acer Atinas*  
*Sustentant aciem* —————

In general I observe, not only in this *Æneid*, but in all the six last books, that *Æneas* is never seen on horseback, and but once before as I remember, in the fourth, when he hunts with Dido. The reason of this, if I guess aright, was a secret compliment which the poet made to his countrymen the Romans; the strength of whose armies consisted most in foot; which, I think, were all Romans and Italians. But their wings or squadrons were made up of their *allies*, who were foreigners.

*Æneid* 12. Lines 100, 101, 102.

*At this a flood of tears Lavinia shed;*  
*A crimson blush her beauteous face o'erspread,*  
*Waving her cheeks, by turns, with white and red.* }

Amata, ever partial to the cause of Turnus, had just before desired him, with all manner of earnestness, not to engage his rival in single fight; which was his present resolution. Virgil, though in favour of his hero he never tells us directly, that Lavinia preferred Turnus to *Æneas*, yet has insinuated this preference twice before. For mark, in the 7th *Æneid*; she left her father, who had promised her to *Æneas*

without asking her consent : and followed her mother into the woods, with a troop of Bacchanals, where Amata sung the marriage song, in the name of Turnus ; which if she had disliked, she might have opposed. Then in the 11th Æneid, when her mother went to the temple of Pallas, to invoke her aid against Æneas, whom she calls by no better name than Phrygius Prædo, Lavinia sits by her in the same chair or litter, *juxtaque comæ Lavinia virgo,*  
*—Oculos dejecit decoros.* What greater sign of love, than fear and concernment for the lover ? In the lines which I have quoted she not only sheds tears, but changes colour. She had been bred up with Turnus, and Æneas was wholly a stranger to her. Turnus in all probability was her first love ; and favoured by her mother, who had the ascendant over her father. But I am much deceived, if (besides what I have said) there be not a secret satire against the sex, which is lurking under this description of Virgil, who seldom speaks well of women : better indeed of Camilla, than any other ; for he commends her beauty and valour : because he would concern the reader for her death. But valour is no very proper praise for womankind ; and beauty is common to the sex. He says also somewhat of Andromache, but transiently : and his Venus is a better mother than a wife, for she owns to Vulcan she had a son by another man. The rest are Juno's, Diana's, Dido's, Amata's, two mad prophetesses, three harpies on earth, and as many furies under ground. This fable of Lavinia includes a secret moral ; that

women in their choice of husbands, prefer the younger of their suitors to the elder; are insensible of merit, fond of handsomeness; and, generally speaking, rather hurried away by their appetite, than governed by their reason.

Line 1191, and 1192.

*This let me beg, (and this no fates withstand)  
 Bech for myself, and for your father's land, &c.*

The words in the original are these, *pro latia ob-  
 rogo, pro maiestate tuorum*. Virgil very artfully uses  
 here the word *maiestas*, which the Romans loved so  
 well, that they appropriated it to themselves. *Ma-  
 iestas populi Romani*. This title applied to kings, is  
 very modern, and that is all I will say of it at pre-  
 sent: though the word requires a larger note. In  
 the word *tuorum*, is included the sense of my transla-  
 tion, *Your father's land*: because Saturn, the father  
 of Jove, had governed that part of Italy, after his  
 expulsion from Crete. But that on which I most  
 insist, is the address of the poet, in this speech of  
 Juno. Virgil was sufficiently sensible, as I have said  
 in the preface, that whatever the common opinion  
 was, concerning the descent of the Romans from the  
 Trojans; yet the ancient customs, rites, laws, and  
 habits of those Trojans were wholly lost, and per-  
 haps also that they had never been: and for this  
 reason, he introduces Juno in this place, requesting  
 of Jupiter, that no memory might remain of Troy  
 (the town she hated) that the people hereafter should  
 not be called Trojans, nor retain any thing which be-

longed to their predecessors. And why might not this also be concerted betwixt our author and his friend Horace, to hinder Augustus from rebuilding Troy, and removing thither the seat of empire, a design so unpleasing to the Romans? but of this I am not positive, because I have not consulted d'Acier; and the rest of the criticks; to ascertain the time in which Horace writ the Ode relating to that subject.

Line 1224, and 1225.

*Deep in the dismal regions, void of light,  
Three sisters at a birth, were born to Night.*

The father of these, (not here mentioned) was Acheron: the names of the three, were Alesto, Megæra, and Tisiphone. They were called Furies in hell, on earth Harpies, and in heaven Dira: two of these assisted at the throne of Jupiter, and were employed by him, to punish the wickedness of mankind. These two must be Megæra, and Tisiphone: not Alesto, for Juno expressly commands her to return to hell, from whence she came; and gives this reason:

*Te super Ætherias eripere licentiùs auras,  
Haud pater ipse velit summi regnator Olympi:  
Cede locis.*

Probably this Dira, un-named by the poet in this place, might be Tisiphone; for though we find her in hell, in the sixth Æneid, employed in the punishment of the damned;

*Continuo fontes ultrix accincta flagello.  
Tisiphone quatit insultans, &c.*

Yet afterwards she is on earth in the tenth *Æneid*, and amidst the battle, *Pallida Tisiphone media inter millia lævit*. Which I guess to be Tisiphone, the rather, by the etymology of her name; which is compounded of *τίσις ulcisor*; and *εὐνὸς cædes*. Part of her errand being to affright Turnus with the things of a guilty conscience; and denounce vengeance against him for breaking the first treaty, by refusing to yield Lavinia to Aeneas, to whom she was promised by her father, and consequently, for being the author of an unjust war; and also for violating the second treaty, by declining the single combat, which he had stipulated with his rival, and called the gods to witness before their altars. As for the names of the harpies, (so called on earth) Hesiod tells us they were Iris, Aello, and Ocypete. Virgil calls one of them Celano: this I doubt not was Alecto; whom Virgil calls in the third *Æneid*, *Furiarum maxima*: and in the sixth again, by the same name — *Furiarum maxima, juxta accubat*. That she was the chief of the furies, appears by her description in the seventh *Æneid*: to which, for haste, I refer the reader.





# I · N · D · E · X.

TO THE

## PASTORALS.

BY MR. POTTER.

N. B. *The Subject of each PASTORAL may be seen by the ARGUMENT.*

### PERSONS AND THINGS.

		A.	Past.	Ver.
A	CHILLES	-	iv	44
	Adonis	-	x	26
Ægle		-	vi	32
Ægon		-	iii	2
—	the owner of Sheep kept by Dametas	-	iii	2
—	courted Nærra, but slighted by her	-	iii	4
—	(Lictian) to join in the annual song to the memory of Daphnis.	-	v	124
Ænigma,	one proposed by Dametas	-	iii	160
—	one proposed by Menalcas	-	iii	163

VOL. IV.

O



## INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Past.	Ver.
Arcides	vii	84
Alcimedon	iii	56
Alcippe	vii	19
Alders, how affected by the spring	x	108
Alexis	ii	2
Alphesibeus	vii	77
Alphesibeus begins his song	v	115
Alps	viii	89
Amarillis	x	71
	i	6
	ii	16
	viii	109
	ix	27
Amphion	ii	29
Amphion raised the towers of Thebes by the powers of music	ii	30
Amyntas	ii	43
	iii	100
	x	55
wished to have Corydon's skill on the pipe	ii	44
Antigenes	v	139
Aonian source	x	16
Apollo	iv	12
	x	32
Asar's bridle	i	81
Arcadian judges	iv	72
swains	x	48
mountains	x	80
Arctura	x	1
Argonauts	vi	66
Argos	iv	42
maids of	vi	71
Arion	viii	77
African pastor	vi	98
Ash-tree, the ornament of woods	vii	91
Augustus, restored Virgil his lands	i	63
deified by Virgil, in the person of Titrus	i	60

# . INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

## B.

	Past.	Ver.
BACCHUS, the rites to him first ordained by Daphnis	v	45
— his brows adorned with the vine	vii	86
Banquet, one offered by Tityrus to Melibœus	i	114
Bavius	iii	140
Beauty, a fleeting charm	ii	19
Bianor's tomb	ix	83
Britons,	i	89
— a race of people disjoined from the rest of the world	i	90
Brows (of Phœbus) adorned with bays	vii	85

## C.

CATAMITE, Menalcas is called so by Da- mætas	iii	70
Cæsar, (Julius) his death lamented in the person of Daphnis	v	28
Cæsar's lamp	ix	65
Ceres	v	124
Chian vine	v	109
Chromis, one of the persons by whom Silenus was found sleeping	vi	19
Cinna's ears	ix	47
Circe, changed the friends of Ulysses by her charms	viii	96
Citheris, called Lycoris	x	34
Codrûs	v	15
— next Phœbus for singing	vii	30
—	vii	36
Conon	iii	61
Corydon	ii	1
— loved Alexis	vii	26
— viewed his person in the flood	ii	32

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Past.	Ver.
Corydon praises his person	ii	34
— invites Alexis to live with him	ii	35
— enumerates what he will bestow on Alexis	ii	45
— laments that he is neglected by Alexis	ii	77
— recommends a pastoral life from the example of the gods	ii	85
— resolves to relinquish his unanswered flame, and attend to the duties of his station	ii	103
— begins a poetical contest with Thyrsis	vii	27
— reigns without a rival after vanquishing Thyrsis	vii	100
Country towns compared to shrubs	i	34
Eretan queen	v	68
Cypresses, compared to the stateliness of Rome	i	35
Cyprian queen, delighted in myrtle groves	vii	87

## D.

DAMETAS, bequeathed his pipe to Corydon	ii	46
— kept Ægon's sheep	iii	2
— begins a contest of singing with Menalcas	iii	89
— considers the frown of his mistress as his greatest misfortune	iii	126
— proposes an ænigma to Menalcas	iii	160
— to perform divine rites to the memory of Daphnis	v	113
Damon	iii	32
—	viii	21
—	viii	50
— complains of Nisa's perjury	viii	26
— his first view of Nisa fatal	viii	53
— supposes love to be bred in deserts, and fed by tygers.	viii	60
Daphnis	ii	34
— sat as umpire during a poetical contest between Corydon and Thyrsis	vii	5

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Past.	Vest.
Daphnis (supposed to mean Julius Cæsar) his death lamented	v	28
_____ a monumental inscription for him proposed by Mopsus	v	65
_____ first taught tigers to bear the yoke	v	43
_____ first dressed the spear with curling ivy	v	44
_____ first ordained rites to Bacchus	v	45
_____ is deified by Menalcas	v	86
Delia	iii	102
_____	vii	43
Delphian god	vi	117
Description, of the approach of evening	i	117
_____	ii	95
_____ of two bowls made by Alcimedon	iii	56
_____ of two other	iii	65
_____ of the consequences of the death of Daphnis	v	27
_____	v	51
_____ of Silenus found asleep	vi	20
_____ of the attendants on the song of Silenus	vi	42
_____ of a sheephook	v	137
_____ of a rural crown worn by Sylvanus	x	37
_____ of the countenance of Pan	x	39

## E.

EVENING, the approach of it described by the shadows of the sun lengthening	i	117
_____	ii	98

## F.

FATES	iv	56
Flood, stopped by the rivers standing in heaps at the complaints of two despairing swains	viii	4

## G.

GALATEA	vii	52
Gallus, his distress, for the loss of Lycoris, related		

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Past.	Ver.
Gods, (the) pleased with unequal numbers	viii	107
Griffons	viii	38
Ground, (the) compared to a carpet	i	115

## H.

HAZLE, worn by Phyllis to adorn her hair	vii	88
Hamonian hills	vi	46.
Heat, (Lybiar)	i	88
Helen	iv	43
Homer	viii	16
Hysla	vii	53
Hylas (the son of Theodamas)	vi	66
—— (the dog)	viii	156

## I.

IBERIAN shore	iv	42
Idem grove	ii	87
ILYIAN coast	viii	9
Iolas	ii	80
—— detained Alexis from Corydon by the superiority of his presents	ii	82
Jove	iii	90
—— to him belongs the care of heaven and earth	iii	91
—— descends in kindly showers of rain	vii	83
Juniper, the dews from it unwholesome	x	112

## K.

KIPS, flecked with white, of the true Ar- cadian strain	ii	55
--	----	----

## L.

LICTIAN Ægon, to join in the annual Œg in memory of Daphnis	v	14
Linus	iv	68
Locusts, creak when affected by heat	ii	14

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Past.	Ver.
Love, conquers all	x	96
Lucifer	viii	25
Lucina	iv	11
Lybian heat	i	88
——— lions	v	42
——— sheep	x	97
Lycidas	vii	93
———	ix	2
Lycoris	x	3
Lynxes, listened to the complaints of two de- spairing swains	viii	3

## M.

MAIDS, of Argos	vi	72
Mantua	i	30
Mantuan towers	ix	24
Mars	ix	24
Mænalian strains	viii	30
——— pines	x	21
Mævius	iii	146
Melibæus, recounts the omens that preceded his misfortunes	i	22
——— enumerates the blessings attending Tityrus's freedom	i	64
——— laments the severity of his fortune	i	85
——— is invited to a banquet by Tityrus	i	113
——— relates the particulars of a poetical contest between Corydon and Thyrsis	vii	1
——— decides in favour of Corydon	vii	100
Ménalcas	ii	17
——— describes two bowls made by Alci- medon	iii	55
——— holds a poetical contest with Damætas	iii	93
——— prefers his dress to every other blessing	iii	131
——— proposes an enigma to Damætas	iii	163

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Past.	Ver.
Menalcas praises the song of Mopsus	v	69
deifies Daphnis	v	86
proposes to raise altars and sacrifices to Daphnis	v	102
promises to pay divine honours to Daphnis	v	123
presents Mopsus with his pipe, as a reward for his song	v	133
Meroë's burning plains	x	97
Mincius	vii	15
Mœris	viii	137
	ix	4
Mopsus, only rivalled in voice by Amyntas	v	10
laments the death of Daphnis	v	25
invites the shepherds to perform the funeral rites of Daphnis	v	59
proposes a monumental inscription for Daphnis	v	64
praises the song of Menalcas	v	127
presents Menalcas with a sheep-hook as a reward for his song	v	137
weds Nisa	viii	36
Mossy springs, invite sleep	vii	66
Muses	vi	16
Mycon	vii	43
Myrtle groves, the delight of the Cyprian queen	vii	87

## N.

N AIS	vi	33
Neara	iii	4
Nisæ	viii	46
Numbers, unequal ones, pleasing to the gods	viii	105

## O.

O AIS	i	87
Orpheus	iii	69

# . INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS. (

	Past.	Ver.
Orpheus - - - - -	iv	67
----- - - - - -	viii	70
P.		
PALES - - - - -	v	53
Palemon - - - - -	iii	75
----- settles the order of the controversy		
----- between Dametas and Menalcas	iii	85
----- is unable to determine which		
----- sings best - - - - -	iii	168
Pallas - - - - -	ii	89
Pan - - - - -	ii	40
----- - - - - -	iv	74
----- the inventor of joining reeds of unequal		
----- lengths, with wax, to form musical notes	ii	41
----- fond of shepherds - - - - -	ii	42
----- fed the shepherds sheep - - - - -	ii	42
Parian marble - - - - -	vi	302
----- stone - - - - -	vii	45
Paris - - - - -	ii	87
Parnassus - - - - -	x	16
Parthian bow - - - - -	x	85
Philomel - - - - -	vi	111
Phœbe, descends from heaven by the power of		
----- verse - - - - -	viii	95
Phœbus - - - - -	iii	93
----- the inspirer of poets - - - - -	iii	93
----- requires the warmth he gives - - - - -	iii	94
----- the god of shepherds and of sheep - - - - -	iii	95
----- his brows adorned with bays - - - - -	vii	85
----- warned Mœris, by the croak of a		
----- raven to escape danger - - - - -	ix	19
Phyllis - - - - -	iii	97
----- her return, after absence, thought to		
----- be productive of benefits to the		
----- shepherds - - - - -	vii	81
----- her hair adorned with hazle. - - - - -	vii	88



# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Past.	Ver.
Pindus	vi	47
—	ix	15
Pine trees, great ornaments in gardens	vii	92
Pines, of Mænalus	viii	31
Po	vi	92
Pollio	iii	132
—	viii	7
— praised by Damætas and Mænalcas	iii	136
— a consul when his son Salonius was born	iv	14
Poplar, worn by Alcides	vii	84
— the ornament of floods	vii	92
Priam	ii	88
Priapus	vii	48
Prometheus' theft	vi	65
Progne	vi	115

## R.

REIGN of Saturn	vi	64
—		
— complaints of two despairing swains	viii	4
Rome, its stateliness compared to the cypress	i	35
— prepared triumphs for Pollio's finished wars	viii	8
Roughness, compared to the bar	vii	60

## S.

SATURN	vi	64
Saturnian times	iv	6
Sea-weed (on the shore) represented as a disagreeable sight	vii	59
Scylla's fate	vi	105
Scythian cold	i	88
Sheep-hook, one described	v	138
Silenus, found asleep	vi	20
—, the consequences of his song	vi	42
—, the subject of his song related	vi	49
Sophocles	viii	15

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS

	Past.	Ver.
Spartan flood	vi	118
Sun, its lengthening shadows denote the approach of night	i	117
Sweetness, compared to Hybla	vii	53
Sylvanus	x	37
Syrian robes	iv	20

## T.

TALLNESS, compared to the poplar	vii	54
Taperness, compared to the bole	vii	54
Tereus,	vi	113
Theban turrets, raised by the power of Amphion's music	ii	30
Thestylis	ii	9
—— requested Corydon's kids	ii	56
Thracian clime	x	98
—— bard	vi	46
—— Orpheus	iv	67
Thyrsis	vii	26
—— vanquished by Corydon, in a poetical contest	vii	98
Tigris	i	82
Timavus	viii	9
Tityrus	i	2
——	i	27
——	viii	76
—— invites Melibœus to a banquet	i	113
Trojan fate	iv	44
Typhis	iv	41
Tysian robes	iv	55

## V.

VARUS	xi	8
——	ix	32
Virgil (in the character of Tityrus) deifies Augustus	i	7

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Past.	Ver.
Virgil fought not liberty till the colour of his beard was changed — — — — —	i	38
— prophecies that Saloniſius would grace Pollio's conſulſhip — — — — —	iv	13
— enumerates the bleſſings to mankind that would attend the birth of Saloniſius — — — — —	iv	20
— boasts of having firſt introduced Sicilian ſtrains at Rome — — — — —	vi	1
— confeſſes that Apollo forbid him to ſing of battles, but recommended pa- toral ſubjects to him — — — — —	vi	5
Ulyſſes; his friends changed by the charms of Circe — — — — —	viii	96
Unequal numbers pleaſing to the gods — — — — —	viii	105
W.		
W <sup>H</sup> ITENESS, compar'd to the ſwan — — — — —	vii	53
Wintermaſt — — — — —	x	30

## Y.

Y <sup>E</sup> UGH (baleful) — — — — —	ix	40
--	----	----

## INDEX

# I N D E X

TO THE

G E O R G I C S.

BY MR. POTTER.

N.B. *The Subject of each GEORGIC may be found by the ARGUMENT.*

P E R S O N S   A N D   T H I N G S.

	Georg.	Ver.
<b>A</b> CERRA (the land of) fertile, till over- flowed by the Caurus	ii	308
Achilles	iii	144
Aconite (baleful) not the growth of Italy	ii	219
Actors (of the ancient comedy) wore vizards made of the bark of trees	ii	534
Afric	iii	42
Alburnian groves	vi	214
infested with gad-flies	vi	216
Vol. II.		

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Georg.	Ver.
Alcinous' orchard, bore various kinds of apples	ii	126
Almond trees, loaded with an odorous bloom, the sign of a plentiful summer	i	273.
———— overloaded with leaves, the sign of a barren harvest	i	298
Alps	i	640
————	iii	718
— description of a fatal murrain among cattle there	iii	721
Amellus	iv	392.
———— its root boiled in wine, restorative to sickly bees	iv	399
Aminæan grape	ii	138
Amphyrian shepherd	iii	3
Aplo	iv	527
Arabia	ii	151
———— yields gums	ii	190
Arçadist, (the plains of) flowry	iii	4
Arcadian fleeces	i	21
Arcturus	i	102
Arcthusa	iv	486
———— once of Diana's train	iv	486
———— betrayed to love	iv	487
Argitis grape	ii	142
Argos breed of horses	iii	192
Aristrus	iv	451
———— the fable of, poetically related	iv	451
———— his complaint to his mother Cyrene	iv	456
———— his crime	iv	655
Armenia	iii	46
Aromatic flower, efficacious to bees, when planted near their hives	iv	43
Arras (Persian) the figures of it condemned	ii	650
Assæan vessel	ii	246
Ash trees, raised from cyons	ii	92
Asia	ii	238
Asian cities	iii	47
Astrea	ii	671
————'s balance	i	298

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Georg.	Ver.
Afalus, swarms of gad-flies so called by the Romans	iii	218
Athenian shores	iv	668
Athens	ii	525
—— comedy had its rise there	ii	668
Augustus (Cæsar) addressed and complimented with divinity by Virgil	i	307
—— styled the patron of the world	i	37
Aurora, her course described	i	70
Avernus	ii	270
B.		
BACCHANALS, sung by Spartan Lyones	ii	612
Bacchus	i	10
——	i	81
——	ii	5
——	iv	50
—— the Romans hung earthen images of him, on pine trees, when they celebrated festivals in honour of the vine	ii	585
—— particulars of the ceremonies used by the Romans when they celebrated festivals to him	ii	544
Bactria	ii	189
Balearic slings	i	415
Battle (of the bulls) described	iii	340
Bears (the constellations) decreed by fate, not to dive beneath the southern sea	i	337
Beaver stones of Pontus	i	87
Beeſ. See the General Index		
—— their labours compared to that of the Cyclops	iv	286
—— supposed to have eternal thought	iv	322
Belgian waggons	iii	317
Benacus	ii	230
Beroë	iv	381

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Georg.	Ver.
Perceus	iii	309
Perseus	iii	349
Britons	iii	38
Budding (of trees) described	ii	134
Bulls, birth of the	iii	310
Buntings grape	ii	116
Busts of altars	iii	7
C.		
Celaenra's woods, description of a snake peculiar to them	iii	617
Celandine	ii	235
Cempasah field, what their soil	ii	133
— wine	iii	250
Cyprian	ii	437
Cyclopean rocks, spread with trees	ii	618
Cicero (Augustus)	i	38
—	i	672
—	iv	809
— (Julius) his fate foretold by the sun	i	628
Cæsar's Indian war	iii	42
Cecropian thyme	iv	300
Centaurs, urged to lawless lust by wine	ii	637
Ceres	i	9
—	i	57
—	i	81
—	i	139
— first taught the art of tillage	i	219
— armed with iron shares the plough	i	221
Chaos	iv	491
Chariot race, described	iii	110
Citrons (their juice) in what efficacious	ii	178
— how applied by the Medes	ii	185
Citron tree, described	ii	181
Cignus	ii	308
Clio	iv	481
Clemene	iv	498
Cocytus	iv	608

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS..

	Georg.	Vols.
Coition, known to all living creatures	iii	375
— its joys not confined alone to human beings — — — — —	iii	377
Comedy, its origin described — — — — —	ii	525
Corinthian brass, breathing figures of — — — — —	ii	646
Cormorants, forsake the sea on the approach of wind — — — — —	i	495
Corycian, the happiness of one in retirement described — — — — —	iv	188
Country life, a panegyric on it — — — — —	ii	619
Cyclops, the labour of bees compared to their: — — — — —	iv	245
Cydippe — — — — —	iv	479
Cyllarus — — — — —	iii	142
Cynthia — — — — —	iii	520
— — — — —	iii	693
Cyrene — — — — —	iv	456
— her speech to Aristæus — — — — —	iv	557
Cytheron — — — — —	iii	73
Cyturus — — — — —	ii	612
Cytron steds — — — — —	ii	729
Creation (of the world) described — — — — —	ii	460
Crete — — — — —	ii	787

## D.

DAYS, lucky, and unlucky, ones — — — — —	i	371
Decei — — — — —	ii	235
Deiopia — — — — —	iv	483
Deities (concerned in husbandry) invoked — — — — —	i	7
Deucalion — — — — —	i	93
— threw his mother's intrails on the desert world — — — — —	i	93
Dodonian oaks — — — — —	i	221
Dogs, observations respecting them — — — — —	iii	616
— their use — — — — —	iii	619
Dragon (the constellation) — — — — —	i	295
— its situation — — — — —	i	384
Drymo — — — — —	iv	477
Duch, (the) not warlike — — — — —	iii	557



# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

## E.

	Georg.	Ver.
<b>Æ</b> GYPT's fruitful isle	iv	410
Ægyptian thorn	ii	166
lands	iv	413
Ebony, the growth of India	i	85
	ii	163
Elean chariot	i	89
plains	iii	315
Elm trees, grafted with oak, bear acorns	ii	100
Emathian plains	i	659
Enipeus	iv	525
Ephyræ	iv	485
Epidaurus	iii	75
Epidaurian breed (of horses)	iii	192
Epirus	i	89
produced horses for the Elean chariot	i	89
Epitholus, the nest that joined four horses in the chariot race	iii	177
Etrurian virtue, its austerity arose from Remus and Romulus	ii	788
Euphrates	i	685
	iv	810
Euresthes	iii	8
Europe	iii	52
Eurus	ii	151
Eurydice	iv	763

## F.

<b>F</b> ARLE (of Aristæus)	iv	451
Falernian vine	ii	137
Fawns, propitious to rural swains	vi	11
Fleecet (Aricæ lion)	ii	21
Field-mouse, builds her garner underground	i	265

## G.

<b>G</b> ALANUS	iv	187
Ganges	ii	128
Gargarus, the hills, produce plentiful crops	i	150

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Georg.	Ver.
Gelons - - - - -	iii	703
Cnosian diadem - - - - -	i	311
— bow - - - - -	i	415
Goats, the origin of their being sacrificed at the altar of Bacchus - - - - -	ii	523
Grafting. See General Index.		
Greece - - - - -	i	55
— - - - -	iii	16

## II

<b>II</b> ALCYONS - - - - -	i	544
— - - - -	ii	520
Hazle-tree, rise from roots - - - - -	ii	92
Heat (of summer) foretold by the odorous bloom of Almond-trees - - - - -	i	275
Hebrus - - - - -	iv	61
Hemus' hilly crown - - - - -	ii	694
Herculean poplar - - - - -	ii	18
Hermus - - - - -	ii	248
Hesperus - - - - -	ii	524
Hippodame - - - - -	iii	24
Hippomines, what - - - - -	iii	443
Horie (for war) described - - - - -	iii	170
— rules for the management of him - - - - -	ii	285
Husbandry, the necessary implements for it - - - - -	i	245
Husbandman, not to be exempt from labour - - - - -	i	361
Hylas (the son of Theodamas) - - - - -	iii	9
Hypaus - - - - -	iv	527

## I.

<b>I</b> DEAN pitch - - - - -	iv	87
Idume - - - - -	i	86
Idumean plains - - - - -	ii	165
— palms - - - - -	iii	13
India - - - - -	i	85
Indian fields - - - - -	ii	189

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Georg.	Ver.
Io	iii	244
— punished by Juno	iii	244
Ionian shores	ii	152
Jove	ii	22
—	iii	55
—	iv	491
— forbids plenty to be purchased with ease	i	183
— invented the shining plough-share	i	187
— the inventor of arts, &c.	i	189
— added venom to the viper brood	i	197
— rendered the necessities of life difficult to be obtained, to excite mankind to industry and ingenuity	i	203
Jove's imperial queen	iii	795
Ismarus, pleasing to Bacchus	ii	51
Ister	iii	544
Italy, praised by Virgil, as superior to every other country	ii	191
— its beauty and fertility	ii	196
— free from lions and tigers	ii	207
— its cities magnificent	ii	213
— its lakes and rivers	ii	219
— its quarries once famous for gold and silver	ii	228
— its inhabitants described	ii	229
Juice of Honey-combs, allays the strength and hardness of wine	iv	155
Julian waters	ii	255
Julius Cæsar, his fate supposed (by Virgil) to be foretold by the sun	i	628
Juno	iii	243
— the punishment she inflicted on Io	iii	244
Ivory, the growth of India	i	65

## K.

KINGS (the)	i	295
King (of heaven) fed by bees, in Cretan caves	iv	222

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

## L.

	Geog.	Ver.
LAOMEDON	i	678
Lapithæ	iii	180
Larius	ii	219
Latona's erring isle	iii	9
Lethean poppy	iv	780
Libyan swains	iii	524
—— the manner their sheep feed	iii	527
Lacrias	iv	479
—— once required the aid of Lachon	iv	480
Life (country) a panegyric on it	ii	659
Logurians, a laborious people	ii	262
Lions, none in Italy	ii	208
Lizards, lurk in beehives	iv	352
Love, the force of it on all living creatures	iii	375
—— instanced, by an allusion to the story of Hero and Leander	iii	463
Lucrine lake	ii	282
Lycæan woods	iii	2
Lycæus	iv	786
Lycus	iv	524
Lydian vintage	ii	139
—— wine	iv	547
Lygæa	iv	484

## M.

MATA	i	310
Mantua	iii	18
Mares impregnated by snuffing the western wind	iii	433
Mariù	ii	235
Mars	i	688
——	iv	489
——	iv	667
Marſian race, ſtrong-built and ſtout	ii	210
Mecænas	i	6
——	ii	54
——	iv	3

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Georg.	Ver.
Mecænas requested by Virgil to inspire his song	ii	56
——— complimented by Virgil	iii	70
Medes, the use they made of the juice of citrons	ii	185
Median climes, produce citrons	ii	175
——— woods	ii	187
Mella	iv	398
Meotian strait	iii	543
Milesian wool	iv	470
Mincius	iii	20
Minerva's trees	ii	3
Mole (the) works mazes underground for storing grain	i	267
Moon (the), her crescent tipped with sable cloud; denotes tempestuous weather	i	575
——— her various appearances denote good or bad weather	i	579
Murrain, a description of a fatal one to cattle on the Alps	iii	721
Myfia, boasts of harvests	i	149

## N.

NAPLES (AN) face	iv	776
Naples	iv	815
Narcissus	iv	184
Narycian woods, of pitch	ii	614
Neptune	i	42
———	iv	567
Nereus	iv	564
Night (perpetual) beneath the Southern Sea	i	338
Nile	ii	43
———	iv	409
Niphates	iii	45
Niæa	iv	484
Nifus	i	549

## O.

OETROS, swarms of gad-flies so called by the Greeks	ii	258
---	----	-----

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Georg.	Nat.
Olive trees, thrive without care	ii	39
— bear fruit of different shapes	ii	123
— the figures of peace	ii	593
Olympian groves	iii	288
Opis	iv	483
Orpheus	iv	656
— his story related	iv	669
— mourned seven months for the loss		
of Eurydice	iv	736
— his death	iv	758

## P.

<b>PALES</b>	iii	461
Pallas	i	23
— the inventor of fattening oil	i	28
— the founder of the plough	i	24
Pallenian port	iv	561
Pan, the shepherds tutelary god	i	191
—	iii	601
Paphian myrtles, how raised	ii	90
Parian marble	iii	54
Parthian	iii	48
Peneus' banks	iv	453
Peplos' ivory shoulder	iii	10
Persian arras, censured	ii	650
Phanæus wine, king of Chian growth	ii	140
Phasis	iv	524
Phocæ	iii	808
Phœbus' light, proper for mowing parched meads and stubble	i	385
Phyllodoce	iv	478
Pisa's flood	iii	287
Pleiades	iv	338
Plough, the material of, and form described	i	240
—	ii	633
—	iv	529

# INDEX OF PERSONS and THINGS.

	Georg.	Ver.
Po, its tide impetuous	ii	633
Pontus	i	87
Prælian refes	iv	179
— have a double spring	iv	179
Prodigies, that preceded the death of Julius Cæſar	i	634
Progne	iv	19
Proſerpine	i	56
—	iv	701
Proteus	iv	561
Pſythian vines	iv	388

## R.

<b>R</b> AIN (approaching) known by various ani- mals and birds	i	516
Ravens, greet the ſun on the appearance of fine weather	i	560
Ræthean grape	ii	136
Remus	ii	778
Rhodian wine	ii	143
Riphtan ray	iii	586
Rivers (offſhale) enumerated	ii	219
Roman (youth) derivet from ruined Troy	ii	531
Romans, adorned pine trees with earthen images of Bacchus, at their feſti- vals in honour of the vine	ii	536
Rome	ii	239
— (ancient) flood triumphant upon ſeven hills	ii	783
Romulus	i	669

## S.

<b>S</b> ABELLIAN race, ſtout-built and ſtrong	ii	230
Sabines, the life they led	ii	777
Saffron, the growth of Timolus	i	84
Saturn	iii	415
— his rebel ſon uſurped the ſkies	ii	785

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Georg.	Vet.
Saturnian foil	ii	246
Scipio, had a double name	ii	230
Scylla	i	550
Scythian hills, one of the poles seen to rise there	i	331
— frost	ii	161
— arrow	iii	306
— shepherds	iii	541
— winter-piece	iii	550
Seasons. See the General Index.		
— signs of good and bad, respecting husbandry	i	342
Seeds. See the General Index		
Sestian Shore	iii	314
Signs, to be observed by husbandmen	i	295
— of the year, guided by Apollo	i	320
— (star.) what precede stormy weather	i	489
— denoting the various changes of the weather	i	485
— of approaching rain	i	315
— of dry weather after rain	i	341
Sisyphus	iii	65
Snake, description of one, peculiar to the woods of Calabria	iii	647
Soils. See the General Index		
Sowing. See the General Index		
Spaniards, temper steel for war	i	88
Spartan Pollux	iii	142
Sphere, of the world, described	i	322
Spio	iv	477
Spring (the) gives life to the vegetable world	ii	438
— described	ii	444
— the season for offering gifts at the altar of Bacchus	i	462
Storm, a description of one	i	431
Story, of Orpheus and Eurydice related	iv	696
Stymonian crome	i	179
Styrmon's freezing streams	iv	738
Styx	iv	688



# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Georg.	Ver.
Subject (general) of the Georgics proposed	i	1
Summer (moist) favourable to tillage	i	145
Sun (the) his various appearances certain signs		
of the weather	i	587
— (setting) variously, signs of the weather	i	601
— reveals the secret of the sky	i	624
— supposed, by Virgil, to foretell the fate of		
Julius Cæsar	i	628

## T.

TAEURNUS, loves the shade of olive-trees	ii	52
Tanagrus	iii	242
Tantalus	iii	64
Tarentum	iv	186
—'s lawns	ii	271
Taygetus	iii	74
Tempe	iv	451
Tethys	i	44
Thalia	iv	485
Thrace	iii	143
—	iii	542
Thracian matrons, Orpheus murdered by them	iv	754
Thule	i	41
Tiber	iv	526
Tigers, none in Italy	ii	207
Tithon	iii	82
Timolus	i	84
— produces saffron	i	84
Torches, made of the branches of unctuous trees	ii	603
Trees. See the General Index.		
Tros	iii	58
Troy	iii	59
Tuscan Tiber's course	i	671
Tyrian gown	iii	25
Tyrrhene tide	ii	226

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS. .

## V.

	Georg.	Ver.
VENOMED race, methods to extirpate them	iii	620
Venus	iii	423
—	iv	769
Vesuvius, the lands round it fertile	ii	306
Vines. See the General Index.		
— thrive by propagation	ii	91
Viper, how destroyed	iii	637
Virgil, addresses Augustus Cæsar, and com-		
— pliments him with divinity	i	30
— invokes him to assist his work	iv	59
— recommends annual rites in honour of		
— Ceres	i	462
— supposes the sun to have foretold the		
— death of Julius Cæsar	i	628
— supplicates the gods for the safety of		
— Augustus Cæsar, and the preserva-		
— tion of Rome	i	668
— calls himself the priest of the muses	ii	675
— compliments A. Cæsar	iii	26
— relates the happiness of an old Cœ-		
— rycian in retirement	iv	188
— relates the art of restoring bees when		
— the brood is intirely lost	iv	403
— relates the fable of Aristæus	iv	451

## W.

WEATHER (warm) the proper employ-		
— ments of the husbandman in it	i	397
Weeds, cast malignant shadows	i	181
Whoribat	iii	30
Winds, their rising foreknown by certain signs	i	490
Winter. See the General Index.		
— the season of enjoying the fruits of		
— the summer toils	i	403

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Georg.	Ver.
Winter, a Scythian one described - -	iii	550
Woods (vegetable) various kinds - -	ii	118
World, its sphere explained - -	i	322
----- habitable, its situation - -	i	326
----- supposed, by Virgil, to have been		
created in the Spring - -	ii	457.
----- the creation of it described - -	ii	460

## Y.

YOUTH (Roman) derived from ruined Troy	ii	52
----- the only time in which mortals live	iii	108
----- the bliss of it fugitive - -	iii	109

## GENERAL

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# GENERAL INDEX

TO THE

## GEORGICS.

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The GEORGICS comprehend a System of the most material branches of AGRICULTURE, and RURAL ARTS; under four distinct heads: viz. TILLAGE; PLANTING; KNOWLEDGE of ANIMALS; and the NATURE and MANAGEMENT of BEES.

N. B. The figures mark the verse of each Book.

---

### GEORGIC I. Of TILLAGE, &c.

*Lands*] **B**ARREN, require early tillage, 96; should not be ploughed deep, 101; should be burnt, 123.—Watry lands should be tilled but seldom, 108.—Lands, where tares and vetches have grown, will produce plentiful crops of corn the succeeding year, 112.—Lands for grain should be drained from water, 169.—The proper time for draining lands, is the spring and autumn, 171.

## GENERAL INDEX,

- Soils*] Those that are meagre by nature may be improved by the change of seed, 120.
- Ground*] Fallow, requires sprinkling with ashes, and fattening dung, 119.
- Earth*] The clods should be smoothed with harrows, or broke with rakes, after grain is sown, 138.
- Ploughing*] The Spring a proper time for it, 69; also in Autumn, 300. Ploughing across the furrows profitable, 141.
- Sowing*] The season for it;—of wheat, 310;—other sorts of seeds, 315.
- Grain*] Of all kinds should be occasionally changed to avoid degeneration, 286.
- Seeds*] How to save particular sorts, 302. Should be covered as soon as sown, 137.
- Corn*] When grown to the height of the furrows, should be cropped by sheep, to prevent a weakness of stalk, 165.
- Seasons*] Summer, the proper employments of it, for the Husbandman, 397.—Winter, the employments suitable to it, 350;—the time to thrash the wood for mast of oak, 409;—other employments suitable to it, 411.
- A dry winter favourable to sown seeds, 145.

## GEORGIC II. PLANTING, &c.

- Trees*] What owe their birth from nature, 13. Raised from seeds, 19.—Some require no root, 37. What may be grafted, 43. Those that advance to great heights are barren, 67. Barren ones capable of being grafted to bear, 71. Many that are barren by growing wild, improve and bear by being transplanted, 76. Such as spring from seeds, are slow of growth, 81. Their wildness may be tamed by art and labour, 85. What may be raised from cyons, 93. What sorts will receive grafts, 96. Trees know their respective countries, 162. What trees are peculiar to particular countries, 163. Hazle-trees are injurious to vineyards, 410. Apple-trees require no props till over-

## TO THE GEORGICS.

- loaded with fruit, 599. Trees of nature thrive un-  
cultivated, 601. Barren trees, instances of their use,  
622. Olive-trees thrive without care, 39, their old  
stalks revive in plants, 89; require no dressing, 587.  
*Planting*] Of vines, rules for it, 351. Proper situation  
for planting vines, 368. All kinds of planting im-  
proper in cold weather, 430. • Best to plant olive-trees  
in the spring, 594.  
*Grafting*] Requires knowledge of the different kinds of  
stocks, 46. The method described, 110.  
*Pruning*] When improper to prune vines, 380; when  
proper, 505. When pruning is necessary, 562.  
*Vines*] Thrive by propagation, 91.—Those of different  
countries produce grapes of different colours and  
shapes, 128. Thrive where fern grows, 262. What  
soil fit for them, 310. Rules to be observed in plant-  
ing them, 351. Should be supported when young,  
491. Not to be pruned too young, 500. Should be  
fenced from cattle, 511. Require dressing, 548.  
*Lands*] Forest, may be made fit for grain, 288.  
*Soils*] What proper for particular plants and trees, 154.  
Poor, for what fit, 252. Where fern grows, fit for  
vines, 262. Gravelly, fit for olive-trees and vines,  
301. Other, fit for vines, 310.  
*Earth*] Fat and crumbling, fit for the plough, 280.  
Fit for seed, 284. • Salt and bitter, fit for sowing, 323.  
What unfit for fruit-trees and vines, 325. • What fit  
for arable, 321. Experiments to know its different  
qualities, 327.  
*Plants*] Observations concerning them, 475.  
*Pasture*] What fit for herds and sheep, 290—304.

## GEORGIC III. OF ANIMALS, &c.

- Cattle*] Their worth derived from the goodness of their  
dams, 86. Observations respecting the care necessary  
when young, 249. • Should be trained to labour by  
degrees when young, 259. Should not propagate too  
soon, 326. Diseases to which they are subject, 670.

## GENERAL INDEX.

- Horses*] Signs to judge whether a colt will make a courser for the race, 118. What colours best, 127. What colours bad, 129. Horse for war described, 130. Breeding of horses, observations respecting it, 151—186. Stallions, how to manage them for breeding, 196. Mares, how to be managed for breeding, 208; how to manage them when with fold, 225. Warlike horse, how to be managed, 285.
- Cows*] The true breed described, 87. The proper age for propagation, 99. When too old for it, 100. Observations respecting it, 103.
- Sheep*] Observations for the management of them, 463. Their breed to be attended to for producing wool, 590. Ram, rules for judging whether he is fit for the flock, 596. Signs and causes of their sickness, 670. Rules to be observed after sheering, 680. The method of curing fevers in sheep, 699.
- Goats*] How they are to be managed, 469. Their use, 477.
- Hares*] Their declining vigour must be repaired annually by propagation, 112.
- Dogs*] Observations respecting them, 616. Their use, 619.
- Milk*] The manner in which flocks must be fed to produce plenty of it, 604.

## GEORGIC IV. OF BEES, &c.

- Bees*] Should be stationed in a quiet place, 10; sheltered from wind, 11; remote from cattle, 12. near a stream 23. Lodge beneath the ground, 60; and in hollow trees, 62. Should not be placed near deep waters, 65; nor near yeugh-trees, 66, nor near hollow rocks, 69. Their employment in summer, 71. When swarming, should be allured with scents, and called home by tinkling sounds, 83. They contend for empire, 93. Their battles described, 115. Their battles conducted by the king-bees, 109. Governed only by one monarch, 129. Their battles ended by a

# TO THE GEORGICS.

raft of scattered dust, 131. They restore the law-  
 king his right, 134, and slay the wasteful prodigal,  
 135. The marks by which their ranks are distin-  
 guished, 138. Methods to bring them back when  
 they loath the hive, 161. Their nature described,  
 220. Their conduct and government, 225. Their  
 various stations and employments, 232—256. Drones  
 expelled the hive, 241. Labour all the day, 273.  
 Observe profound silence in the hives during the time  
 of general rest, 278. Keep near their hives at the  
 approach of wet, and stormy, weather, 280. Poise  
 themselves with gravel stones, to steer their flight,  
 in windy weather, 286. Have no nuptial rites, 289.  
 Their genial powers fixed in their mouths, 292.  
 Their lives do not exceed seven years, 307. Obey  
 their king with servile awe, 307. The death of the  
 king dissolves the government of the hive, 310. The  
 king inspects into the labours of his subjects, 313.  
 Their attention to their king, 314. Revenge the loss  
 of their honey, 344. How they must be preserved in  
 severe winters, 348. Symptoms of sickness, 368.  
 Remedies for their sickness, 383. The art of renew-  
 ing their breed when totally lost, 408.  
*Beehives*] Should be sheltered by trees, 25. Directions  
 for making them, 47. Should be stop-tight from  
 crevices, 63.  
*Honey*] The method of taking it from the hives, 335.  
 To be taken twice a year, 337. Time of the first  
 season, 338. Time of the second season, 340.



# I N D E X

TO THE

Æ N E I S.

By MR. P O T T E R.

N.B. *The general Subject of each Book may be seen by the ARGUMENT.*

## P E R S O N S A N D T H I N G S.

	A.	Book.	Ver.
ABBAS	- - - - -	i	173
Abella	- - - - -	vii	1020
Accles	- - - - -	i	171
— receives Æneas hospitably	- - - - -	v	48
— reproaches Entellus for not entering into combat with Pares	- - - - -	v	513
— enters the list of Archers	- - - - -	v	662
— his arrow fired into flames by its swiftness	- - - - -	v	691
— is presented with the prize by Æneas	- - - - -	v	704
Achates, urges Æneas to discover himself to Dido	- - - - -	i	815

# INDEX OF PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	
Achates, is sent by Æneas to the fleet to fetch Iulus with presents to Dido	i	911
Achæmenides, supplicates the Trojans	iii	786
Acheron	vi	410
Achilles	i	643
Acmon	x	188
Accetes	xi	45
—— attended the corps of his dead pupil Pallas	i	123
Acontes	ii	918
Acron	x	1014
Ætium	viii	897
Actor	ix	665
Adrastus	vi	648
Ægean	x	791
Æneas, bewails the situation of the Trojan fleet in the storm	i	135
—— after landing at an African port, takes a view of the sea, in hope of discovering those vessels that were separated from him in the storm	v	256
—— encourages his people to endure their sufferings	i	277
—— with Achates, goes to survey the country	i	431
—— is met by Venus disguised as an huntress	i	434
—— inquires of her respecting the country	i	458
—— is resolved by her	i	465
—— tells her who he is	i	517
—— enters Carthage concealed in a cloud by the device of Venus	i	612
—— views the history of the fate of Troy on the walls of the Temple dedi- cated to Juno	i	639
—— weeps at the representation	i	644
—— sees his friends whom he thought lost	i	718
—— released from the cloud, addresses him- self to Dido, and extols her hos- pitality	i	384

# INDEX of, PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Aeneas, embraces his friends	i	861
— sends Achates to the fleet to bring Iulus with presents for Dido	i	911
— relates the history of the destruction of Troy, to Dido	ii	17
— carried his father Anchises on his shoulders, from the flames of Troy; led his son Ascanius, and was followed by Creusa	ii	982
— lost Creusa in his way from Troy to the ruins of the temple of Ceres	ii	1002
— returned to Troy in search of her	ii	1015
— was met by the ghost of Creusa, who warned him to submit to the decrees of the gods, and informed him of his future fate	x	1062
— returned to the temple and found his friends there, who with arms and treasure, resolved to submit themselves to his command and protection wherever fortune should direct	ii	1082
— built his fleet of timber cut near Antandros, and at the foot of Mount Ida	iii	7
— paid funeral honours to the ghost of Polydore	iii	88
— inquired of the oracle what place the gods appointed for his habitation	iii	114
— after landing at Crete, prepared to build a town	iii	182
— was informed, by his household gods, in a dream, of the true sense of the oracle	iii	207
— his reply to Andromache	iii	405
— his speech to Helenus	iii	459
— was informed of his future state by Helenus	iii	480
— his speech to Andromache	iii	638

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Vers.
Aeneas, while a hunting with Dido, is taken in a storm, and enters a cave with her, where he enjoys her, and is supposed to marry her	iv	240
his speech to Dido	iv	483
is warned by Mercury to leave Carthage	iv	803
sets sail with the Trojan fleet from Carthage	iv	838
saw the blaze of Dido's funeral pile	v	4
is driven by a storm on the coast of Sicily, where he lands	v	43
exhorts his people to celebrate the memory of Anchises with divine honours	v	59
institutes funeral games, and appoints prizes to the victors	v	81
his address to his father's ghost	v	100
is surprised by a serpent from the tomb of Anchises	v	110
puts an end to the combat between Dares and Egeus	v	115
prays Jupiter to stop the burning of the Trojan fleet	v	901
is advised by Nautes to build a city for the Trojan women, and such as were unfit to follow the war, and to call it Acesta, from Acestes	v	928
is visited by the ghost of Anchises, who advises him to follow the counsel of Nautes	v	946
plans a city	v	948
sets sail for Italy	v	1011
grieved for the loss of his pilot Palinurus	v	1133
lands at the country of the Sibyl	vi	5
visits the Sibyl	vi	12
his address to Apollo	vi	87
is informed by the Sibyl of the adventures he should meet with in Italy	vi	129

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Aeneas, intreats the Sibyl to conduct him to Hell	vi	162
— mourns for the fate of Misenus	vi	257
— is directed by Venus's doves to the tree bearing the golden branch	vi	281
— gathers the branch and carries it to the palace of the Sibyl	vi	303
— sets out for Hell, accompanied by the Sibyl	vi	336
— sees the shades of many of his departed friends, wandering on the Stygian shore	vi	435
— is accosted by Charon	vi	526
— is received into Charon's boat on the Sibyl's shewing the golden branch	vi	548
— after passing the Stygian lake, enters the mournful fields, where he sees the shades of many of his friends	vi	602
— sees the ghost of Dido	vi	610
— speaks to it	vi	618
— visits the shades of departed warriors	vi	645
— meets the ghost of Priam's son Deiphobus	vi	666
— arrives at the palace of Pluto, and fixes the golden branch over the portico	vi	805
— enters the blissful seats	vi	807
— meets the ghost of Anchises	vi	930
— discourses with it, on the sublime mysteries of the soul of the world, and the transmigration, and is shewn the race of heroes which was to descend from him and his posterity	vi	976 &c.
— quits the shades below, returns to the Fleet, and sails to Cajeta	vi	1245
— nursed in his infancy by Cajeta, from whom the promontory and town is named	vii	4

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Aeneas paid funeral honours to the memory of her	vii	7
quits Cajeta	vii	8
remarks (from an observation of Af- canus) that the prophesy of An- chises was fulfilled	vii	162
sends a band of Trojan youths with presents to King Latinus, to so- licit peace, and leave for the Tro- jans to settle in Italy	vii	205
is troubled with anxious thoughts for the event of the war	viii	28
is informed by the god of the Tiber in a dream of the future event of the war	viii	55
sees the white swine with her thirty young ones, as described by the prophesy, and offers them at the altar of Juno	viii	111
sets sail for Palanteum, to solicit suc- cours of king Evander	viii	121
arrives there, and addresses the king	viii	168
is conducted by Evander, and his son Pallas, to view the city	viii	410
doubted of the success of the war, till encouraged by a prodigy of arms, and the sound of martial in- struments in the sky, devised by Venus	viii	692
performs rites to Hercules	viii	719
his horse and dress, presented to him by Evander, described	viii	730
sets out for the war with his forces	viii	773
is presented by Venus with the fated arms, and shield, prepared by Vul- can	viii	808
in his return to his army, is sur- rounded by a choir of Nereids, once ships in the Trojan fleet	x	312

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Aeneas, on landing his troops, begins the war	x	429
----- warns Lausus to shun danger	-	x 1149
----- weeps over Lausus after he had killed him	-	x 1165
----- erects a trophy of the spoils of Mezentius	xi	8
----- grants a truce for burying the dead	xi	33
----- sends the body of Pallas, with great funeral pomp, to Evander	xi	40
----- grants a truce of peace for twelve days	xi	159
----- moves his camp near the city while the Latins are assembled in council	xi	684
----- prays to the gods before he engages with Turnus	xii	266
----- is wounded by an arrow	xii	482
----- from the effect of his wound, is forced to leave the field	xii	566
----- is miraculously cured by Venus	xii	607
----- encourages Ascanius, by his example, to pursue the arts of war	xii	644
----- orders his forces to attack the city	xii	825
----- engages with Turnus in single combat	xii	1034
----- upbraids Turnus with cowardice	xii	1286
----- wounds him	xii	1335
----- sees the golden belt taken by Turnus from Pallas	xii	1365
----- kills Turnus	xii	1375
Aeolus, raises a storm to prevent the arrival of the Trojan fleet in Italy, at the request of Juno	i	120
Aethon	ii	131
Aetna	iii	747
Agamemnon	i	642
Agragas	iii	924
Agrippa	viii	903
Agyllia, the ancient name of Care	viii	627
Ajax	ii	563
Alba-longa	i	368
Albano	xii	206

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Vers.
Albula, the ancient name of the Tiber	viii	439
Alcander - - - - -	ix	1032
Alcanor - - - - -	ix	915
Alcathous - - - - -	x	1052
Alcides - - - - -	vii	916
—— detected the theft of Cacus	viii	285
Alcan twins - - - - -	vi	784
Alecto - - - - -	vii	451
—— excites Turnus to wage war with the Trojans - - - - -	vii	634
Alethes - - - - -	i	172
Alia - - - - -	vii	993
Almon, his death - - - - -	vii	741
Alfus - - - - -	xii	461
Amata - - - - -	vii	482
—— her address to Latinus - - - - -	vii	501
—— persuades Turnus not to engage with Æneas in single combat - - - - -	ii	88
—— hangs herself - - - - -	xii	882
Amasene - - - - -	xi	825
Amatrus - - - - -	xii	997
Amicus - - - - -	xii	739
Ammon - - - - -	iv	288
Amfanctus, the lake so called, described	vii	778
Amycla - - - - -	x	790
Amycus - - - - -	ix	1012
Anagnia - - - - -	vii	947
Anchemolus - - - - -	x	543
Anchises - - - - -	i	871
—— wished to add his funeral to the fate of Troy - - - - -	ii	863
—— from an omen, solicited Æneas to leave the flames of Troy, and with his family and household gods, seek a place of safety - - - - -	ii	950
—— interpreted the answer of the oracle to the Trojans - - - - -	ix	139
—— perceived his mistake of the ora- cle's answer - - - - -	iii	245



# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book	Ver.
Anchises, recollected the prophecies of Cassandra	iii	244
———, his memory celebrated with divine honours, by the Trojans	v	59
——— his ghost visits Æneas	v	946
——— informs Æneas of his future fate	vi	1231
Ancus	vi	1115
Androgeos	ii	500
Andromache	iii	384
——— addresses to Æneas	iii	401
——— her speech to Æneas	iii	415
——— made presents to the Trojans	iii	622
Angitian woods, remembered the fate of Umbro the priest	vii	104.
Anien	vii	945
Anius, received Anchises with friendship	iii	106
Anna	iv	11
——— her speech to Didō	iv	42
Antandros	iii	7
Antæus	x	783
Antennæ	vii	872
Antheus	i	257
Anthores	x	1104
Antiphates	ix	944
Antonius	viii	907
Antronius	x	1067
Anubis	viii	927
Anus	xi	1034
Arxur	x	763
Apollo	iii	163
——— encourages Ascanius to glory	ix	876
Appennine	xii	1021
Araxes	viii	970
Arcæus	ix	790
Archetius	xii	675
Archippus	vii	1033
Ardea	vii	873
Astethusa	iii	912

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Argive	vi	668
Argos	i	24
Argus' death	viii	455
Aricia, Dore Virbius, the son of Hippolytus, in the Egerian groves	vii	1045
Arisba	ix	350
Argyripa	x	377
Aruncans	vii	1005
Aruns	xi	1221
Afcanius,	i	364
		390
headed a troop of horse at the games in honour of the memory of Anchises	v	745
reproves the Trojan matrons for setting fire to the fleet	v	876
an observation of his	vii	159
accompanied with the Trojan youths, hunts a stag, belonging to Tyrr- heus, which being killed by him, occasions the war between the Trojans and Latins	vii	687
kills Numanus	ix	863
Asium	x	247
Asius	x	188
Astur	x	261
Astyanax	iii	632
Asylas	ix	775
Atè	x	1079
Athamas	ii	342
Athos	xii	1020
Atinas	xii	808
Atis; led the second troop of horse at the games in honour of Anchises	v	711
Atlas	i	1039
Atreus	viii	173
Aufidus	xi	626
Auletes	xii	437
Auletes	x	266
Aufonia	viii	14

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Automedon	ii	649
Aventine	vii	920
Aventinus	vii	907

## B.

BACCHUS	i	1025
Barce	iv	910
Beilona	viii	933
Belus	i	1019
Beroe	v	805
Bitias	i	1034
Bola	vi	1051
Boreas	i	112
Briareus	vi	401
brutes	v	492
Butes	xi	1019
Bathrotus	iii	379
Butis	xii	540

## C.

CACUS	viii	258
his overthrow described	viii	285
Cadicus	x	1052
Cæneas	ix	778
Cæculus	x	757
Cæsar	viii	899
Cæicus	i	257
Cafeta, so called from Æneas's nurse	vii	3
Calchas	ii	135
Cales	vii	1008
Calibe	vii	580
Calliope	ix	696
Calydon	vii	424
Camilla	vii	1094
	xi	758
engages in the war	xi	809
her appearance and valour described	xi	962
is wounded	xi	1125

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Camilla, her death described	xi	1203
Cammillus	vi	1132
Capys, objected to the admission of the wooden horse within the walls of Troy	ii	46
Carians	viii	965
Carmarine	ix	920
Carmentel	viii	446
Carthage,	i	19
its situation and inhabitants described	i	468
the building described	i	585
Cassandra, foretold the fate of Troy on the admission of the wooden horse	ii	323
the Greeks barbarity to her	ii	544
Castor	x	191
Cataline	viii	886
Caullus	vii	932
Cato	vi	1156
Cedicus	x	489
Celæno, her address to the Trojans	iii	324
Centaurs	viii	389
Cerberus	vi	564
Ceres	iv	78
Cethegus	xii	746
Chaonia, called so after Chaon	iii	313
's port, the Trojans landed there	iii	378
Charon,	vi	413
rejected the ghosts of such as had not received funeral rites	vi	445
Charybdis	iii	734
Chimæra	ix	403
Chloëus	xi	1131
Chorinæus	vi	237
Choroëbus	ii	461
Chromys	xi	1000
Ciminia	vii	960
Cinyras	x	276
Circe	vii	260
Cisseus	v	765

# INDEX, of, PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Clarus	x	190
Clauius	vii	973
Cloanthus	—	719
conqueror in the naval games	v	319
Clelia	viii	866
Clonius	ix	780
Cluentius	v	163
Clytius	ix	1044
Codrus	viii	864
Cocytus,	vi	412
Coere	x	264
Coras	vii	932
Corinth	vi	1145
Coritum	iii	286
Coritus	x	1014
Cosa	x	247
Goffus	vi	1157
Crete, (the island) fruitful	iii	141
Cretus	ix	1045
Creusa	ii	813
Crinifus	v	52
Cume	iii	561
Cupavo	x	268
Cupentus	xii	792
Cupid personates Iulus, and carries presents to Dido at the request of Venus	i	975
inflames Dido with love for Æneas	i	1006
Cybel	vii	189
Cybele	iii	152
Cyclades	iii	174
Cyclops	i	280
their abode described	iii	869
forged the armour of Æneas	vi	858
Cycnus	viii	551
Cydon	viii	583
Cyllenius	x	273
Cymodora	x	449
	x	408
	x	318

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Vol.
Cymothoe	i	205
Cynthus	iv	210
Cyprus.	i	880
Cythera	i	956

## D.

<b>DANAE</b>	vii	572
Dardanus	iii	225
Dares	v	486
Daris	xii	540
Daunus	xii	354
Delos	iii	198
Deiopeia	i	110
Deiphobe	vi	55
Deiphobus	ii	417
Demodochus	x	380
Demoleus	v	339
Demophoon	x	999
Dercennus	xi	1235
Diana	vi	59
Dido	i	469
— her story related	i	472
— built a temple at Carthage, dedicated to Juno	i	625
— gave protection to the Trojans	i	790
— inquired the cause of Æneas's ship wreck	i	870
— conducted Æneas to her palace, and entertained the Trojans	i	893
— ratified a peace between the Trojans and Tyrians	i	1020
— requests Æneas to relate the history of his adventures after the siege of Troy	i	1058
— discovers her passion for Æneas, to Anna	iv	—
— offered sacrifices to different deities, to detain Æneas at Carthage	iv	976
— the effects of her love for Æneas described	iv	93

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Dido prepared a hunting-match for Æneas	iv	164
— while a hunting with Æneas, is taken in a storm, raised by Juno, and seeks shelter with him in a cave, where she discovered her love for him, and he is supposed to enjoy her	iv	240
— reproaches Æneas with infidelity	iv	341
— uses various arts to detain him	iv	599
— sends her sister Anna to solicit his stay	iv	608
— is encouraged to revenge the flights of Æneas, by her own death, by portents and prodigies	iv	643
— resolves on her death	iv	682
— grew frantic when she found that Æneas had set sail from Carthage	iv	846
— kills herself	iv	958
Didymæon	v	477
Dindymus	iv	843
Diomedes	i	659
Diores	v	422
Diræ	xii	1220
Dodaro	v	35
Dolon	xii	523
Donyfa	iii	172
Dotis	ix	116
Dorichus	v	806
Doris	iii	100
Drances	xi	183
Dryads	iii	45
Dryops	x	480
Dynæ	ii	459

## E.

Æbusus killed by Chorinæus	xii	459
Electra	viii	179
Elis	vi	792
Eniza	iv	146

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Elorus	iii	927
Elysium, Æneas (accompanied by the Sibyl)		
enters there	vi	867
Enos (the City) so called by Æneas	iii	28
Enceladus, his fate	iii	755
feigned to be the cause of the eruptions of mount Ætna	iii	759
Entellus, reproached by Acestes	v	515
engages with Dares, and conquers	v	560
Epheus	ii	345
Epulon	xii	675
Ericolus	ix	931
Erato	vii	52
Erebus	iv	739
Ereutes	x	1050
Eriphyle	vi	1002
Erymanthus	v	600
killed by Furnus	ix	950
Eryx		421
Eutroia	vii	897
Eumedes	ix	520
Eumenus		987
Euphrates	viii	968
Eurithous	viii	348
Eurus	i	153
Euryalus	v	421
goes with Nisus to recall Æneas	ix	414
instances of his valour	ix	480
took the caparison from the horse of slaughtered Rhamnes	ix	485
finds the helmet of Messapus, and puts it on	ix	497
is discovered by the helmet by Volscens	ix	507
is taken prisoner	ix	537
is slain by Volscens	ix	579
Euryphylus	ii	159
Eurytion	v	678
Evadne	vi	606



# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Vet.
Æneas	viii	70
receives the Trojans hospitably	viii	205
invites Æneas to an annual feast in honour of Hercules	viii	223
relates the thefts of Cacus and his overthrow	viii	269
offers Æneas the assistance, of his forces and son	viii	679
presents him with a horse for the war	viii	730
his distress on seeing his dead son	xi	224
desires that Æneas will revenge the death of Pallas on Turnus	xi	274
Eneas	x	992

## F.

FABRIS	vii	989
FABRITIUS	vi	1062
Fadus, killed by Euryalus	ix	463
Faunus the guardian god of the Latins	xii	1113
Ferofilia	vii	971
Fidenæ	vi	1050
Fleet (the Trojan) sets sail for Italy	i	50
combats the storm raised by Æolus	i	148
Foruli	vii	989

## G.

GALESUS	vii	746
Ganges	ix	36
Ganymede	i	70
Garamantis	iv	286
Gela	iii	923
Geryon	vi	402
Gorgons	xi	402
Gravisca	x	2634

INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.		
	Book.	Page.
Greece	i	25
Greeks, their treachery represented in the per-		
son of Sinon	ii	84
Gyas	ii	306
Gyges, his death		1026
Gylippus	xii	410

## II.

Instances of his valour	x	500
Helenus	x	632
Helenus	ix	1036
Hephaestus	i	441
Hephaestus	xv	660
Harpies, their abode described	iii	277
their forms described	iv	282
are attacked by the Trojans	vi	313
Hemon	xv	932
Hamonides	x	747
killed by Æneas	x	754
Hebeſus	x	46
Hebrus	x	656
Hecate	iv	740
Hector	i	141
his body dragged thrice round the walls of Troy by Achilles, after he had slain him	ii	676
his fate solemnized by Andromache	iii	382
his ghost appeared to Æneas	ii	352
acquainted him of the fate of Troy, and advised his flight	ii	381
foretold him his future fortune	ii	391
Hecuba	ii	704
Helen, the bane of Greece and Troy.	ii	779
Helenus	iii	381
succeeded Pyrrhus in his bed and throne	iii	383

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Helenus received Æneas and the Trojans with friendship	iii	446
——— prophesied concerning the future for- tune of Æneas	iii	480
——— presented him with presents, and the helm of Pyrrhus, and supplied the fleet	iii	594
Helenor	ix	728
Helicon	vii	888
Helymus	v	94
———	v	394
——— came in second in the foot-race	v	422
Hercules. (See Al.ides)	viii	236
——— discovered the theft of Cacus	viii	287
——— his labours recorded	viii	383
——— mourn'd at the vain request of Pallas	x	65
Hermes. (See Cyllenius, and Mercury.)	i	408
Hermipus	xi	952
Hermes	vii	996
Hernicus	vii	946
Hesperia	iii	221
——— the fertile, the natives bold	iii	222
——— once held by the Oenotrians	iii	223
——— now called Italy	iii	224
Hiarba, rejected by Dido	iv	295
Hiera	ix	915
Hionens, kills Lucetius	ix	771
Hilus	xii	784
Himella	vii	987
Hionens	ii	459
Hippocleides	v	655
Hippocleides	vii	1043
——— his story	vii	1049
Histon	x	538
Hodaspes	x	1053
Hydra	vi	778
Hymen	iv	159
Hyrtacus	ix	223

JANUS	i	402
Jāpis	vii	245
— discovers the cause of Æneas's wounds	vii	577
— healing	xii	628
Jarbas	iv	51
Jafius	iii	225
Icarus	vi	47
Ida (mount) part of the Trojan fleet built		
— with — cut from thence	iii	7
— (the mother of Nifus) killed	ix	781
Idæus	vi	653
Idomeneus	iii	137
—	iii	515
Ilia	i	371
Ilioneus	i	172
— addresses Dido in behalf of the Trojans	i	734
— his reply to Latinus	vii	291
Ilium	vi	16
Iliwa (the isle of) famous for steel and unex-		
— hausted mines	x	253
Ilus	x	500
Inachus	vii	521
Io	vii	1077
Iolas	xi	977
Iolus	xii	796
Iopas	i	1038
— the subject of his song	i	1046
Jove. (See Jupiter.)		
Phitus	ix	457
Iris, is sent by Juno to cut the fatal lock, and		
— relieve Dido from the pangs of death	iv	906
— her descent described	iv	1004
— is sent by Juno to the Trojan matrons	v	737
— assumes the form of Peleus, and persuades		
— them to set fire to the Trojan fleet	v	810
— is sent to Turnus	ix	2

# INDEX OF PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Iris forms a rainbow in her flight	ix	16
Icœnia	ix	968
Ismarus	x	207
Italia. (See Italy)		
Italus	vii	244
Italy	i	57
—	i	651
—	iii	224
Ithaca	iii	804
Ithacus	ii	176
Julus. (See Ascanius.)	i	365
Juno	i	28
— solicits Æolus to raise a storm to sink the Trojan fleet	i	97
— marriage ascribed to her	iv	80
— her address to Venus	iv	134
— is dissatisfied with the alliance of Latinus with the Trojans	vii	395
— sends Alecto to possess the queen against the alliance	vii	460
— her answer to Venus in the council	x	95
— her device to draw Turnus from engaging with Æneas in single combat	x	900
— from the heavens surveys the state of the war	x	1078
— her reply to Jupiter	xii	1177
Jupiter, his reply to the address of Venus	i	350
— sends Mercury to secure safety and protection for the Trojans at Carthage	i	408
— sends him to warn Æneas from Carthage	iv	327
— answers the petition of Ascanius	ix	863
— calls a council of the gods, and forbids them to engage in either party	x	1
— breaks up the council	x	159
— his remark to Hercules	x	557
— his conference with Juno	x	856
— his address to Juno	xii	1147

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	
Juturna	x	618
— assumes the form of Camertus, and		
— reproaches the Rutulians	xii	346
— assumes also the form of Metiscus	xii	690
— as Metiscus, restores Turnus his sword	xii	1134
— her distress for the determined fate of		
Turnus	xii	1260
Ixion	vi	814

## L.

LADES	xii	517
Ladon	x	580
Lagus	x	533
Lamus	ix	450
Lamyus	ix	450
Laocon	ii	52
— exhorted the Trojans to guard against		
the treachery of the Greeks		4
— threw his spear into the side of the		
wooden horse	ii	64
— killed by serpents	ii	285
— the cause of his death	ii	301
Laodamia	vi	606
Larina	xi	972
Laris	x	546
Latagus	x	577
Latinus	vii	68
— receives the Trojans in his palace	vii	268
— examines into their wants	vii	270
— enters into an alliance with them, and		
sends presents to Æneas, and an		
offer of his daughter	vii	354.&c.
— perceives that the war will not cease		
till Æneas weds Lavinia	xi	355
— his address to the council respecting		
the war	xi	463
— persuades Turnus to relinquish his		
claim to Lavinia	xii	31

# INDEX OF PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Latinius ratifies a peace	xii	292
Latium	i	286
Lavinia	vii	1037
addressed by Turnus	vii	83
her future fortune foretold by an omen	vii	107
laments the death of the queen	xii	885
Lavinium	i	367
Laurentum, why so called	vii	93
Lausus	vii	899
receives the crest and helmet of Turnus	x	993
his piety to his father	x	1024
is killed by Æneas	x	1002
Leucospis, a spirit met by Æneas	vi	457
Leucate	iii	355
a temple of Apollo there	iii	226
Liger	ix	775
his threats to Æneas	x	816
Linceus	ix	1035
Lucagus	x	810
Lucetius, killed by Hilioneus	ix	771
Lycas	ix	408
Lycas, his extraordinary birth	x	437
Lycian crew, perils in the bank of Orontes	i	162
Lycimnia	vii	32
Lycurgus	iii	20
Lycus	i	306
	ix	728
Lynis	xi	991
Lyrneus	xii	800

M.

MAEON	x	466
Maenotian lake	vi	1088
Maja	viii	184
Magus, begs Æneas to spare him	x	729
is killed	x	746

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Page.
Manlius, - - - - -	viii.	86
Manto - - - - -	x	287
Mantua (the city) built by Qcnus, and named after his mother - - - - -	x	288
Marcellus - - - - -	viii.	180
Marcia, the mother of king Latinus - - - - -	vii.	71
Mars - - - - -	i	372
Medon - - - - -	vi	651
Megara - - - - -	iii	905
Memnon - - - - -	i	686
Menætes - - - - -	v	219
Menætes - - - - -	xii	752
Menelaus - - - - -	ii.	344
Mercury. (See Cyltenius and Hermes.)		
is sent by Jupiter to warn Æneas		
from Carthage - - - - -	iv	350
the power of his wand - - - - -	iv	356
Meropes - - - - -	ix	951
Messapus - - - - -	vii	955
headed the troops of Turnus - - - - -	viii	9
his helmet found by Euryalus - - - - -	ix	931
Mezentius - - - - -	vii	895
maintains the war in the absence		
of Turnus - - - - -	x	977
triumphs over Orodes, slain - - - - -	x	1039
laments the death of his son Lausus - - - - -	x	1060
his address to his horse - - - - -	x	1231
addresses Æneas - - - - -	x	1257
engages Æneas in single combat - - - - -	x	1264
Æneas wounds his horse and is thrown - - - - -	x	1276
his death - - - - -	x	1300
Æneas erects a trophy to the god		
of war, with his spoils - - - - -	xi	132
Metabus - - - - -	xi	815
Metiscus - - - - -	xi	690
Metius - - - - -	viii	853
his fate - - - - -	viii	854
Mincius - - - - -	x	294



# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

Book. Ver.

Minerva, assisted the Greeks in fabricating the wooden horse for the destruction of Troy	iv	139
Misena	xi	402
his dead body found by Æneas and Achæes	iii	313
the cause of his death	vi	242
receives funeral honours from the Trojans	vi	254
the place of his interment named after him	vi	306
Mnestheus	vi	339
declared second victor in the naval game	v	337
receives a coat of mail as a reward	v	338
draws the second lot among the archers	v	657
his arrow cut the string that fastened the dove on the top of the mast	v	675
receives the second prize	v	712
Morinus	viii	972
Mulciber	vii	895
	viii	964
Murranus	xii	776
Myrcenæ	ii	257
Mymus	x	994
Myrles weeping blood	iii	39
	iii	53
why	iii	57

## N

Naxos, (the lake) sulphureous	vii	720
Nafia	vii	1027
Nautæ, counsels Æneas	v	928
Naxos, famed for vintage.	iii	171
Nealces	x	1069
Neptune	i	176

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Neptune	ii	827
— rebukes the winds for raising a storm		
— on the Trojan fleet, at the re-		
quest of Juno	i	188
— calms the tempest	i	203
— his reply to Venus	v	1045
— grants her request	v	1065
Nereids (once Trojan galleys) surround Æne-		
as's vessel	x	312
Nereus	ii	569
Neritos	iii	352
Nile	ix	36
Niphaus	x	803
Nisus		385
— first in the foot-race	v	418
— Tell he had nearly approached the goal	v	428
— caught the foot of Salius as he passed,		
and threw him down, by which means		
his friend Euryalus gained the prize		437
— addresses Æneas, and receives a shield,		
notwithstanding his fall	v	461
— watched the city-gate	ix	228
— his proposal to Euryalus	ix	235
— dissuades him from accompanying him		
to recal Æneas	ix	266
— addresses the council	ix	309
— goes to recal Æneas	ix	414
— kills Rhamnes and his slaves, asleep	ix	440
— kills Rhemus, his armour-bearer, and		
his charioteer	ix	441
— kills Lamus and Lamyris	ix	456
— persuades Euryalus to put an end to the		
slaughter	ix	477
— escapes from the enemy	ix	522
— misses Euryalus	ix	528
— returns to rescue him	ix	531
— kills Sulmo and Tagns	ix	554
— solicits for the life of Euryalus	ix	574

# INDEX OF PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Ulysses, after being slain himself, seeks the dead body of Euryalus, and exults on it	ix	953
— his head, with that of Euryalus, exposed on a spear to the Trojans, by order of Turnus	ix	619
Uolentia	vi	1051
Uolentia, killed by Ascanius	ix	806
Uolentia	vii	201
Uolentia	vi	1042
Uolentia	x	475

## O.

Ocnus	x	285
Oebalus	vii	1014
Ocnotriars	i	750
— once the inhabitants of Hesperia	iii	223
Olive tree, the prodigy of one cut down by the Trojans in the grove of Faunus	xii	1111
Onythes	xii	747
Opis	xi	1247
Orestes	iii	428
— slew Pyrrhus in the temple of Apollo	iii	430
Opion	iii	677
—	x	1084
Oritia	xii	130
Oritius	xi	1003
Orodes	x	1031
Oronte, his bark perished in the storm raised by Æolus	i	162
Orsiliacus	xi	945
— slain by Camilla	xi	1033
Ortygius, slain by Caneas	ix	778
Oritia	vii	1008
Oritia	x	923
Oritia	xii	674

# INDEX OF PERSONS and THINGS.

P.

	Book.	Ver.
<b>PACHYNUS</b>	iii	448
<b>Pactolus</b>	iii	918
<b>Palamedes</b>	ii	211
<b>Palanteum</b>	ix	104
<b>Palicus</b>	viii	72
<b>Palinurus</b>	ix	704
——— makes observations on the storm	iii	268
——— and discovers Sicily	v	119
——— deceived by sleep, falls overboard	v	116
——— his ghost relates the story of his death to Æneas	vi	473
<b>Pallas</b> , sent two serpents to destroy Laocoon and his children, for endeavouring to discover the treachery of the wooden horse	ii	770
——— the Latins implore her aid	ix	369
<b>Pallas</b> (the son of Evander) hails the Troians on their approaching Pallanteum, and inquires the reason of their coming	viii	150
——— receives them with friendship	viii	161
——— goes to the war with Æneas	viii	776
——— instances of his valour	x	510
——— his address to Turnus	x	630
——— prepares to engage him in single combat	x	646
——— is killed by Turnus	x	646
——— his dead body is sent home to Evander with great solemnity	xi	90
<b>Palmus</b>	x	987
<b>Pan</b>	viii	124
——— his perfidy to oblige Pallas	x	510
<b>Pandarus</b>	ix	914
——— his death	ix	1015
<b>Panopea</b>	v	313

Vol. IV.

T.

# INDEX OF PERSONS AND THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Panopes	v	394
Pantagias	iii	903
Pantheus, the priest of Apollo		
Paphos	i	575
Paris	i	39
	ii	817
	x	997
Paros	iii	173
Parthenius	x	1055
Penphææ, her story related	vi	33
	vi	604
Patron, one of the racers	v	569
Pegasus	xi	391
Pelias	ii	592
Pelides (or Achilles)	ii	354
Pelorus	iii	565
Peneleus	ii	576
	ii	342
Penthesilea	i	688
	vi	979
Penthus	iv	681
Pergeus	iii	183
	iii	434
	x	89
Peridia	xii	748
Periphanes, tutor to Ascanius	v	715
Periphas	ii	649
Perilla	iii	515
Phæton, beloved by Cygnus	x	273
Phalaris	ix	1027
Phaon, killed by Æneas	x	447
Phradia	ii	376
Phadra's ghost meets Æneas in the mournful fields	vi	665
Phoenix	ii	38
Phrygia	iii	550
Phryxus	viii	222
Pheres	x	580
Phocæetes	iii	516

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Page.
Phlegethon	vi	721
innavigable	ix	122
Phœbeus	vi	842
discloses the future fate of the Trojans	iii	427
Pholoe	v	371
Phorbas, his form supposed to be assumed by the god of sleep to deceive Palæurus	v	1096
Phorcus	v	312
Picus	vii	72
built the palace of Latinus	vii	222
his image described	vii	256
Pisces	x	875
Piræus	vi	814
Pisum	x	260
Pisides (the)	iii	675
Plemmyrium	iii	928
Plato	vi	725
his palace described	vi	856
Po	v	899
Podalirius	xii	460
Polites, killed by Pyrrhus	ii	725
Pollux	vi	181
Polydore, his shade speaks to Æneas	iii	59
warns Æneas to quit Thrace	iii	64
his fate	iii	79
Polypheme, the revenge of Ulysses on him	iii	824
described	iii	865
Pometia	vi	1051
Pompuna (the lake)	vii	1091
Populonia (the city) sent six hundred men to assist Æneas		251
Porcena	viii	857
Portunos	v	314
Potitius (the priest) ordained annual rites to Hercules, for overthrowing Læas	viii	553
Prænestæ	vii	938
Priam,	i	642

	Book.	Vol.
Priam, he chased Hector's body of Achilles	i	678
directed Sinon's fetters to be loosed	ii	197
was killed by Pyrrhus	-	702
his grandson led the first troop of horse	-	-
at the games in honour of Alectes	v	734
Priserus	-	xi 115
Priverus, the particular of his death	ix	702
Proas	-	vi 1031
Prologus	-	ix 938
Prologus	-	xi 602
Prologus of mythes weeping blood	-	ix 93
of the Trojan ship's changed to be	-	ix 140
Prologus	-	ix 140
of an olive-tree in the grave of Priam	xii	1119
Prospice	-	ix 1000
Pryamus	-	ix 1032
Pygmalion	-	ix 61
Pyrgi	-	x 265
Pyrgo, the nurse of Priam's race	-	v 342
discovers the deception of Iphigeneia	v	815
Pyrrhus	-	ii 342
	ii	639
forsook Andromache, and gave her	-	-
to Helenus	iii	426
slain by Orestes in the Temple of Apollo	iii	430

Pyrrhus	-	ix 930
Pyrrhus (or Remus)	-	i 400

R.	-	-
R.	-	x 1035
Remulus	-	ix 490
	-	xi 946

# INDEX OF PERSONS AND THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Remus		433
Rhadamanthus	vi	763
Rhamnes	ix	435
— slain by Nifus	ix	440
Rhæteus	x	559
Rhea	vii	921
Rhemus	ix	441
— killed by Nifus	ix	446
Rhefus	i	657
Rhabus, (Mezentius' horse) addressed by his master on the death of Lausus	x	1221
Rhætus	ix	463
— slain by Eurylaus	ix	471
Rhine	viii	969
Rhipheus		457
Rome, its glories derived from Æneas	i	10
Ronulus	i	375
—	vi	2055
Rutuli	vii	656

S.

SABINUS	vii	247
Sages, wounded, hastes to Turnus, and points out the approaching danger	xii	945
Salamis	i	877
Salii (the) record the immortal acts of Hercules	viii	371
Salius	v	399
— is thrown by Nifus catching his foot as he passed in the foot-race	v	437
— complains of the injustice done him	v	444
— is presented with a lion's hide, by Æneas	v	400
Salmonæus	vi	88
Sarnus	vii	219
Sarpædon		142
—	x	187
Saturn	vii	73



# INDEX (of PERSONS and THINGS.

Book. Vol.

Saturn, his image in the palace of Latinus described	vii	243
after flying from the power of Jupiter, settled in Italy, from hence called Latium	viii	425
his reign called the Golden Age	viii	432
Saturnia. (See Juno.)		
Scylla (the rock)	i	279
described	iii	536
the name of one of the Trojan ships	iii	542
sea-nymphs, assist the Trojans to get their ships off the rocks after the storm	v	162
Semele	i	285
Serethus	ix	215
Sergestus	ix	1051
commanded the centaur in the naval game	i	719
is rewarded though not successful	v	160
the mast of his ship set up for fixing the dove, as a mark for the archers	v	370
Serpent, one that issued from the tomb of Anchises, described	v	648
Serranus, killed by Nisus	v	112
Severus	ix	451
Shield, of Æneus, described	vii	984
Ships (of the Trojan fleet) transformed to sea-nymphs	viii	829
Sisyphus, (the Cuman) sung the fates in her cave, and inscribed the names on tablets, which were laid at the entrance of it	ix	140
aliened Æneas	iii	565
Charon	vi	14
Sicariates, killed in Italy	vi	370
Sichæus	vii	538
	viii	475
	ix	659

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book	Ver.
Sicily, divided from Italy by an earthquake	iii	52
Silvius	ix	289
the second	vi	1033
Simois	vi	1043
	i	143
	iii	394
• Sinon, his policy to deceive the Trojans	ii	101, &c.
unlocked the wooden horse and let		
loose the Grecian army into Troy	ii	336
Sirius the (dog star) infects the sky with pesti-		
lential heats	iii	194
the cause of plagues and famines	x	383
Stag, Ascanius kills one belonging to Tyr-		
rhæus, which occasions the war be-		
tween the Latins and Trojans	vii	694
Storactes	xi	1153
Stroelenus, slain by Turnus	xii	513
Stroenelus	ii	340
Storm, Æolus raises one to distress the Trojan		
fleet, at Juno's request		120
Juno raises one while Dido and Æneas		
are hunting	iv	231
Strophades (the illes)	iii	274
their situation described	iii	296
the abode of the harpies	iii	277
the Trojans land there	iii	285
Styx	ix	120
Sucro	xii	734
Sulmo, killed by Pallas	ix	595
Sword, one used by Turnus, flies in pieces	xii	1067
Sybaris, killed by Turnus	xii	540
Sylvia, the daughter of Tyrrhæus	vii	677
weeps over her favourite stag killed by		
Ascanius	vii	700
Sylvanus	viii	766
Syrtes	iv	29

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

## T.

	Book.	Ver.
<b>T</b> ABBURNOS	xii	1043
Tages	ix	560
Tanpis.	xii	746
Tarchon.	viii	664
joins with the Trojans	x	229
his ship runs ashore, is sunk, and part of the crew lost	x	420
inspired by Jupiter encourages the troops	xi	1071
seizes Verulus, and carries him away in triumph	xi	1093
Tarentum	iii	723
Tarpeia	xi	972
Tarquin.	viii	857
Tarquitus	x	767
Tartarus	vi	729
Telon	vii	1015
Tenedos	ii	25
Terens	xi	999
Tetrica	vii	985
Teucer	i	877
	iv	338
Teuthras	x	546
Thapsus	iii	905
Theano	x	995
Thebes	iv	682
Themilla	ix	783
Theron, opposes the landing of the Trojans, and is killed	x	431
Thermodon	xi	976
Theseus	vi	46
forced Charon to ferry him over the Styxian lake	xi	531
	xi	578
Thetis	vii	36
	viii	305

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Thimbrus, killed by Æneas	x	542
Thoas	ii	342
Thraciæ, once-commanded by Lycurgus	ii	584
Thracians, bold in war	iii	21
Thracians, hospitable	iv	22
Thymbriæus (Apollo)	vi	114
Thymætes, the first that moved for the admission of the wooden horse within the walls of Troy	ii	42
Tiara	vii	37
Tiber (the river)	vi	650
once called Albula	vi	108
the god of the river, informs Æneas of his future fortune while he is sleeping	viii	439
Tibris	viii	437
Tideus	vi	646
Tiravus	i	33
Tisiphone	vi	749
Tityus	vi	605
Tmarus	ix	930
Tolumnius	xii	390
attempts to interpret the omen contrived by Iuturna	xii	392
breaks the treaty of peace, and renews the war	xii	402
Torquatus	i	150
Triton	i	202
Trivia (the lake)	vi	253
(Diana)	vii	1062
Trojan fleet sets sail for Italy	i	55
the remains arrive at an African port; after the storm	i	294
Trojans, feast on the tags killed by Æneas	i	294
are entertained by Didō	i	977

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Troians, gave credit to the dissimbled story		
of Sinon	ii	197
agreed to admit the wooden horse		
into Troy	ii	304
Troilus	i	663
Troy	i	73
the history of its destruction, related to		
Dido	ii	17
Tulla	xi	92
Turnus	vi	1109
Turnus, favoured in his addresses to Lavinia		
by the Queen	vii	85
a nuptial song, sung in his name, to		
the Phrygians, by Amata	vii	558
his city built by Danae	vii	570
he is visited by Alecto, while asleep	vii	648
prepares to wage war with Æneas	vii	648
plants his standard on the tower of		
Laurentum	viii	2
is advised by Iris (sent to him by		
Juno) to take advantage of the ab-		
sence of Æneas to pursue the war	ix	2
invokes Iris, and resolves to follow		
her advice	ix	19
begins the war, by throwing a dart	ix	60
sinks some of the Trojan ships	ix	83
considers the transformation of the		
Trojan ships into sea-nymphs, as		
a fatal omen to the Trojans	ix	155
throws a flaming brand, and fires the		
tower	ix	712
kills Pandarus	ix	1013
repulsed by the Trojans, who ac-		
quire fresh courage from the re-		
proaches of Mnestheus	ix	1065
is overpowered by number and retreats	ix	1103
wonders at a renewal of the war, till		
he perceives the return of Æneas,		
and the Trojan fleet	x	373

# INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Turnus endeavours to oppose the landing of the Trojans	x	385
leaps from his chariot, and engages Pallas in single combat	x	636
kills him, bestrides the body while he addresses himself to the Arcadians, tramples on him, and takes away his shining belt	x	675, &c.
is deceived on shipboard by the device of Juno, who descends in a cloud, and presents a representation of Æneas	x	846
perceives the delusion, and addresses himself to Jupiter	x	943
he is conveyed home, and the conduct of the war is left to Mezentius	x	972
he replies in the Council to Drances, and proposes to prosecute the war	xi	585
addresses himself to Camilla	xi	769
is inspired, by the ill success of Camilla, to renew the war, which is delayed by the approach of night	xi	1209
resolves to try his fate	xii	8
informs the King of his resolution to engage Æneas in single combat	xii	19
is persuaded by Amata to wave the combat, and pursue the general war	xii	88
sends the Herald to give the challenge to Æneas	xii	148
puts his armour on	xii	357
is judged unequal to Æneas by the Rutulians	xii	322
appears dejected at the altar	xii	333
the peace being broke, he pursues the enemy	xii	367
kills Eumeles and many of the Trojans	xii	535, &c.

# INDEX OF PERSONS AND THINGS.

	Book.	Ver.
Turnus, closes Æneas's search by the device of Juturna	xii	705
— he is advised by Juturna to pursue the war	xii	912
— his answer to her	xii	918
— is advised by Sages to exert himself	xii	948
— resolves to end all by the combat	xii	983
— hastes to the city and makes his resolution known	xii	995
— engages with Æneas	xii	1058
— finding the mistake of his sword, flies from Æneas and the Trojans	xii	1075
— prays Pallas to detain the lance of Æneas in the olive tree	xii	1126
— is affected by the fury sent by Jupiter to drive Juturna from the war	xii	1252
— replies to the reproaches of Æneas	xii	1295
— is baffled in every attempt by the Fury	xii	1319
— is deprived, through fear, of the power of defence	xii	1329
— is wounded by Æneas, and falling, prays him to spare his father, and begs his life	xii	1349
— is killed by him, in revenge for the death of Pallas	xii	1375
Tvídides	i	139
Typhæus	viii	398
—	ix	969
—	i	470
—	i	1028
Tyrhenus	xi	914
Tyrhæus, chief danger to king Latinus	vii	670
— his sons follow Turnus to the war	ix	32
Tyrus	x	562
Tylander	ii	340

## INDEX of PERSONS and THINGS.

v.

U	CALECON		419
Venus	is sent to Diomedes to solicit assistance		
—	his speech to the council		
Venus	her address to Jupiter respecting the misfortunes of Aeneas		
—	meets Aeneas and Achates, in the disguise of an huntress		
—	relates the history of Dido to them		
—	inquires from whence Aeneas came, and what country claimed his birth		
—	encourages him to submit to the gods, and to seek protection of Dido at Carthage		
—	causes a slumber to seize Iulus, while Cupid personates him, and goes with presents to Dido		
—	prevented Aeneas from killing Helen		
—	counseled him to fly for safety from the destruction of Troy		
—	her reply to Juno		
—	petition Neptune		
—	solicits Vulcan to prepare armour for Aeneas		
—	brings the fated arms to Aeneas		
—	her speech to the Trojan men when transformed into sea-nymphs		
—	replies to Jupiter in the council of the gods		
—	directs the course of the enemy's arrows from Aeneas		
—	releases the lance of Aeneas from the olive-tree		
Vesta	—		
—	takes part with Turnus in the war		
—	heads the troops		



## INDEX of P E R S O N S and T H I N G S

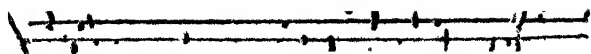
	Book.	Ver.
Ægeus (the river)	vii	1092
Virbius, the son of Hippolytus	vii	1048
so called by Diana	vi	1064
Ulysses	ii	10
	ii	116
	ii	347
basely born	vi	710
Umbro, joins Turnus in the war	vii	1032
Volsens, joins the army of Turnus with three hundred horse	ix	502
discovered Nisus and Euryalus in the camp	ix	509
Volsicans, the manner of their engaging	ix	511
are headed by Camilla	xi	547
quit the field after the death of Camilla	xi	1257
Volusus	xi	703
Vulcan	v	863
grants the request of Venus to forge armour for Æneas	viii	523
gives directions to the Cyclops for forging the armour	viii	579

X.

XANTHUS. - - - - - iii 450

## Z.

ACYNTHIAN WOODS - - - iii 352



A

# POETICAL INDEX.

TO

VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

By MR. POTTER.

N. B. The first number marks the Book, the second the Verse.

## F A B L E.

THE great Moral of the *Æneis*, is *pius resignation* and its rewards; which is pursued through the whole fable.

EPISODES OR FABLES interwoven into the Poem, *but foreign to its design.*

The history of the fate of Troy, and the adventures of Æneas after the siege; as related by him to Dido, Book second and third, may be considered as such. The friendship of Nisus and Euryalus, *xx. 222. &c. &c.* The different actions and death of Lausus and Mezentius, *x. 515.* The Episode of Camilla, *x. 815.*

# POETICAL INDEX,

## F A B L E.

### Allegorical FABLES.

*Moral.*] Punishment of a voluptuary, *ſter death*, vi. 819. And all the descriptions of punishments for particular crimes in B. vi.

*Physical or Philoſophical.*] See the ſyſtem of Platonick philoſophy, relative to the ſoul of man, in the ALLEGORIES.

*For the reſt of the Allegories, ſee the Syſtem of the Gods, containing their allegorical characters, in the article CHARACTERS.*

### Allegorical or Fictitious Perſons in VIRGIL.

*Æolus*, the god of the winds, i. 79. The ſea-nymphs, i. 205. Triton, i. 205. x. 238. Celeno, one of the harpies, iii. 622. Scylla, (the rock) perſonified, iii. 549. Famine, v. 252. xi. 209. xii. 887. Atlas, iv. 364. Iris, or the Rainbow, v. 996. The meſſenger of Jno, v. 791. ix. 2. Alcyon, one of the Furies, vii. 451. The choir of Nereids, x. 312. Juno, x. 618. The Dira, or Fury, xii. 1239.

### The MARVELLOUS or ſupernatural FICTIONS in VIRGIL.

The ſea-nymphs ſetting the Trojans to get their ſhips off the rocks, after the ſtorm, i. 205. The cloud concealing Æneas when he entered Carthage, iii. 613. Cupid perſonating Aſcanius, i. 965. The prodigy of the ſerpents deſtroying Laocœon and his children, at Troy, as related by Æneas, ii. 269. Omen of the ſubſequent fire round the crown of Iulus (or Aſcanius), ii. 920. Creuſa's Gholt appearing to Æneas as related by him, ii. 1047. Prodigy of the Myiæ's weeping blood, iii. 36. The Cnott of Polydore ad-

# POETICAL INDEX.

## ÆNEID.

dressing Æneas, iii. 58. The prediction of the Oracle, iii. 127. The interpretation of the Oracle by the household Gods of Æneas, iii. 208. The prophecy of the Harpy, iii. 333. The portents observed by Dido on the departure of Æneas from Carthage, iv. 657. Iris cutting Dido's fatal lock, iv. 1009. Her descent to the Trojan matrons, v. 787. Anso, to Turnus, ix. 2. Prodigy of the serpent from the Tomb of Anchises, v. 111. Of an Arrow firing, with the violence of its ray, vi. 691. The miraculous flower, sent by Jupiter to extinguish the flames of the Trojan fleet, vi. 910. The Ghost of Anchises, v. 945, and all the spirits of departed persons, in the shades below, vi. 433 throughout. The descent of Sleep, v. 1090. The golden branch of Proserpine's tree, vi. 210. The doves directing Æneas to the sea, vi. 288. The marvellous river Styx, vi. 503. ix. 120. Cerberus, watching the gate of Hell, vi. 564. Elysiun, xi. 808. The prodigy of Lavinia's hair firing at the altar, vii. 123. The interpositions of Æsculapio, vii. 479, &c. Juno's unbar- ring the gates of the temple of Mars, vii. 857. The (the God of the River) appearing to Æneas while asleep, viii. 46. The prodigy of the fatal swine, and three young ones, viii. 111. of Æneas being called to the war, by the sound of warlike instruments, and appear- ance of arms in the sky, by the device of Venus, viii. 692. The changing of the Trojans ships to wooden horses, ix. 139. Jupiter bowing the heavens, at the request of Æsculapio, ix. 863. Apollo betriding a golden cloud, and animating Æsculapio to glory, ix. 873. Juno's di- recting the lance thrown by Pandarus, from Tullius, ix. 1007. Jove's sending Iris to force Turnus from the Trojans, ix. 1086. The choir of sea-nymphs surround- ing Æneas's ship, x. 925. Venus directing the attack of the enemy from Æneas, x. 471. Jupiter's inter- positions, x. 618. xi. 310. 586. 1037. The device of Juno to convey Æneas from the war, x. 890. The

# P O E T I C A L I N D E X, F A B L E.

death of Aruns, by the Goddess Ops, xi. 1245. The interposition of Jupiter in behalf of the Trojans, xi. 1069. The prodigy of Jove's bird, xii. 370. Of Venus healing the wound of Æneas, xii. 689. Jupiter weighing the fate of Æneas and Turnus in his balance, xii. 1054. Prodigy of Æneas's lance stuck in the olive-tree, xii. 1119. Venus fleeing the lance, xii. 1138. The Sira, or Fury, sent by Jupiter to drive Juturna from the war, xii. 1237. Prodigy of a great stone heaved by Turnus, of weight equal to the strength of twelve men, xii. 1300. The Fury rendering all the attempts, of Turnus vain, xii. 1321.

Under this head, may also be included the passions, human and visible forms, and the rest.

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## C H A R A C T E R S O F M A N N E R S.

Characters of the Gods of VIRGIL, as acting in the Physical or Moral capacities of those Deities.

### J U P I T E R.

[Being and governing all, as the supreme Being.] Interposes in favour of the Trojans, from B. ix. to the end of the Poem. See the Article THEOLOGY in the next Index.

### J U N O.

[Goddess of Empire.] Presides over marriage rites, iv. 80. xii. 1104. An Enemy to Æneas and the Trojans through the whole Poem. Endeavours to pre-

# P O E T I C A I N D E X.

## C H A R A C T E R S.

vent, the Trojans from settling in Italy, j. 106.  
*See the Table of marvellous and supernatural Fictions,*  
*for the instances of her interpositions against the Trojans,*  
*and in favour of Turnus.*

## A P O L L O.

*As the Sun.]* Restores the day, i. 422. Scorches the  
 sky, ii. 997.  
*As Destiny.]* Taught Helenus the gift of Prophecy, iii.  
 467. Inspires Prophecy, iii. 552. Directed the fate  
 of Æneas, iii. 516. Acquaints Ascanius of his fu-  
 ture fortune, ix. 876.

## M A R S.

*As God of War.]* Inspires the Latians with courage,  
 and chills the hearts of the Trojans, ix. 973.

## V E N U S.

*As the passion of Love.]* Makes Cupid personate Asca-  
 nius, to inflame Dido with a passion for Æneas, i.  
 946. Inspires Vulcan to forge arms for Æneas,  
 514.  
*As the parent of Æneas.]* Attends the fortune of the  
 Trojans, and favours them through the whole Poem.

## C U P I D.

*God of Love.]* Inflames Dido with passion for  
 Æneas, i. 1025.

# POETICAL INDEX. CHARACTERS.

## NEPTUNE.

*As God of the Sea.*] Superior to all other watry deities, i. 176, 191. Calms the storm raised by Æolus, i. 201. Favours the Trojans, i. 208.

## VULCAN.

*Or the Element of Fire.*] Reigns triumphant at the firing of the Trojan fleet, v. 863. Directs the Cyclopes to forge the fatal arms for Æneas, vii. 578.

## MERCURY.

*As Messenger of Jupiter.*] Is sent to gain the Trojan a favourable reception at Carthage, i. 403. Warns Æneas from Carthage, iv. 350, 805.

## CHARACTERS OF THE HEROES.

N.B. The Speeches which depend upon, and flow from, the general characters, are distinguished by an S.

## JULIUS CÆSAR.

*Prayer to the God.* i. 277. S. v. 70. S. 910, S. viii. 219. xi. 5, 488. xii. 265. S.

*Filial and parental.* ii. 982, 1094. xii. 642.

*A lover of his people.* i. 424, 644. S. ii. 3.

*Gender and compassionate.* v. 1133. vi. 257. x. 1105.

xi. 413. S. xii. 1362.

*Eloquent, in all his Orations and Speeches.*

*Superior to all men in valour, throughout.*

# POETICAL INDEX CHARACTERS. TURNUS.

Ambitious, fiery, and undaunted, vii. 705. ix. 55, 153.  
Revengeful and implacable, as well as valiant, throughout.

## ASCANIUS.

Sensible, v. 876. S.  
Manly, vii. 687. ix. 417.  
Ritual, xiv. 558.  
Valiant, v. 745. ix. 806, 868.

## PLALLAS.

Friendly, viii. 161. S.  
Valiant, x. 510, 630. S.

## TARCHON.

Valiant, xi. 1073, 1118.

## MEMENTUS.

Valiant, and undaunted, x. 977, 1257.  
Parental, x. 1206.  
Haughty, cruel, irreligious, a blasphemer, vii. 29  
viii. 10. x. 1020, 1046, 1096.

## LAIUS.

Skilful, and heroic, vii. 809. x. 601.  
Eminently filial and pious, x. 1121, 1131.

## MESSAPUS.

Brave, and a Warrior, vii. 955. viii. 9, 193.



# POETICAL INDEX CHARACTERS.

## D R A N C E S.

Envious, factious, cautious in battle, a caballer, and tongue-valiant, xi. 113, 518. &c.

## CHARACTERS of other HEROES.

Aceles, friendly and benevolent, ii. 48, &c. A skillful archer, i. 685.

Aceles, faithful, xi. 45, 123.

Achates, faithful to Achilles, and the Trojan interest, i. 17, 815, 911. vii. 610, and throughout the Poem.

Acmon, brave, x. 188.

Alethes, pious, affectionate and sensible, ix. 326.

Astus, heroic, i. 188.

Astus, skillful in throwing the javelin, ix. 777. A skillful soothsayer and augur, x. 255.

Bimas, presuming, and rashly valiant, ix. 918.

Clausus, an experienced general, vii. 973.

Entellus, valiant, v. 606, 633.

Evander, friendly, benevolent, sensible, pious and paternal, viii. 26, 269, 619, 731, 754.

Evander, beautiful, eminently heroic, inconsiderate, but singular in friendship, ix. 414, 460.

Evander, heroic, proud, fierce and rash, vii. 1000. x. 577, &c.

Evander, resolute, ix. 932. x. 189.

Evander, (priest of Apollo) proud and cowardly, x. 747, &c.

Evander, (a prophet and hero) friendly, learned, eloquent, pious, and heroically benevolent, iii. 240, &c. 592.

# POETICAL INDEX

## CHARACTERS.

- Thioncus, sensible and eloquent; see his speeches, i. 734.  
 vii. 291. Compassionate, ix. 664.  
 Latinus, friendly, hospitable, deliberate, penetrating,  
 pious, and resigned to fate, vii. 268, 354, 383, 384,  
 355, 463. xii. 31.  
 Lucagus, bold, x. 810.  
 Nulus, famous for swiftness, sensible, prudent and val-  
 iant, v. 418. ix. 440. His singular friendship and  
 tenderness for Euryalus, v. 437. ix. 266, 373, 574,  
 953.  
 Ravidus, presuming, and rashly vaunting, ix. 914.  
 Sergestus, faithful and brave, ix. 216.  
 Utens, a bold warrior, viii. 9.



## SPEECHES and ORATIONS.

A TABLE of the most important in the *Æneid*.

*In the Exhortatory or Declamatory kind.*

- The complaint of Venus to Jupiter, i. 314. Of Venus  
 to Aeneas, i. 526. Of Venus to Cupid, i. 577. Of  
 Celano to the Trojans, iii. 224. Of Juno to Venus,  
 iv. 161. Of Mercury to Aeneas, iv. 380, 386. Of  
 Dido on the departure of Aeneas, iv. 848. Of Juno  
 to Aeneas, v. 928. Of the Sibyl to Aeneas, vi. 104.  
 Of Charon, vi. 578. Juno's Speech, of the Trojans  
 landing at Carthage, vii. 204. Of Juno to Alcyon,

# POETICAL INDEX SPEECHES.

vii. 460, 465. Of Turnus to his troops, ix. 155. Of Nisus to Euryalus, ix. 235. Of Jupiter to the gods in council, x. 7, 150. Of Pallas to his friends and soldiers, x. 515. Of Jupiter to Juno, xi. 856. Of Æneas to his friends, xi. 24. Of Æneas to the ambassadors from Laurentum, xi. 101. Of Latinus to Turnus, xii. 71. Of Æneas to Ascanius, xii. 644. Of Æneas to his army, xii. 825. Of Juturna to Turnus, xii. 912. Of Jupiter to Juno, xii. 1147, 1205.

## *In the Supplicatory kind.*

Æneas's request to Æolus, i. 97. Of Venus to Jupiter, i. 314. Of Æneas to Venus, i. 450. Of Ilioneus to Dido, ii. 734. Dido's invocation of Jupiter, i. 1020. Of Æneas to Dido, iv. 483. Of Dido to Anna, iv. 601. Of Æneas to Jupiter, v. 901. Of Venus to Neptune, v. 1020. Of Æneas to Apollo and the Sibyl, vi. 88. To the Sibyl, vi. 155. To the shade of Palinurus, vi. 465. Of Latinus to the Trojans, vii. 870. Of Amata to Latinus, vii. 901. Of Venus to Vulcan, viii. 492. Of Euryalus to Nisus, ix. 256. Of Nisus to the council, ix. 309. Of Ascanius to Nisus and Euryalus, ix. 339. Of Venus to Jupiter, x. 26. Of Cymodocce, the Nereid, to Æneas, x. 324. Of Magus to Æneas, x. 728. Of Turnus to Jupiter, xi. 345. The petition of Aruns to Apollo, xi. 1153. Of Amata to Turnus, xii. 88. Of Juno to Æneas, xii. 216. Of Juno to Jupiter, xii. 1177.

## *In the Vindicative kind.*

Neptune to the winds, i. 88. Of Dido to Æneas, iv. 451, 522. Of Numanus to the Trojans, vi. 117. Of Pandarus to Turnus, ix. 995. Mintheus to the

# CRITICAL INDEX

## SPEECHES.

Trojans, ix. 1074. Of Juno to Venus, x. 75. Of  
Drances in the Council, xi. 519. Of Turnus in the  
Council in answer to Drances, xi. 585. Of Tarchon  
to the Trojans, xi. 1077. Of Juturna to the Rutu-  
lians, xii. 346. Of Aeneas to the Trojans, vii. 473.  
Of Turnus to Juturna, xii. 918.

### *In the Complimentary, or Congratulatory, Parts.*

Speech of Dido to the Trojans, i. 750. Of Aeneas to  
Dido, i. 814. Of Dido to Aeneas, i. 850. Of  
Aeneas to his people, v. 59. Of Neptune to Venus,  
v. 1245. Of Latinus to the Trojans, vii. 354. Of  
Aeneas to Anna, viii. 205. Of Vulcan to Venus,  
viii. 523. Of Dioces to Aeneas, xi. 187. Of Tu-  
nus to Camilla, ii. 709.

### *In the Narrative.*

Jupiter's speech to Venus, i. 330. Of Venus to Aeneas,  
i. 465. Of Aeneas to Venus, i. 513. Aeneas's re-  
lation of the destruction of Troy, to Dido, B. ii & iii.  
Of Dido to Anna, iv. 624. The declaration of the  
Sibyl, vi. 129. Of the Sibyl to Aeneas, vi. 441. Of  
Ilioneus to Latinus, vii. 290. Of Aeneas to Pallas,  
viii. 154. Of Aeneas to Evander, viii. 168. Of  
Evander to Aeneas, viii. 246. Of Venus in the  
council, ii. 372. Diana's relation of the story of  
Camilla, ii. 815. Of Sages to Turnus, xii. 927.

### *In the Pathetic.*

Of Aeneas to Venus, i. 563. Of Dido to Anna, i. 17.  
Of Anna to Dido, iv. 47. Dido's last speech, iv.  
937. Of Aeneas to the Ghost of Anchises, v. 101.

# ROE TICAL INDEX.

## SPEECHES.

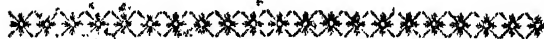
Of Evander to Æneas, viii. 742. Nisus to Euryalus, ix. 266. Euryalus to Ascanius, ix. 373. Of Æneas over the dead body of Pallas, xi. 59. Of Evander over the dead body of Pallas, xi. 230.

*In the Irony, or Sarcastri.*

Of Juno to Venus, iv. 434. Of Venus to Juno, iv. 151.

*Speech to an Horse.*

Of Mezentius to his horse Rhabdus, i. 1231.



## DESCRIPTIONS OF IMAGES.

A COLLECTION of the most remarkable through  
out the *ÆNEID*.

*Descriptions of PLACES:*

Of the building of Carthage, i. 586, &c.

Cave of Æolus, i. 78.

the Sibyl, vi. 62.

Gate of Hell, vi. 384.

Palace of Daireus, vii. 229.

Pluto, vi. 857.

# POETICAL INDEX

## DESCRIPTIONS

- Passage to the Shades below, vi. 338.  
 Port (African) where Æneas and the Trojans landed,  
 i. 228.  
 Shades below, vi. 575, &c.  
 Temple of Apollo at Cumæ, vi. 17.  
 ——— Ceres, near Troy, ii. 969.  
 ——— Juno, at Carthage, i. 625.  
 Tomb of Dercennus, xi. 1235.  
 ——— Misenus, vi. 332.

## Descriptions of Persons:

- Æneas, his beautiful countenance, &c. i. 824. Standing  
 over Turnus after he had wounded him, xii. 1260.  
 Apollo, on a golden Cloud encouraging Ascanius to  
 glory, ix. 873. Assuming the form of old Bute, ix.  
 884.  
 Ascanius, graceful, iv. 200. A bold hunter, iv. 223.  
 Heading a troop of horse at the games in honour of  
 Anchises, v. 744. Hunting the stag, vii. 691. In-  
 voking Jupiter, ix. 855. His beauty, x. 199.  
 Atis, beautiful, v. 641.  
 Aventinus, his shield and person, vii. 910. His origin,  
 vii. 914.  
 Bitus, gigantic, ix. 951.  
 Camilla, her appearance and valour, xi. 962. Her  
 death, ii. 1203.  
 Charon, vi. 414.  
 Cupid, in appearance a boy, i. 960. Personates Iulus,  
 i. 967. 889.  
 Cyclops, forged the gate and iron arch of the palace of  
 Pluto, vi. 857. Their abode, vii. 551. Barge the  
 armour of Æneas by command of Vulcan, viii. 533.  
 Dares, athletic, v. 786. Engages with Eriolus,  
 806. Is vanquished,  
 Diops, i. 700.

# POETICAL INDEX.

## DESCRIPTIONS.

- Dido, iv. 194. Her indifferention, iv. 241. At a Sacrifice, iv. 747. The effects of her disappointed love, iv. 840. Her rashness, iv. 951.
- Fate, iv. 560. Engages with Dido, v. 560. Is victorious, v. 610.
- Polixena, young and beautiful, v. 387. 449. Her death, v. 450. His death, ix. 279.
- Evander lamenting the death of his son, xi. 224.
- Hector, his origin, vii. 102. Of his valour, x. 577.
- Hector, his death, vii. 102.
- Inhabitants of the shades below, vi. 575. &c.
- Jeptha, a Carthaginian General, i. 107.
- Jupiter, &c. *See Index of PERSONS and THINGS; Characteristicks, &c.*
- Jupiter, described, i. 347. *Ibid.*
- Lavinia, aged and venerable, vii. 68. His origin, vii. 70.
- Lavinia, son, vi. 1037.
- Larbus, beautiful and young, vii. 899.
- Megon, begging his sister Andromache, x. 727.
- Mercury, described as the messenger of Jupiter, i. 412. ix. 35. 801.
- Mercurius, lamenting the death of his son, x. 1206.
- Miseno, trumpeter to Aeneas, iii. 313. His excellence, vi. 243. His vanity, and the consequence of it, vi. 251. The honours paid him after death by the Trojans, vi. 301. 332.
- Nephele, described sailing on the Sea, i. 180. v. 1009.
- Regulus the Elder, i. 188.
- Nilus, repented for his friendship to Euryalus, v. 388. See D. ix. 241. and throughout.
- Polixenus, described, iii. 865.
- Priamus, father of King Priamus, young and lovely, v. 387. ix. 563. vi. 14.
- Priamus, Neptune's trumpeter, vi. 253. v. 300. Described, x. 302.

# POETICAL INDEX.

## DESCRIPTION.

Turnus, described in various situations, from B. vii. to the end of the Poem.

Vergil, described as an huntress, i. 435. As the Goddess of Love, i. 556. Beautiful in all her appearances through the Poem.

### DESCRIPTIONS OF THINGS.

Abode of Alecto, vii. 777.

Battle, between the Harpies and the Trojans, iii. 313.

*See the article MILITARY DESCRIPTIONS.*

Bowl, i. 1017.

Building, of Carthage, i. 586. Of the Temple of Juno at Carthage, i. 626.

Burial, of the slain in battle, xi. 284.

Burning, of Troy, ii. 397, &c. Of the Trojan fleet, v. 889.

Ceremonies, at a feast in honour of Hercules, iii. 371.

Chariot, driven and dividing a crowd, x. 622.

Council, of state, xi. 366.

Crests, waving, ix. 923.

Crowd, rushing to pass the Stygian ferry, vi. 422.

Cyclops, forging the armour of Æneas, viii. 583.

Death, of Dido, iv. 951. Of Rhemus, ix. 445. Of Bitias, ix. 959. Of Pandarus, ix. 1074. Of Menzantius, x. 1293, &c. Of Camilla, xi. 1202. Of Turnus, xii. 1376. *The Descriptions of different sorts of death in the Æneis, are innumerable, and scattered throughout the battles.*

Descent, of Mercury, i. 412. Of the Dira, iii. 1239.

Dress of Chlorus, xi. 1136.

Earth, (the) labouring under the tread of Hector's rushing to battle, xii. 658.

Entertainment, one given by Dido to Æneas and the Trojans, i. 900-981.



# POETICAL INDEX OF DESCRIPTIONS.

- Funeral-pile of Dido, iv. 777. Of Misenus, vi. 502.
- bid, xi. 95.
- procession, xi. 90.
- Game, 3 naval one, v. 151.
- Hand, severed from the body, holding a scabbard, iii. 553.
- Herd of flags, i. 260.
- Heroes, attending to ratify a peace, xii. 245, &c.
- Horses, of war: *renowned description may be seen in the battles.*
- Houses (wooden) that constructed by the Greeks for the destruction of Troy, described, i. 19.
- of Aegæa, vii. 720. Of Tarsus, ix. 174. Of Mezentius, x. 1225. Knelt to receive his wound, x. 1241. Wounded, the effects, x. 1245. Of Priam at the funeral procession of his mother, vi. 124. Of Hector's house, of Tynus, ii. 127. Tells their names and night at his approach, xii. 128.
- white, vi. 311.
- of young Priam, v. 739.
- Illumination, of the palace of Dido, i. 1012.
- Images in the palace of Ilium, vii. 241.
- Issuing from a chariot, v. 66.
- Mount Etna described, vi. 748.
- Neptune's riding on the sea, v. 1069.
- Oak-tree, stripped of its boughs to erect a trophy with the spoils of the Trojans, vi. 50.
- Occasion of Caesar, viii. 28.
- Presents made to Dido, i. 915.
- Speech of iv. 672.
- Of a sacrifice, iv. 739. Of one to Juno, iv. 81. One on the ratification of Peace, xii. 255. Sacrifices to procure a desire, iii. 162.
- Ship, part of the Trojan fleet in the storm, i. 154.
- Ship, of Aeneas's ship, x. 232. Of another ship, x. 250.
- Ship, of Aeneas's ship, x. 232.
- Ship, of Aeneas's ship, x. 250.

# P O E T I C A L I N D E X.

## D E S C R I P T I O N

Stones, rolled down, on the foe, ix. 773. Stone thrown  
by a hero, x. 192, 938. One heaved by Turnus,  
xi. 1200.

Stones, raised by Æolus, i. 124, 148. One raised by  
him, iv. 231.

Trophy, one raised by Æneas with the spoils of Melen-  
tus, xi. 61.

Vest, one given to Clanthus, for conquering in the  
naval game, v. 325. Of two vests, xi. 1283.

## *Description of Times and Seasons.*

Morning, iv. 7, 840. vii. 34. ix. 610. xii. 123.

Night, iii. 764. viii. 40, 424.

Break of night, iv. 757.

Midnight, viii. 539.

## M I L I T A R Y *Description.*

Arms, burying the slain in battle, xi. 204.

— engaging, xii. 673.

— broken, retire and join again in battle, xii.  
104.

Armour, and Vestment of Pallas, viii. 776. Of Æneas,  
viii. 821.

— glittering, ix. 791.

— of Turnus, ix. 990.

— scaled with gold, x. 434.

Army, on a march, viii. 772, 780.

— approaching the walls of a town, v. 898.

— in confusion on the loss of a leader, xi.

Arrow, hissing through the air, i. 806.

Throws, Acythian swift of flight, viii. 287.

Battle, left unfinished for a single combat, xi. 1012.

Confusion of Battle, xi. 948. Day of Battle, xi. 901.

Belts, inlaid with gold, x. 691.

# POETICAL INDEX

## DESCRIPTIONS.

- Bow (Grecian) viii. 224.  
 ———— sounding with the force of being pulled, ix. 865.  
 Buckler, of the Goddess Pallas, ii. 833.  
 Captives, bound, marching in processions, ii. 115.  
 Chariot, of war, xii. 491.  
 ———— of a Champion, drawn in his funeral procession  
 incured with blood, xi. 129.  
 Coat of Mail, iii. 68. Of another, v. 339.  
 Crest of Turnus, vii. 673. Of Aeneas, darting rays of  
 fire from its lustre, x. 377.  
 Combat (single) preparations for it, xii. 178.  
 Conqueror, bestiding his antagonist after he had killed  
 him, x. 683.  
 Enemy, approaching near a town, the consequence, xi.  
 689.  
 Fauchion, held by a hand dismembered from its body, x.  
 553.  
 ———— of Turnus, vii. 140.  
 Field of Battle-streaming with blood, xi. 910.  
 ———— drunk with the blood of the slain, xii.  
 563.  
 Flag, a sham one, v. 725.  
 Gauntlets, and helms, carried in the funeral Processions  
 of Heroes, xi. 120.  
 Helm and crest of Turnus, ix. 55.  
 ———— of Aeneas, ornamented with horse-hair, x.  
 123.  
 Herald, sent with a challenge, xii. 118.  
 Hero, armed at all points, xi. 733.  
 ———— wounded, conveyed to his tent, xii. 566.  
 ———— arming for combat, xii. 639.  
 ———— thrown from his chariot, xi. 778.  
 Horse, of state, attending the funeral of a Hero, xi. 124.  
 ———— wounded in battle, xi. 948.  
 Horses (of Heroes) running their heads against each other,  
 with such violence, as to dismount their riders, xi. 97.  
 Javelin, the force of one thrown by Aeneas, x. 111.

# POETICAL INDEX.

## DESCRIPTIONS.

- Lance, of Turnus, xii. 146.  
 ——— which killed Bala, ix. 955.  
 Order, of battle, ix. 909.  
 Wake, Latinus, vii. 789, &c.  
 Quiver (Lavinia) vii. 274.  
 Shield of Turnus, vii. 1077. Of Bala, vii. 520.  
 Shout of an army going to engage, ii. 669.  
 Spear, biting by the violence of being thrown, xi. 487.  
 Spears (fated) x. 460.  
 Troop, embattled, xi. 826.  
 Front of an army. Formation, attacked, i. 713.  
 Fighting in battle, ix. 930.  
 Storming a city, vii. 824.  
 Answer, with the sling, xii. 797.  
 Troop, of the spots of Mezentius, xi. 6.  
 Trace (of Peace) broken, iii. 402.  
 Watch-tower in flames, xii. 977.

## Descriptions of the INTERNAL PASSIONS, Or their VICARIOUS EFFECTS.

- Anxiety and doubt, in Turnus, xii. 967.  
 Confusion, in Latinus, xii. 891.  
 Despair and fury, in Dido, iv. 922.  
 Fear, in Aeneas, ii. 764. In Dido, iii. 40. Desperate  
 fear in Turnus, xii. 343.  
 Fury, in Turnus, vii. 642. xii. 15.  
 Grief, in Aeneas, x. 1165. xi. 141. In Eurydice, xi.  
 127.  
 Grief, in Dido, iii. 18.  
 Love, in Dido, i. 998. iii. 2, 93. Of disappointed  
 Love in Dido, iv. 434, 846.  
 Sorrow, in Aeneas, xi. 125. In Lavinia, xii. 12.  
 Self-pride, in Andromache, iii. 395.

# POÉTIQUE INDEX

## SIMILIES.

### From BEASTS

The rage of Wolves, in search of prey for their young, to the despair and fury of the Inhabitants of a city sacked by an enemy, ii. 179. The rage of a wounded hind, to that of Didon inflamed by desire, vii. 95. The roaring of a Wolf at night for prey, to the fury of Turnus searching for the Trojans, ix. 66. A Stag bounding against hounds and hunters, when encompassed by them, to the resolution of a soldier surrounded by his enemies, ix. 739. A Boar, wounded by hunters, to a General encompassed by revolting soldiers, x. 1000. A Courser freed from his keeper, and the restraint of reins, to Turnus descending from the Tower of Laurentum armed to battle, xi. 745. A Wolf flying, having only torn his prey, to Aeneas flying after he had wounded Camilla, xi. 1183. The fleetness of horses, to the flight of northern winds, xii. 133. The fury of a Bull, in fight of his female, to the raving of Turnus, vii. 159. A Battle between two Bulls, to the Combat between Aeneas and Turnus, xii. 1042. A stag pursued by hounds, to Aeneas pursued in flight by Turnus, xii. 1083.

### From LIONS.

The rage of a famished Lion, seeking prey, to the fury of Polydorus slaughtering the enemy, ix. 460. A Lion surrounded by the spears of hunters, to Turnus surrounded by the Trojans, ix. 1072. A Lion rushing on a Bull, to Turnus rushing on Pallas, x. 638. A Lion rushing on a goat, or stag, to Mezentius rushing on his host, x. 1026. The rage of a wounded lion, to the fury of Turnus, xii. 2.

# POETICAL INDEX.

## S I M I L I T U D E S.

### From BIRDS.

The violence of an Eagle seizing its prey, to the anger of Pallas, i. 66. The joining of a flight of Swans after being pursued by an Eagle, to the meeting of the Trojan ships after their separation in the storm, i. 552. A frightened Dove leaving her nest and flying, to the ship of Mnestheus in the naval game, v. 276. An Eagle seizing its prey, to Turnus seizing Pyrus, ix. 76r. The rising of Cranes before fourteen horns, to the army roused by the appearance of Aeneas, x. 370. A swallow and hawk seeking food for their young, to the fury of Juturna driving the chariot of Turnus round the field of battle, xii. 691.

### From SNAKES.

The vauntings of Pyrrhus, and the glittering of his arms, to a snake having renewed its skin after winter, ii. 641. A Snake crushed by the wheels of a carriage, to Sergestus' battered vessel, v. 339. A Serpent seized by an Eagle, to the struggling of a prisoner taken by an enemy, ii. 1105.

### From FIRES.

The firing of Weeds in Summer, to the renewal of vigour in the troops of Pallas, x. 566. Fire catching both sides of a wood, to the rage of different heroes in the field of battle, xii. 760.

### From TREES.

An oak resisting winds, to Aeneas withstanding the solicitations of Dido, iv. 670. The falling of a hollow

## POETICAL INDEX

### SIMILIES.

pine, to Enchelus falling in the gauntlet-fight, v. 599. The height of fir-trees, to the gigantic height of Bitias and Pandarus, ix. 917. Oak trees overloaded and shook by wind, to their waving crests, ix. 920.

#### From Fish.

Dolphins chasing one another, to the turns and returns of the Trojan youths at the warlike games, v. 175.

#### From Winds.

Edged Winds, to the murmurs and mixed applause in the council of the Gods, x. 149. The contention of Winds, to the contention of two armies, x. 406. The fury of raging Boreas, to the fury of Turnus, xxi. 541.

#### From STARS and COMETS.

The transcendence of the Morning Star, over the rest, to the superior appearance of Pallas, over others, viii. 778. The sanguine streams of Comets, to the defects of the lustre of Æneas's shield, x. 380. Orion, stalking over the flood, to Mezentius towering amidst his troops, x. 1084.

#### From the SUN and MOON.

The reflection of the Sun, or Moon, on polished brass, to an anxious and distressed mind, viii. 34.

#### From STORMS and TORRENTS.

The increase of a Storm, to the increasing fury of a battle, vii. 736. Storm of the elements, to the storm of a battle, ix. 908. Storms rending the skies, and

# POETICAL INDEX:

## S I M I L I E S.

torrents the earth, to Æneas raging in battle, *Æ.* 850.  
Rapid torrents falling from rocks, to the rage of two  
heroes scouring the field of battle.

From the *Sæ.* 7

the flux and reflux of surges on the shore, to the flight  
and return of an army, *Æ.* 829.

exalting the characters of Men, by compa-  
ring them to Gods.

capture calming a stormy sea, to a pious man quelling  
a tumult, *i.* 213. Diana compared to Dido, *i.* 777.  
Apollo in all his glory to Æneas, *iv.* 201. The hero  
and magnanimity of the God of War, to that of  
Turnus, *vii.* 499.

## MISCELLANEOUS SIMILES

polished Ivory, or Parian Marble, chased with gold, to  
the beauty of Æneas, *i.* 830. The swarming of  
Bees, to the issuing of troops from a City, *ii.* 34.  
The contention of Winds, to the renewal of a fight, *ii.*  
107. Boy whipping a top, to the fury of Amata, *vii.*  
124. A boiling cauldron, to the fury of Turnus, *vi.*  
64. A rock incapable of being moved, to the in-  
flexibility of Latona, *iii.* 800. The Mountains of  
Apennine, to the greatness of Turnus, *vii.* 499.



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INDEX  
OF  
ARTS AND SCIENCES

BY MR. POTTER.

N. B. *The first number marks the Book, the second the Page.*

ART MILITARY.

- ARMY, *Admirals* soliciting a truce of peace, xi. 142.  
Armour-bearer, ix. 442.  
Army, marching in silence and discipline, ix. 29. In  
camped before a city, ix. 199.  
Laying before a city at night, ix. 207. After  
after a debauch, ix. 423. Reputed by poles, and  
missing capons, x. 677.  
Attack (general) x. 429.  
Battle between the Larian peasants and the Trojans, vii  
7-5. Suspension of a Battle on the approach of night  
xi. 1516.  
Bulwark, the approach of an enemy observed from them  
ix. 46.  
Chariotter, ix. 443.  
City, in danger of being besieged, ix. 211. Wha  
work necessary, ix. 213.  
Combat, (single) x. 667. xii. 1035.  
General, animating his soldiers with courage, ix. 616.  
Honour, to pursue the Enemy flying, xii. 683.  
Leaving troops, x. 402.  
Marshalling an army, xi. 703.  
Military exercises, ix. 673.  
Olive branches, signs of peace, xi. 150, 505.  
Palisades, ix. 694.  
Pounding the slain, ix. 485.  
Scaling walls, with ladders, ix. 713.  
vi. 684. Bringing intelligence to the General  
xi. 1516.

## • A N D X of A R T S and S c

- Shields, borne on the heads of Soldiers, forming a moving shield, ix. 671.
- Soldiers, draw lots for relieving the garrison, x. 219.
- Spies, detected, ix. 579.
- Squadrons, singling their shields behind, to save their backs in flight, iii. 922.
- ——— assumed of flight, tack about and facing the enemy; put them to flight, x. 920.
- Tower, fired by the enemy, ix. 7.
- Troops, revolting, x. 978.
- Trece, demanded, iii. 149.
- Van guard, x. 784.
- War, preparation for it, vii. 861. Between the Latins and Trojans, viii. 3.
- ——— detected, x. 702.
- Watch (nighly) by fire, ix. 221.

## R U R A L A R T S.

- Shooting the Stag, with bow and arrow, ix. 263.
- Hunting-match, the preparations for one, ix. 102.
- Hunting, of Goats, iv. 217. Of Swags, iv. 219.
- a Stag belonging to Tyrrheus, vii. 109.

## A R C H I T E C T U R E.

- Of the Gate and Box-Arch of the Palace of Pluto, vi. 857.
- Of a Palace upon an hundred Pillars, vii. 229.
- Of a Watch-Tower, ix. 703.

## A S T R O N O M Y.

- Bears, iii. 675.
- Evads, their watry force, ii. 375.
- Observations of Palinurus, v. 32.
- Orion, iii. 677. vii. 995. x. 1084.
- Phœbus, the Sun, iii. 250.
- Pleiades, iii. 675.
- Sirius, or the Dog-star, and its effects, iii. 195. x. 382.
- The Song of Iopas, i. 140, properly belongs to this article.

## D I V I N A T I O N and A U G U R Y.

- Arms, made by Speech, thought to be invulnerable, x. 762. See the interpretation of all the signs and tokens throughout the poem.

# INDEX of ARTS and SCIENCES

## GYMNASTICKS.

Racing, on foot, v. 315.

Gymnastic, v. 566.

## GEOGRAPHY.

A TABLE, of those places whose situation, prod<sup>s</sup> &c. per-  
ple, or history, &c. are mentioned in the *Æneis*.  
The whole being properly illustrated.

Abella, a town of Campania, in Italy, vii. 1020

Aethiopian climates, their situation, iv. 196.

Aëna, the mount, by what known, iii. 728.

Agia, is, crowned with a pine summit, in 924, famous  
for producing warlike steeds, 927.

Albani, the river, iii. 203.

Albani, the river, in the Æneid, viii. 439.

Alpheus, the river, in the Æneid, vi. 124.

Alfia, the river, vii. 603.

Amphæ, the river, vii. 927. xi. 325.

Anianthus, the lake, its situation, vi. 777.

Anagnia, the chief city of the Hernici, vii. 917.

Angitia's woods, near the Lucine lake in Italy, vii. 1041

Anien, a river of Italy, vii. 943.

Antandros, a city of Phrygia, iii. 7

Antemna, a city of the Sabines, vii. 872.

Appennine, the mountain or ridge of hills, parting Italy,  
through the middle, from the Alps, xii. 1021.

Arcadian land, a country in Peloponnesus, or the Morea,  
viii. 70

Ardur, once a famous city of Latium, where *Turnus* kept  
his court; built by *Danæ*, now called Ardea, vii. 576

Argos, a city of Peloponnesus, i. 446. vi. 1151. vii.  
386.

Arpi, a town of Apulia, built by *Diomedes*, xi. 377.

Arif, a city, near Abydos and Lampacum, ix. 350.

Asia's lakes, vii. 908.

Atium, a city of Spoleto, in Italy, x. 247.

Atros, a mountain of Macedon, xii. 1020.

Atlas, a high hill in Mauritania, crowned with pine fo-  
rests, ix. 362.

Aulæus, a lake of Campania, in Italy, the water of  
which is black, iii. 562.

# INDEX of A R R S and S A N C E

- Aufidus, a rapid river of Italy, in the kingdom of Naples, xi. 626.
- Aufonia, the country of the Aufones, or Agruins, viii. 14.
- Batulum, a town of Campania in Italy, vii. 1026.
- Barkrotus, a city of Epirus, lofty in situation, iii. 379.
- Care, once a city of Hebræa, and called Agyllina, viii. 627.
- Cajeta, a town of Campania, in the kingdom of Naples, named after *Cajeta* the nurse of *Æneas*, vii. 3.
- Cales, a town of Campania, famous for wine, vii. 1008.
- Calydon, the principal city of Etolia, in Greece, vii. 424.
- Camarine, a town of Sicily, on the southern part of the famous lake of that name, iii. 926.
- Calabria, a fruitful and pleasant country of Italy, in the kingdom of Naples, now called *Ferra di Lavoro*, vii. 1000.
- Capharsean coast, dangerous on account of the rock Caphareus, xi. 403.
- Capri, the island *Capee*, on the coast of Naples, vii. 1016.
- Copia, a city of Naples, built by *Copie*, who came into Italy with *Æneas*, x. 213.
- Carmentis, a Gate in Rome, named after the Prophetess Carmenta, the mother of Evander, viii. 446.
- Carthage (once a famous city of Africk, built by *Dido*) its situation and genius of the inhabitants, i. 19.
- Calperia, vii. 928.
- Caspian kingdoms, that part of the country of Hyrcania near the Caspian sea is so called by *Herodotus*, vi. 1088.
- Caulonian towers, *i.e.* The town of Caulon, in Calabria, in Italy, ii. 26.
- Ceraunian rocks, high hills on the borders of Epirus, reaching to the Ionian sea, iii. 660.
- Chaulius's port, the entrance from the sea to the city *Barkrotus*, iii. 378.
- Charybdis, a dangerous rock and whirlpool in the Straits of Sicily, opposite to Scylla, iii. 537. vi. 407.
- Ciminus, a lake near Niterbo in Italy, vii. 960.
- Circe's Island, a promontory of Italy, called the *Cape of Circe*, iii. 495. Called also *Circe's hills*, vii. 100.
- Shores, a dangerous coast, vii. 14.

# INDEX of ARTS and SCIENCES.

- Clusum, a city of Etruria, in Italy, x. 923.
- Cerig, a very considerable city of Achaia, vi. 1149.
- Cosa, a city of Italy, x. 247.
- Crete, a fruitful Island in the Mediterranean, iii. 141.  
Famous for its hundred cities, 144.
- Cuma, a city of Campania, in Italy, iii. 561.
- Cyclades, Islands in the Archipelago, iii. 174.
- Cyprus, a fruitful Island betwixt Syria and Cilicia, in the Mediterranean. consecrated to Venus on account of its lascivious inhabitants, i. 880.
- Cythera, a lofty Island betwixt Peloponnesus and Crete, also consecrated to Venus, now called Cerigo, i. 956. x. 78.
- Delian shore, *i. e.* belonging to the Island of Delos, ii. 108.  
——— i. 115. iii. 176.
- Delos, the place of its situation and history, iii. 90.
- Donyr, an Island in the Archipelago, famous for producing green marble, iii. 172.
- Egerian groves, situated near Rome, vii. 145.
- Egypt, a country of Africa, xi. 406.
- Elorus, a river near a town of the same name, in Sicily, viii. 917.
- Elysian grove: belonging to Elysium, vi. 545.
- Euge, a city of Romanis, built by Æneas, iii. 28.
- Epirian continent, iii. 515.
- Epirus, a country between Macedonia, Achaia, and the Ionian sea, noted for a peculiar breed of horses, and a rocky coast, iii. 377.
- Etruria, the dominion, of Tuscany, vii. 897.
- Eurotas's banks, *i. e.* of the celebrated river of Laconia, i. 599.
- Fabaris, a river of Italy, vii. 959.
- Feronia's grove and temple; *i. e.* belonging to Feronia, a goddess of the Goddesses of Groves, of whom there were Ambagion Italy, vii. 691.
- Agas's Island, *i. e.* lands of Fescennia, situated near Atium, a city, vii. 977.
- Atios, a mound, *i. e.* belonging to Flavinia, a town of Atia, a high vii. 962.
- reffer, in 364, a village of the Sabines, in Italy, vii. 989.
- Avogus, a lake of the lake Flicinos, in the country of the which is blact further Abruzzo, vii. 1045.

INDEX of ARTS and SCIENCES  
 Of Hippotatus, vii. 1049. Of the overthrow of  
 Cacus, viii. 285. Of the acts of Hercules, vii.  
 483. Of Camilla, xi. 815.

### MUSIC

Animals used by the bees, in the Ilean woods, iii. 173.  
 Trumpet, used to give the signal for war, vii. 3.  
 Tinnipets, wake the lazy war, viii. 574. ix. 667.  
 ———— sounding heavily on a funeral procession, x.

Drums and trumpets, sound mournfully at funerals, x. 95.

### MILITARY DISCIPLINE

Drums and trumpets, used in the Military Dis-  
 cipline, x. 95.

War, and battles made of brass, by which used, vii.

Dart, thrown in the war, ix. 667.

Apollon's bow, ix. 667.

### OPATORY

See the article SPEECHES, in the Political branch.

### POLICY

See the article COUNCILS of the State, vii. 305. Not

entirely independent of the councils, xi. 403. 508.

Prudence. Raised by the catholic monarchs, xii. 200, &c.

### SURGERY

Ulpis dressing the wound of Aeneas, iii. 587. The

wound cured by the interposition of Venus, xii. 609.

### PAINTING, SCULPTURE, &c.

See the Shield of Aeneas, book, vii.

[*Acts of Grace.*] The majesty and grace of the

gods, superior to the men, throughout the

poem. Of grace in Ascanus, iv. 200. Of the

grace in Turnus, vi. 667. Graceful mein of Camilla, vii.

755.

Character of Beauty, Beauty in

the poem. Beauty in the young men

in the poem. Beauty in the young men

in the poem. Beauty in the young men

in the poem. Beauty in the young men









